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EMERSON AS A RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

EMERSON was an original thinker, a writer of dignity and charm, a profoundly poetic nature, and one of the loftiest spirits of his century. As an American man of letters he is of unique and enduring significance. His perception of the living world of men is deep and abiding; his sense of the meaning of literature, its relativity to life, is clear and high; his ideals as a contributor to literature are a precious tradition, and his work remains the best that Americans possess. Emerson is, besides, a witness to the life of the spirit; he is a preacher. He surrendered his parish; he never abandoned his profession. He remained true to the hope expressed in the final sentence of the sermon in which he took leave of the ministry of the Second Church in Boston: "And whilst the recollection of its claims oppresses me with a sense of my unworthiness, yet I am consoled by the hope that no time and no change can deprive me of the satisfaction of pursuing and exercising its highest functions." Greater than Emerson the poet, than Emerson the man of letters, is Emerson the prophet. Emerson's concern is with the problems of the spirit; his writings are essentially religious writings. It is, therefore, a just claim made for him, that his predominant influence has been a religious influence. It is the purpose of this article to consider the extent and degree of this influence in Emerson's own country, where he is, and where he must

remain, a chief, and, in some respects, unique distinction. Except in the last third of the article, where an individual estimate is hazarded, the inquiry is an historical inquiry, and the mood in which it is pursued is the "settled respect" that all thinking men have found to be Emerson's due.

In 1879 Emerson — then in his seventy-sixth year, and within three years of his death — delivered an address before the Divinity School in Harvard University. Forty-one years earlier he had enriched this school with the first fruits of his genius; he then gave to it his farewell blessing. He was introduced to the crowded chapel by Dr. Hedge as a man who more than any other belonging to the nineteenth century had influenced the religious life of the world. When one recalls the fact that Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning all spoke to the nineteenth century, this claim strikes him as extravagant. To at least one listener Dr. Hedge's compliment seemed excessive, and the manner of it a trifle loud. It provoked in one listener a revolt of judgment and of feeling; but this revolt was quenched as the listener looked at the evident effect of the compliment upon Emerson. He heard it, he endured it with a bland, a benign, a hopelessly unbelieving smile. That smile remains in memory a symbol of the purity, the elevation, and the radiant modesty of Emerson's soul. It undid the effect of gross

praise, and it won for the speaker the sympathy and the veneration of those who came to hear him. Of the lecture on that final occasion little can be said. It was in a tongue that no man could understand. There was a bird in it living enough and beautiful enough to have been a messenger from the gods. There was besides the famous quotation: "Once the church had wooden chalices and golden priests; now the church has golden chalices and wooden priests."

The praise paid to Emerson by Dr. Hedge reappears in an aggravated form in a remark attributed to Dean Stanley, and frequently quoted by that friend of the American people, Edward Everett Hale. Dean Stanley is said to have observed when in this country that while he heard many sermons, he heard but one preacher, and that one was Emerson. This remark, assuming that it is genuine, loses something of its impressiveness when one reflects that probably Dean Stanley heard few sermons other than his own. Still this wild remark of the Dean — whether genuine or apocryphal God knoweth — expresses the mature and deliberate judgment of many good people. It may not, therefore, be altogether without interest to inquire how far this judgment is sound, and what deduction, if any, should be made from it. It is not an idle task to consider, in an objective way, and in the mood of critical homage, the limitations of the religious influence of Emerson both as to extent and as to degree, and to reach, if we can, a just estimate of the power that he has exercised over the higher life of the American people.

I.

There is in man an eager and an affectionate impulse by which more is claimed for the hero than is his due. There are schools of thought in letters, in art, in politics, in philosophy, and in religion, and the disciples in each case

are forward to assert for the master not only a preponderating, but an obliterating influence. So speak the lovers of Wordsworth, the disciples of Coleridge or Mill, and the followers of Newman, or Maurice, or Martineau. So spoke in their generation the disciples of Hegel, Kant, and Hume; and in still remoter days the followers of Plato and Aristotle. Indeed, in reading the essays of Jowett one would be led to think that Aristotle was but the systematizer and the pale shadow of Plato. So strong is predilection, so blinding is special affinity and aptitude, so essentially unjust to history is an exclusive hero-worship. In accounting for the ideals and the character of men one must reckon with many influences. Unshared or even unrivaled influence hardly exists. Few are the cases where one person is the intellectual or spiritual product of another. Nature takes care that the law of intellectual and spiritual consanguinity shall be respected. The elect youth in each generation pass under many teachers, and an adequate account of one's indebtedness would lead one to follow the example of Marcus Aurelius, who discovers sixteen human sources of his spiritual possessions, and who does not forget his obligation to the gods. The tree planted by the riverside owes much to special location; and yet the whole universe is the servant of its prosperous and beautiful life.

Emerson's influence was limited by many powerful contemporaries who owed him nothing or next to nothing. Channing does not belong in this connection. While he may fairly rank as one of the greater religious names of the nineteenth century, his work was done about the time that Emerson began seriously to engage public attention. Channing died in 1842, five years after Emerson's oration on The American Scholar, and four years after the still more famous Address before the Divinity School. The two men belong to different generations. They stand to

each other not as competitors in the field of contemporary influence, but as predecessor and successor. More and more Channing's great influence for good is recognized among all enlightened persons. His doctrine of man has been taken up into the thought of our time as a permanent possession of faith; his sense of the place of reason in religion puts him in sympathetic touch with the leading minds in all communions to-day; his plea for liberty has been the keynote to a chorus of thinkers of many shades of belief; and his profound religiousness has done much to create those high moods of the spirit without which theology is barren and philosophy vain.

Theodore Parker was seven years younger than Emerson. The two men had much in common, yet neither learned anything essential to his thought from the other. Parker was a rough man, a spiritual Ishmaelite, whose hand was against every man save the oppressed. His was a deeply religious nature, and he had an immense following among the wilder spirits. In many ways his influence was wider, and immediately more effectual than that of Emerson. His understanding, his appreciation of evidence, his power in giving an account of his belief, and in calling to account the belief of those who differed from him, made him a vastly more formidable opponent than Emerson. Parker could not by any perversity be treated, as Emerson often was, as a moonshiner and an intellectual freak. The orthodox host trembled as Parker strode out against it, much as Israel did when Goliath issued his dread challenge; and there was no David to slay this terrible Philistine. Parker is far inferior to Emerson in elevation of spirit and in enduring power; in wild courage, in reforming passion, and in contemporary influence he ranks above Emerson.

James Walker, teacher of philosophy in Harvard College from 1838 to 1853, and president from 1853 to 1860, was totally unlike Emerson in his intellec-

tual and moral character. Men of such immense influence as President Eliot, James C. Carter of New York, and the late Justice Gray have confessed greater obligations to James Walker than to any other teacher of their youth. Walker was a teacher and preacher of great impressiveness, and he sent into the life of the country, and into the service of the church, hundreds of men who owed more to him than to any other influence. Here is a second and a very considerable limitation upon the religious influence of Emerson. Not a fibre in the intellectual being of Walker was changed by Emerson, or a single belief modified, or an impulse essentially increased.

Another powerful contemporary of Emerson was Edwards A. Park of Andover, one of the keenest minds, one of the greatest teachers, and an imperial personality. History is easily forgotten, and Park's unfortunate attitude, in his later life, toward the advancing thought of the time has clouded, and almost canceled, the sense of the vast influence that once was his. It should be borne in mind that he made more preachers than any other New England teacher of any period of our history, that upon more than a thousand leaders of the people he put the stamp of his mind, that the great majority of his pupils were simply fire-proof against Emerson, and that to all save a few noble rebels among them Emerson was but an incidental influence. Edwards A. Park was born to power over young men. He controlled men, much as Webster did, by his personal presence. He was a logician, a wit, a humorist, a remarkably accomplished and powerful man. No person in any walk of life ever met Park without feeling his distinction. While all that will survive of him is the mere tradition of power, even that tradition is significant.

There was Horace Bushnell, to whom is due, more than to any other man, the credit of putting a new spirit into New

England Congregationalism. Bushnell was a religious genius, of a type that gave him access to the New England mind. In him there was no serious break with the past. He was indeed a rescuer of faith from the hands of formalists, a rescuer of Christianity. But he was first, last, and all the time a Christian, and a believer in the sovereign character of Christianity. This intellectual position, together with his genius, gave him his influence; and this combination in him of rest in the supremacy of the teaching of Jesus, and of deep, fruitful, and reforming insight, makes him, within the pale of the organized religious life of America, a greater influence than Emerson.

Passing beyond New England, there were the Hodges at Princeton. They are now wholly in the past tense, and yet they were once alive. The influence of Princeton theology may not seem to be a religious influence. Still it was so regarded by multitudes of good Americans, and as a controlling force, contemporary with Emerson, upon the higher life of the country, it should not be ignored. The influence of the Princeton Calvinism has been an enormous influence, and the multitudes to whom it ministered were as impervious to Emerson's message as the Turk is to the gospel of Christ. Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Judaism share with Christianity the religious control of mankind, and while the Christian must claim for his faith the highest, if not the widest influence, in the nature of the case the claim remains a disputed claim. Powerful contemporaries share with Emerson the control of the higher life of the American people. We can only prophesy whose influence is finally to be the greatest. Meanwhile justice to Emerson's contemporaries may prepare the way for justice to him.

By far the greatest influence in creating the present mood of the religious leaders of the nation is yet to be named.

The influence of the greater universities of the country has been a preëminent influence, and Harvard University has been the unquestionable and powerful leader. Yale, Columbia, Michigan, Princeton, and other universities and colleges have followed. As the men who shared with Emerson the power that shaped the nobler spirit of the time passed off the stage, or fell behind in the march of progress, leaving him in his own unique place, there rose another, and a mightier competitor. To take a conspicuous example, the new Harvard College was lifted by its presiding genius Charles W. Eliot, during the last decade of Emerson's life, into a comprehensive and vital expression of the higher mind and spirit of mankind. This new expression became a new discipline to American youth of the highest moment. It is strange that in accounting for the religious mood of the time this tremendous influence should lie unnoticed. It is strange that men should see in the free spirit of the typical religious teacher of to-day only an illustration of the power of Emerson. Such reasoning is simply childish in its waywardness. There are hundreds of preachers of religion to-day, men full of the creative impulse, who owe the expansion of their faith and their free spirit almost wholly to the influence of their teachers in college. In college the substance of their faith, received from pious parents, was purified, enlarged, enriched, filled with the content made possible by first hand and vital contact with the monumental minds of the race. Here we come upon the permanent creators of mind and faith, the true human home, and the really great college. The teachers who are seldom known beyond the academic circles in which they work exercise over the elect youth of the land an immeasurable influence. They lead their prophetic pupils into communion with the controlling minds in history; they make them familiar with the thinkers whose opin-

ions are the watershed of belief and of unbelief, of optimism and of pessimism, of human heroism and of human surrender to the ills of existence. The man who more than all others changed the attitude of Scotland toward the Bible was A. B. Davidson, a quiet scholar in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, a man hardly known outside of academic circles: so potent and prevailing is the influence of the teacher of elect youth. The university is a great community of teachers of this sort, and with this unequaled opportunity. The function of the university in the higher life of the nation has not yet taken hold of the educated citizen. The new generation of scholars, thinkers, preachers, servants of religion all, in so far as they cherish lofty ideals, is a product of the university as the expression of the best that man has thought and done, as the mediator of the best that man is thinking and doing. The writer passed through Emerson's college, and heard his name mentioned in the classroom only three times; once in connection with a questionable essay on Plato, a second time as a unique figure in American letters, a third time as a seer, and not as a philosopher. So wide is the reach, so cosmopolitan is the spirit, so immeasurable are the resources, and so countless are the examples of the great university. Men forget that the whole higher history of the race is operating upon the present mood of elect youth through the instrumentality of the living university. Men forget that the reign of the sovereign minds of mankind is thus purified, sustained, extended. Men forget that the true university is an implement in the great hand of humanity. The great world competes with Emerson through the colleges of the land; it competes with him in a signal and leading manner through his own university, in the making of men, in the creation and enrichment of the religious spirit. Emerson would be the first to confess that the great world thus

mediated leaves the solitary seer far behind.

II.

There is a doctrinal uncertainty about Emerson's writing that makes his teaching unsatisfactory to all but a significant minority among the religious people of his time. To be sure, critics of a generation ago took altogether too seriously Emerson the philosopher; they misapprehended a nature profoundly poetic, forever bent on symbolic expression, and careless of consistency. A literalist Emerson could not be, scientifically exact he could not be for any length of time; he was constantly and excessively picturesque. Much, therefore, of the objection to Emerson's metaphysics is entirely wide of the mark. But even when considered as an imaginative writer, religious persons are never sure whether Emerson is theist or pantheist, whether religion means for him anything more than an attitude of delight in the universe and a sense of its sustaining power, while it considers men of service to its own inscrutable ends. The question is not whether this is a true conception of religion, or whether it is a true interpretation of Emerson, or whether this way of thinking and feeling should be acceptable. The question is one of fact, and it is quite certain that to those living within organized Christianity such doctrinal vagueness could not be satisfactory. Men like Schleiermacher and Goethe may see in Spinoza a God-intoxicated man, and they may rejoice in the high spirit that declares, "He who truly loves God will not ask that God shall love him in return;" but for the great mass of mankind the Deity of Spinoza has no attractions, and the Deity of Emerson is too vague, too uncertain. The greatest fact in human existence and in human history is the fact of personality, and the deepest craving of the spirit of man is for an Infinite Being capable of communion with man, of

understanding his life, of quickening his aspirations, of realizing his ideals. Emerson's Deity is vague and uncertain in personality, and does not bow the heavens to console and comfort man.

The attitude of Emerson toward the Founder of Christianity was for two generations of religious Americans an insuperable barrier against extensive influence. Again the question is not whether this attitude was right or wrong; it is enough that it deeply offended the vast majority of the religious people of this country. It is not forgotten that Emerson said some deep and precious things about Jesus; here is one: "Europe has always owed to Oriental genius its divine impulse; what these holy bards said or sang, men found agreeable and true. And the unique impression of Jesus upon mankind (whose name is not so much written as ploughed into the history of this world) is proof of the settled virtue of this infusion." This might pass for the hazy Christology of a representative of progressive orthodoxy, but elsewhere Emerson makes an interpretation of this kind impossible by remarking: "No historical person begins to content us; there are no such men as we fable, no Jesus, nor Pericles, nor Cæsar, nor Angelo, nor Washington such as we have made. We consecrate a great deal of nonsense because it is allowed by great men; there is none without his foible." In another mood we have from Emerson this genuine appreciation of Christ: "Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets; he saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived with it and had his being there. Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates Himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world." Yet it is only in "a jubilee of sublime emotion" that Jesus can say, "I am divine. Through

me God acts; through me speaks." "Churches are not built upon his principles, but upon his tropes." Again there is permanent wisdom in Emerson's disregard of the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man; but the meaning of the perfect humanity of Jesus Emerson does not consider. Here is another appreciation of Jesus: "Jesus always speaks from within, and in a degree that transcends all others." To this it may be replied that the question is not whether one speaks from within or from without, but whether what he says is true. To speak from within in a sovereign way is, however, Emerson's highest praise, and yet he offsets this praise of Jesus by a peculiarly unfortunate sentence: "This one fact the world hates; that the soul becomes; for that forever . . . shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside."

Emerson puts Jesus on a level with other great servants of the spirit; he sees limitations in his service, he looks for the coming of another and a greater teacher. "The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions, but they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with science, with beauty, and with joy." Such being Emerson's attitude toward the Master of Christendom, it is impossible that his influence should be wide or deep, at least within the pale of organized Christianity. Emerson is foreordained to this limitation of influence by his attitude to one who stands in the thought of his disciples supreme among the sons of men, tran-

scendent in the sublimity and beauty of his soul, and incomparable in the character of his service to mankind.

Among men who are quite ready for the sake of the spiritual force of his message to overlook this attitude of Emerson toward Jesus there is another embarrassment. There is in Emerson wonderful occasional insight into the heart of Christianity, but on the whole it is a subject upon which he bestows little thought. He is not overwhelmed with the sense of the greatness of the gospel. He is impressed by it in so far as it falls in with his own thoughts; it does not occupy the central place in his consciousness of human history; it does not stand sovereign in his veneration. All this happens because Emerson worked from within, because he knew the greater things of history only as they accorded with his own mission. Christianity is for Emerson the sense of the infinitude of man; there is little evidence that he saw in it the consciousness of the humanity of God. The "holy thoughts" of Jesus are the whole gospel; the significance of these holy thoughts as an interpretation of the Infinite Mind is not regarded. Apostolic, patristic, mediæval, and modern Christianity Emerson looked upon as distortions of the religion of Jesus. Historical Christianity is a mythus. The sense of a monumental record in the Old Testament and in the New Testament, of a monumental religious experience, enshrining a monumental disclosure of the will of God toward men, does not exist in Emerson. Here as elsewhere he is an excessive individualist. Great and vagrant insights take the place of a varied, progressive, objective discovery of God, and of God's world in the highest wisdom of the race. Personal and occasional inspirations obscure Emerson's sense of the unique men of the world and their unique mission.

The grave charge is to be brought against both Carlyle and Emerson that

while they were the product of Christian civilization, and drew the substance of their message from the religious faith of their people, there is no evidence that either ever seriously studied Christianity. The greatest phenomenon in human history engages but lightly the attention or the enthusiasm of either; nor does either fathom the need of the humanity that has risen on the strength of the gospel of Christ. It was the dim perception of this fact that led Lord Jeffrey to remark of Carlyle, that he went about as if he were to found a new religion. No one had done anything great for man's soul until he came. One can hardly read the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson without the feeling of their excessive consequentialness in the presence of the immense historic achievement of spiritual genius; in the presence of the spirit, the teaching, and the influence of Jesus. Both were essentially modest men, and yet they lived in the sense of a uniqueness and an importance which they do not possess. They are both frequently oracular when uttering with literary distinction only the commonplace moral wisdom of the Christian world. It is a valid criticism upon Carlyle and Emerson that they failed to recognize the rock whence they were hewn, and that they did not exhaust the quarry; that they were oblivious of the pit whence they were digged, and that the precious metal remained, after they were taken out, in boundless abundance.

This failure in Carlyle and Emerson to appreciate the significance of Christianity is doubtless the expression of a tendency in the Calvinism which they both inherited. The fate of the world is fixed in eternity, and the historical disclosure in time is but a comparatively unimportant detail. For Calvinism Christianity dissolves in the Deity to whom it points. This is true, but it is unavailing as excuse for men of extraordinary genius like Carlyle and Emerson. And this oversight is even more

remarkable when one reflects that both these men were created and equipped out of a Christian civilization; that both drew their essential message from a nature saturated with Christianity, and that the Sermon on the Mount contains the entire ethical teaching of both and infinitely more.

That side of Christianity which deals with mankind sunk in immeasurable moral failure and woe finds no recognition in Emerson. Let one go from Emerson to Dante and one will see what is meant. There is in Emerson no Inferno, hardly even a Purgatorio; and for that reason his Paradiso is a good deal in the clouds. Dante's greatness is that there is in him a reflection of the total spiritual life of man, — all its abysses, and all its heights, and all its ways of descent and ascent. Compared with the optimism of Browning that of Emerson is ineffectual; it is the creation of a high spirit out of its own serenity and good fortune, and in isolation from the tragedy of the world. The optimism of Browning is a discovery that light is stronger than darkness, an insight into the constitution of man as foreordained to righteousness by the purpose and discipline of the universe.

III.

The proper limitation of Emerson's field of influence does not mean that the field is not large and that the influence is not of a high order. Emerson has been potent over three classes of men. The first is composed of men of genius, like Lowell, a small class indeed, but one great in power. The second class consists of the large body of persons who stand outside of institutional religion, who are eager followers of the modern seers, whose beliefs are formed out of contemporary opinion, and who look upon all ancient thought and faith with grave suspicion, if not with distinct distrust and aversion. To this order belonged the acute and amaz-

ingly interesting graduate of Yale College, and a Wall Street broker, who remarked to the writer that Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster were outgrown, and that their writings were not worth reading. This type of person is wholly contemporary. He adores the man who advocates revolt from the past. He will join no man in building the sepulchres of the fathers; he will follow as master any one who appears with a new programme. Over this large and interesting order of persons Emerson has had an immense influence. Indeed, they have owed to him whatever of salvation they have been able to attain. The third class is made up of men of catholic temper, who learn from the wise and good of every denomination, who take all human leaders with generosity and reserve, and who are not seriously disturbed by false doctrines, heresy, and schism in those who bring them substantial aid. Still another class should, perhaps, be designated, into which are gathered the popular imaginative or poetic minds, who do not care for definite doctrine, or who feel that definite doctrine is unattainable, who with a minimum of religious belief seek a maximum of spiritual strength, and a personal attitude toward existence brave, beneficent, serene, joyous, and fed from the sense of a mysterious but sustaining universe. For this body of our people Emerson has been an influential leader.

Emerson's confession of the divine soul of the universe, omnipotent, self-revealing, open to the heart of man, is a religious idea never long absent from him, and uttered by him on many occasions, in many forms, and always with the insight of a seer and the rapt speech of the lover and worshiper. He walks in a spiritual universe. Nature is a transparent veil; human society and human history are a translucent order. The Over-Soul, the divine beauty of the universe, is all and in all, and in the presence of this eternal mystery of love-

liness men wake and sleep, work and play, live and die, and carry forward all human interests and industries. This pervading soul of the universe hallows the world, hallows humanity, fills nature with beauty, fills society with radiant meaning, and overwhelms all finite forms, natural and human, with infinite life, light, significance, beauty, and joy.

In Emerson the sense of the human soul is equally strong. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee!" might serve as a text for at least half of Emerson's work. Man is called upon to speak face to face with God, to allow the Divine soul to awaken the dormant faculties within him, to educate his whole being in science, in duty, and in worship. The Emersonian doctrine of man is as hard to define as the Emersonian doctrine of God, but if we say that God is the Soul of the universe and that man is the soul that answers to it, that is capable of entertaining its appeals, of climbing up into truth and goodness and beauty by its inspiration, we shall not be far astray. These two visions — the vision of the Soul of the universe penetrating all, making all opaque things luminous with its presence, and the vision of man's spirit in fellowship with the absolute Spirit, and living and growing in this total order ablaze with divinity — are surely religious, and they constitute part of the fascination which Emerson has wielded over the religious mind of many people.

Another and a yet more fundamental influence Emerson has exerted through his call to look at all reality immediately, at first hand. "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" Again, he says, "Yourself a newborn bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity." This is the great note

in the first volume of his collected writings. He is pleading for the immediate vision of a divine universe; he is the inaugurator of an era of the first-hand and original treatment of all human interests. Emerson's wholesomest influence is against the prevailing and blinding power of mere tradition. "Instead of that reliance which the soul suggests on the eternity of truth and duty," men are forever inclined to lean upon institutions which are to the spirit as the imperfect effect to the transcendent cause. Nothing is finer in Emerson than this war against second-hand politics, art, philosophy, and religion. It was here that he revolted from the custom of his age. According to the traditionalist the world was to be seen as other men had seen it; for vision there was substituted the record of vision, and this deadly custom had almost quenched the spirit in the Christian Church. Nowhere is Emerson's work more beneficent than here. It is, to be sure, one-sided. History should be not the substitute for immediate vision, but the purification and enrichment of it. This we have learned since Emerson's time. The eye of the immediate observer is conducted to reality by the vast help of history, as the eye of the astronomer is conducted to the heavenly body by the power of the telescope. This we now know. But one-sidedness is next to inevitable when a protest is to be made availing against a deadening custom, and to Emerson is due immortal thanks for his great cry in behalf of a first-hand relation to all reality, and in the name of that fruitful relation, for his hope of a new order of human society, and a higher type of letters, and of arts, and of all forms of the ideal that shall issue from a nation given to reality in the awe and joy of immediate vision. At the head of American letters Emerson must stand; his voice first called his countrymen to original work, and his Essays are still the highest fruits of this American vocation.

Among the greater religious forces of the nineteenth century Emerson must stand, not because he influenced the largest numbers, but because he gave forth one wholesome and governing idea. That governing idea, issuing its call to come face to face with all reality, has not been unavailing. Men whose religious idiom is far away from that of Emerson have heard the call, first from other and more potent thinkers, but afterwards strengthened by his clear utterance; and they have answered it. They are struggling forward into immediate relations with humanity; they are trying to see man and all his interests, the order of the world and God, face to face; they believe that only in this immediate vision of truth can the life of men be preserved.

The best thing that Emerson has left us is his spirit, fine and high, stern and sweet. He took life in a royal way, and bore himself toward the eternal mysteries with serene courage and dauntless hope. His Essays, which are his most characteristic work, have their chief value not as revelations of the moral order of life, not as discoveries of the final meaning of things, but as disclosures of his own spirit. There is in these Essays an immense mass of truth, uttered in picturesque and memorable words; there is in them also an immense mass that is not true. The Emersonian hit and miss are upon every page, and side by side with a golden and perfect sentence one finds sonorous eccentricity. The origin of this strange compound of oracle and imposition in Emerson lies in the confessional character of his writing. He speaks from within, and his generalizations hit or miss according as his personal experience embodies a law of humanity or a mere idiosyncrasy. That Emerson speaks so often and so royally for man is his great distinction; that he speaks so frequently for the idiosyncratic, the isolated, and the vain, is his chief fault. We have a right to hold him at his best,

and through the richness and majesty of the confession we are brought face to face with the confessor. There is often a provoking quality in Emerson's writing; often a real, although a wholly unintended, injustice to those who differ from him; but in that clear, strong, and beautiful face there is nothing but honor and benignity. Professor James has defined with characteristic felicity the moral habit and the religious mood: "For morality life is a war, and the service of the highest is a sort of cosmic patriotism which also calls for volunteers." Religion is a state of mind "in which the will to assert ourselves and hold our own has been displaced by a willingness to close our mouth and be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God." Both these moods are in Emerson. He is the cosmic patriot calling for volunteers, and he is willing to be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God. No more valiant cosmic patriot ever bore arms, and his religious mood, strange as it sometimes seems, is deep, sincere, and instinct with high contagion.

Emerson will always wear a halo in the American imagination, because all unconsciously to himself he wore a halo in life. His spirit is a possession forever; many who cannot find in him a sound or a consistent teacher venerate his strength and sincerity. For this large class he still issues his oracles, and he now issues them as inspirations and consolations and with all confusions withdrawn. He sits upon a lofty eminence, and to look toward him is to share in the infinite peace. When he died, the fittest word spoken of him was uttered by his friend and fellow townsman Judge Hoar, — a word from the venerable and venerated Hebrew Scriptures: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon her high places."

On the whole, and in conclusion, it may be said that Emerson's influence is like that of a mountain upon the local climate, — the clouds that gather

upon it, the storms that rage round it, which find it immovable, mean the refreshment and renewal of the beautiful world in which it stands; and when it lifts its untroubled head toward heaven it is an object of wonder and love, and sheds into the air that men breathe at work and at play the invigorating tonic of its own exalted being. Such was Emerson, — a man of towering moral

stature, he kept a majestic silence while the elemental sorrows that come to all swept round his stable manhood, one whose meetings with the upper world and its awful powers carried beauty and peace to the wide fields of human society, and whose lofty spirit put into the common religious atmosphere of the time a tonic and an inspiration of priceless worth and of enduring delight.

George A. Gordon.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TRAINED NURSE.

AT the beginning of the Middle Ages sickness and suffering were in vogue, along with hair shirts, beds of broken stones, fasting, and flagellations, as among the recognized means of attaining eternal salvation. Visions of heaven kept the saints to their work till the right of sick people to be cared for was incidentally established. Such beautiful examples as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, unshrinking and tender, confirmed the value of holy deeds in place of holy meditations; then the Crusades, filling Europe with poverty-stricken widows and orphans, gave rise to the Order of Beguines, lay sisters bound by no permanent vows, but simply pledged for the time being to serve the ailing and needy. This order was quickly rivaled by the semi-monastic Franciscans and Dominicans, till the rendering of bodily as well as spiritual aid had become an acknowledged function of the church, the gain to the nurse's soul being always coördinate with the amount of unpleasantness endured. Not satisfied with bathing his lepers, St. Francis sat with them at meat, eating out of their dishes; St. Hedwig washed the feet of those smitten with scurvy. Instinctively these great reformers felt the necessity of breaking down all reservations, all repulsions, in caring for anything so essentially odious as a dis-

eased human body, and heaven as a perfectly sure reward would induce people to undergo the most indescribable disgusts. However different its expression, the wisdom of the world never materially changes, and our hospitals to-day feel compelled to put their pupils through a severe breaking in, to insure unquestioning acceptance of any horror with which the profession may legitimately confront them; but since nowadays it is not granted to every one to be happily certain of Paradise, some tangible earthly advantage may well be guaranteed the woman who undertakes a calling so taxing to mind and body.

In early times, English hospitals, like those of the Continent, were in the hands of religious orders, until the influence of the Reformation made them over to the mercies of convalescent patients or degraded nurses recruited from a class of women not good enough for ordinary domestic service. In 1546 St. Bartholomew's, previously a royal foundation, was given in charge by Henry VIII. to the Aldermen, Mayor, and Commonalty of the City of London, the new governing body binding themselves to establish upon the staff in three months "a matron and twelve women under her." From that time on, nursing in England was at a low ebb; ardu-

ous and ill paid, neither religious nor professional, it only attracted people who were quite unfit for any other occupation, often drunken and brutal, almost invariably inefficient. Particularly feeble paupers were considerably made night nurses, because the pittance so earned would enable them to buy better food than the ordinary workhouse fare.

Hospitals of course were only used by the poorest people; for the ailing rich there was absolutely no provision, and illness of mind or body was attended by the most insufferable discomfort. In 1662 poor hysterical Mary Verney's doctor made the impressive diagnosis that "Zeletropia is gott into her perecranium," and she soon became a full-fledged maniac, under the ministrations of a devoted but highly incompetent husband doing a bewildered man's best, two "mayds" of more than doubtful humanity, and a family of relations-in-law naturally and heartily tired of having about the house an invalid whose "yumer" yielded neither to "Ephsome Waters," bleeding, nor vigorous remonstrance. With so low a standard of general comfort it was inevitable that the dregs of the community should have to put up with unendurable neglect and ill treatment.

In France, St. Vincent de Paul's hospital of St. Lazarre and the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, both of which were still in the hands of the church, gave a more humane care to the sick than was to be found at the same time in England; but purely religious nursing which derived its impulse from a spiritual craving was peculiarly subject to limitations, and having reached a certain plane of excellence, showed a tendency to remain stationary, not however till the inherent claim of human suffering had been established for all time.

The forward movement was everywhere so gradual that in 1770, when John Howard began to investigate hospitals as an incidental feature of his

work in prisons, he found almost no provision for sick criminals; where such existed it was frankly inadequate, as in the Castle at York, where one small room served as infirmary, so that "when persons of one sex happened to be in this, those of the other were excluded." On the Continent, except for characteristic cleanliness in Flanders, conditions showed little progress. Even in the famous hospice of St. Jean de Jérusalem at Malta, with its sumptuous table service of silver, Howard tells that patients were tended "by the most ragged, dirty, unfeeling, and inhuman wretches I ever saw. I once found nine or ten of them highly entertained by a delirious and dying person." These attendants were chosen from among debtors and criminals, and as there were only twenty-two of them for five hundred patients (against forty for twenty-six horses and twenty-six mules), they could hardly have been expected to take their employment very seriously.

The quickened sympathy of which the French Revolution was either the cause or the effect suggested still greater obligations to the miserable, while the Napoleonic wars, filling the hospitals of Europe with ill cared for, mutilated young men, not despised paupers, but the flower of the community, effectively aroused the public conscience. Experiments were made in various directions. In 1819 the French Bureau of Administration conceived the happy idea of bringing up all soldiers' orphans to be nurses. The training was of the most rudimentary; and as wages, even so late as 1835, ranged from eight to twelve francs a month, it is not surprising that this attempt was unsuccessful.

In 1825 organized training was discussed by a number of English publications (Blackwood's, the Quarterly, the London Medical Gazette, and Southey's Colloquies), and in 1829 Southey himself was interested in a plan "for educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor. Mr. Hornby and Adam

Hodgson of Liverpool hired a house, engaged a matron, received a number of inmates, and sent out some few as nurses, but" — the paradoxical humor of this sounds like a bit of Mr. Bernard Shaw's delicious Socialism for Millionaires — these women "proved so valuable that the upper classes wanted to employ them as monthly nurses, an entire perversion of the whole scheme, which led to its speedy abandonment." Rather hard this on the unhappy rich, whose calamities at the hands of ignorant midwives differed in degree only, not in kind, from those of the poor in our city slums to-day. Little indeed could be hoped from nurses when so late as 1852 the professor of medicine in a leading American college wrote over his own name concerning the symptoms of puerperal fever: "I prefer attributing them to accident or Providence, of which I can form some conception, rather than to a contagion of which I cannot form any clear idea." This, of course, was not the prevailing idea, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's spirited crusade against dirty obstetrics only focused the observations of his predecessors.

The universal dissatisfaction of which Southey's attempt was an expression led in Germany to the foundation of Pastor Fliedner's far-reaching and admirable "Kaiserwerth System," roughly speaking, an order of nursing Protestant Deaconesses, which at once became the inspiration of many similar orders in England.

Then with the Crimean war came the crystallizing of a need and its remedy by Florence Nightingale's triumphant reform of field hospitals, which up to her time had improved but little since they were first established by Queen Isabella at the siege of Granada. Responding to the influence of one quiet Englishwoman, hospitals both civil and military became abodes of peace and comfort, where decency and humanity reigned in place of horror. Then by degrees the poor were seen to have ad-

vantages of which the rich would gladly avail themselves. Greatly doubting if a hireling's exact knowledge could ever be the equivalent of mother's love or filial devotion, private families tried the trained nurse, cautiously, apologetically, then with enthusiasm as a relief from actual labor and unbearable responsibility, as a godsend at that trying moment when the doctor goes on to his next case, leaving hapless amateurs to meet emergencies unaided. Whatever variations in detail may have followed, whatever modifications have been introduced, the genius of Florence Nightingale, in 1853, said the last possible word on all essentials of nursing. Her inspired wisdom and untarnished nobility of purpose set forever the ideal standard both practical and ethical. Her opinion has been asked in organizing the most modern hospitals in America as well as in England; her Notes on Nursing still rank higher than the very newest nursing literature. Care of the sick at once became a profession for normally intelligent women with their livings to make, and soon the demand for such women at least equaled the supply. St. Elizabeth had become an article of commerce, a luxury the market afforded every able purse.

In the United States, prior to 1873, trained nurses had no existence. It is true that there are Revolutionary records of women in military hospitals; the Allison Papers give a list of nurses drawing pay, and one "Phillis Acheson, nurse," is mentioned among the wounded after a battle, probably Paoli, but these helpers were evidently of a low order, judging by their earnings. In the Journal of Congress for October 9, 1776, there is a resolution "that the wages of nurses be augmented to a dollar a week." On April 7, 1777, provision was made for a matron with nurses under her, one for every ten sick or wounded, at a remuneration of twenty-four ninetieths of a dollar and one ration daily, which was not pampering the

nurse, as stablers received one dollar a day beside the ration.

During the civil war nursing was left to Sisters of Charity, convalescent patients, and untrained women, with a sprinkling of poets and philosophers; how little importance was attached to this branch of hospital service is shown by the scant allusions to it in official reports. The Surgical and Medical History of the War of the Rebellion states that "a good deal of trouble was sometimes experienced in getting satisfactory ward attendants. . . . Hired civilians were undesirable, as they often left at a moment's notice. . . . Female nurses, often Sisters of Charity, sometimes volunteers, rendered their best service in connection with extra diets and the linen room and laundry." In many reports of the Sanitary Commission, absolutely no mention is made of nurses; one committee casually observes that they were "inexperienced," and speaks of "women and soldiers romping in a ward." Ten years later the Council of Geneva brought relief to soldiers in the field the world over by establishing the Red Cross Society. Trained nurses were for the first time officially engaged by the United States government during the Spanish war, and the steps since taken to put army nursing on a better footing will be invaluable in the future, but cannot be given space here.

Of course sick people were always tended after a fashion, but the real movement in this country began when the Bellevue Hospital opened a training school, in May, 1873. What such a hospital was then like may be judged by the fact that when a number of New York women met to see what could be done about the Bellevue, they were solemnly warned against engaging a high grade superintendent, because "a pauper hospital was no place for a refined, intelligent woman." Such a person, however, was found, the first of that series of admirable Englishwomen, under whose teachings American hospitals

have been fitted to train head nurses of their own. In the autumn of 1873 the Massachusetts General Hospital organized a regular system of instruction, since when, throughout the country, schools have sprung up in connection with hospitals, turning out every year their quota of graduates, women whose preparation and subsequent conduct are of vital interest to society at large.

Although nursing is still the practice of many religious and semi-religious orders both Catholic and Protestant, this paper is concerned only with the attitude of the American nurse as a wage-earner, and with the almost chaotic conditions at present governing her relation to the public. There is perhaps no class of people about whom so much nonsense is talked as nurses. They are either rapturously eulogized as noble women leading lives of complete self-sacrifice, or disliked as uppish minxes, giving more trouble in the house than they are worth to the patient. In spite of the objections urged against them, the demand for their services throughout the English-speaking world has induced young women, fit or unfit, to swarm into hospitals, to be equipped well or ill as the case may be. Meantime modern bacteriologists have revolutionized the care of contagious diseases, and aseptic surgery has introduced a nicety of treatment hitherto undreamt of; consequently the increased demand upon a nurse's actual deftness of hand and intelligent comprehension calls for a much higher and finer training than in the good old days of unclean surgery and unisolated infections. And yet, it is not infrequent to hear a wish for the old-fashioned upper servant who used to come in and help in time of illness. There lingers a feeling that a common school education with six months' or a year's practical training should be enough for any woman who has a real gift for such work. Even among the doctors themselves, many of whom have labored so disinterestedly to improve the quality

of nursing, men can still be found to oppose a wider theoretical instruction on the whimsical ground that it would inevitably make women prone to interfere with the treatment. It would be interesting to learn from what experience these gentlemen argue that a tendency to meddle is a product of true knowledge. Surely the old-fashioned nurse had views of her own, and by all accounts imposed them on her patients. In 1647, Sir Ralph Verney wrote to his wife, "Give the child noe Physic but such as the old women and midwives with the doctor's approbation doe prescribe, for assure yourself they by experience know better than any phisition how to treat such infants." Sairey Gamp was no slavish adherent to doctors' orders, and Sister Dora, who united partial instruction to much undisciplined ability and self-confidence, gives a spirited story of successfully combating a surgeon's wish to amputate a leg, the whole discussion taking place in the presence of the patient. If the nurses of to-day should even be taught to take a blood count they could hardly exceed that piece of insubordination.

Perhaps it is most essential of all, apart from mastering the handicraft of her profession and having an intelligent understanding of symptoms, that a nurse should know how to behave. In the wards she is subject to constant scrutiny, and if her conduct is not discreet there are plenty of people with will and authority to bring her to order; but in private houses we all know how much she is left to her own devices, and how infinite are her opportunities of annoyance. Pages might be filled with the enormities nurses have been known to commit, the property they have destroyed, and worst of all the servants they have caused to give notice, not to speak of family secrets divulged to the shocked but not always unreceptive ears of employers.

The significant fact about all this is

that these faults, so apparent to the public, are thoroughly recognized by every good and able woman in the profession, each of whom is now working indefatigably to introduce such system and organization as will minimize the danger from nurses morally, mentally, or physically unfit to hold positions of responsibility.

Naturally there is no such thing as a school for saints; they are born, not made, and scarcely born often enough to justify reliance on a steady supply of them. No system of education will guarantee perfection, but a dull, inefficient, or unprincipled student is apt to show these defects in the course of three long and rigorous years, while excitement, ambition, and the spur of novelty will tide many a woman over a twelve-month or two rather creditably. Moreover, with her endless occupations, the head of a training school in a short time can hardly form a just opinion of a pupil's capacity; and, above all, the long training is of greatest value in the matter of drill. In a month or an hour a woman can be told how to be orderly, quick, and subordinate, but three years are none too long to acquire these qualities so that they become absolutely instinctive. Florence Nightingale significantly says that the only class of men endurable as nurses are soldiers and sailors. No one can imagine that nursing is a kind of secondary vocation with Jack and Tommy; this simply means that they are used to obey unquestioningly, broken in to control minds and bodies in a way born only of long-established routine.

The objection often made to a more elaborate and expensive training is that many patients cannot afford a highly finished nurse, although such a woman's services are not only a delightful luxury, but frequently may be a means of saving life. This objection is sound, and applies with equal force and logic to sweetbreads, champagne, Palm Beach, saddle horses, and sea voyages, all of

which are permitted to exist, though undoubtedly beyond the reach of many invalids. While the owner of a palace hotel might feel prompted to offer its comforts to impecunious sufferers at the rate of cheap summer board, few people would consider the limitation of their own means (still less the slenderness of any one else's) as a reason for limiting the perfection of hotel appointments, or dream of claiming the use of them as a right; yet it is the commonest thing in the world for a nurse to be thought a heartless mercenary for making a higher charge than is convenient for a patient to pay. Here again the nurse suffers from her saintly ancestry; a beautiful halo, a ready-made nimbus of self-sacrifice is offered, when she may be only a hard-working woman with family depending on her, and her own future to provide for.

Nurses' organizations, where they are at all known to the public, are looked on with disfavor as a particularly obnoxious kind of trade union, or a trust more intrinsically depraved than those which artificially raise the price of bread and meat; as a bold attempt to put an outrageous value upon all services rendered to the sick, whereas exactly the opposite is the case. The need for partly trained, inexpensive nurses cannot be more keenly felt by the public than it is within the profession, and no one can study the discussions of these organizations without realizing that they aim at the best interest of patients, no less than of nurses, who, at every turn, are held to the duty of looking after the poor and people with small means. Indeed, the enthusiasm with which women have gone into district nursing in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, and other cities, shows no tendency to disregard the claims of the needy, while the encouragement of a recognized class of "experienced," as distinguished from "trained," nurses is quite as much a part of the programme as the furtherance of their own interests.

Fundamentally, the object of the leaders is that the whole relation of employer and employee should rest on a sounder basis, infinitely more satisfactory to both than the present loose, ill-defined position, which permits many a woman unqualified by character or training to assume the full responsibilities and make the full charge of a reliable and well-equipped nurse. To this end two separate societies have been formed, the Associated Alumnae of Trained Nurses, having in 1901 a membership of four thousand, and the Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses in the United States and Canada, which has one hundred and twenty-four members.

At the conventions and annual meetings of these societies women come together from all parts of the country, telling of their experiments, bringing up new theories for criticism and suggestion, so that, profiting by the history of past mistakes or successes, they may strengthen and encourage one another to face the problems cropping up on every hand. What they have accomplished is significant enough. Many hospitals have already established a three years' course, which permits a longer probation, a shorter day's work, and a better mastery of the housekeeping as well as of the scientific branches of their work. The future platform was laid out in a resolution passed by the International Congress of Nurses at Buffalo in 1901:—

"Whereas, the nursing of the sick is a matter closely affecting all classes of the community in every land;

"Whereas, to be efficient workers Nurses should be carefully educated in the important duties which are now allotted to them;

"Whereas, at the present time there is no generally accepted term or standard of training, nor system, nor examination for Nurses in any country;

"Whereas, there is no method — except in South Africa — of enabling the

public to discriminate easily between Trained Nurses and any ignorant persons who assume that title;

"And Whereas, this is a fruitful source of injury to the sick and of discredit to the Nursing Profession;

"It is the opinion of the International Congress of Nurses, in General Meeting assembled, that —

"It is the duty of the Nursing Profession of every country to work for suitable legislative enactments regulating the education of Nurses, and protecting the interests of the public by securing the State Examinations and State Registration with the proper penalties for enforcing the same."

Now the need of a state examination for nurses is somewhat the same that has led to its adoption by physicians and chemists. At present every two-penny hospital is free to award presentable looking diplomas, and without a most unlikely amount of investigation employers have scant means of knowing how much or how little those diplomas are worth.

The writer examined one training school in which a sweet-mannered superintendent showed an operating-room like a jewel box, a marvel of sparkling glass and nickel plate, a dispensary leaving nothing to criticise, a batch of immaculate pupil nurses, rows and rows of the neatest cots imaginable, — a little close for the regulation number of cubic feet of air or the use of a screen, which did not really signify, since in the whole place the only thing they did not show was a patient. One there was, in solitary grandeur at the end of a lonely ward, but an inquisitive visitor was politely kept at a distance, nor was opportunity given to look at the charts hanging decoratively over the empty beds. To the eye, the diploma from this hospital is impressive enough, but it hardly guarantees a comprehensive training.

At another establishment (not a hospital), by a ten weeks' lecture course,

with perhaps a few visits to poor patients in their homes, women are qualified to take any "ordinary case."

In answer to the question as to what might constitute "ordinary," was it typhoid? the superintendent answered, "Yes, light typhoid." The inquiry as to what would happen if the light typhoid were so inconsiderate as to move out of its class and grow serious caused a moment's hesitation, but she said, "Oh, I suppose our training would enable you to keep the case."

Another school gives an obstetric training only, not as supplementary to any other course, but as the sum total of a nurse's education. I have seen a woman from this place endeavor to manage a serious fracture, much to the patient's detriment.

A properly conducted state examination would at once create a line of demarcation between partly trained caretakers or attendants and nurses thoroughly equipped in every branch of their profession. As a preliminary to going up to this examination every nurse would have to show a diploma from a recognized school, and this diploma would be a personal as well as a professional guarantee. The vague term "trained nurse" would acquire an exact significance, and nurses partly trained would be conveniently differentiated. Fully to benefit by this, both doctors and public would have to use self-control in not employing nurses indiscriminately. To this end each city should encourage the forming of central registries or directories governed by the strictest rules and managed by the nurses themselves, so that there should be no division of responsibility in case of either success or failure. Although many excellent registries are now run by private committees, nurses' clubs, and hospitals, there is apt to be a lack of coöperation which permits of various abuses. Consequently some of the best nurses register nowhere, and can only be had by sending to their homes or boarding-

houses. The disadvantage of this is that a woman is not directly responsible to any outside authority, and no record is kept as to whether she continues to give satisfaction, while the public fall into a dangerous way of picking up a nurse anywhere, with less inquiry about her antecedents than is customary in engaging a laundress or a kitchen maid. How unsafe this is was tragically shown in a recent murder trial, in which more than one mysterious death was laid at the door of a very popular woman, who had however been expelled from a well-known training school within one month of graduation "for cause." She was plausible, and made herself acceptable to patients and physicians, who too readily believed her own account of her dismissal.

The point of a really complete directory would be that no nurse would venture to disregard it, under penalty of rating herself as second-class. Patients wanting high grade nurses would always know where to find them, and people not able to afford or disliking them would be rather better off than they are now. The fear of a rise in prices is not well grounded; with such an abounding commodity as young women, supply and demand may be trusted to regulate that issue automatically, and, all things considered, the present tariff is by no means exorbitant. Of course no graduate fresh from the wards should make a full charge, but in view of the length of an average day's work, twenty or twenty-five dollars a week is not high pay for a seasoned nurse. While a good dress-maker coming to the house and sewing not strenuously for forty-eight hours a week often earns twelve and a half dollars, a private nurse rarely has less than a hundred and twelve hours' weekly duty, with such responsibility and strain that she can never hope to work for fifty-two consecutive weeks, and to avoid speedy breakdown must take frequent rests between cases.

As to the dread that hospitals aim at

too fine a training, is there not something rather fantastic in the idea of discouraging a set of people who really wish to know their business better? Few of us would be in opposition if servants were of their own accord to suggest a regular standard of proficiency, manners, and ethics before our houses should be entrusted to their care; but — the saints again — for such a simple matter as the charge of a dangerously ill person vocation is expected to go a good half-way, with shorter apprenticeship than is required of plumbers or carpenters.

If it were possible to sift the complaints, the absolutely just ones, made by long suffering households of the "fine lady of a nurse who felt above her work, could n't so much as lift her finger to wash a spoon," the chances are that she would prove to be the product of an inferior training, sprung from an inferior class, and looking to her work for social promotion. The exactions of such women are often incredible, intolerable to their employers, and damaging to the reputation of the entire profession. Not long since, a nurse on going to a place found to her great embarrassment a man servant stationed outside the bedroom door. It turned out that he was engaged for her special service, because a former nurse could not get along without a footman to wait on her. No business relation should be so absurdly lax. A nurse may shirk at all points, and impose on an innocent family as in this instance, while thoughtless or selfish people may overwork a plucky woman in ways unknown to any other profession.

Though a nurse's health is often her whole capital, till recently there has been a tacit feeling that she cannot do her duty without its being completely sacrificed. A decade ago it was said with resignation that a nurse's average working life was seven years; now it is being slowly recognized that she is entitled to the same consideration as shop girls, typewriters, and day labor-

ers. A few hospitals have now instituted an eight-hour day, which by the way means eight hours' hard physical work, all study, lectures, and classes being additional. Twelve hours' actual duty is still the rule of many training schools, and even that is easier than the majority of private cases, especially as in a hospital when a nurse finally goes to her room she is free from responsibility or interruption.

In private cases there is absolutely no standard. A young nurse of my acquaintance was found early one morning unconscious on the entry floor; upon inquiry the doctor learned that from Monday morning till Thursday night she had been without sleep, or even enough time off to bathe and change her clothes. Of course she was extremely foolish to permit such a thing, on the patient's account as well as on her own, but it was her first private case, and feeling shy about obtruding personal wants in a time of general stress, she had relied on coffee and determination to pull her through. The stale joke, "Why! do you have to sleep? I thought you were trained!" unfortunately contains not a grain of exaggeration. I have gone to a house where after a day's nursing, and a night spent in sponging a typhoid patient, the nurse was still in charge at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day; no one had given her night lunch, breakfast, or even a cup of coffee. She had been on duty for twenty-six straight hours, working strenuously all the time; not a member of the household seemed equal to taking her place, or indeed dreamt of the necessity of doing so. Later it was rumored that this girl had become intemperate!

There are other complications even more in need of regulating, as when a young, attractive woman is purposely chosen to take care of a broken-down man, paying all the penalties of his pleasures. It is impossible to go into detail, but it is well known that patients of this kind are most objectionable even in pri-

vate wards (curiously enough in general wards a uniform almost invariably commands respect), where the young nurses are under the powerful protection of the hospital. Except in desperate emergency, no amount of self-detachment can make it suitable for a girl to take these cases in private houses, yet they are often called upon to do so, merely because an older woman would naturally be less acceptable, and the young one, with her clientele to establish, seldom ventures to refuse or leave a patient.

No one is to blame for these conditions; they are the inevitable result of a complicated and unsettled trade relation, calling for wise, good-tempered adjustment, alike in the interest of employer and employee.

A nurse generally arrives in time of crisis, the patient is turned over to her, the family draw a long breath of comfort and relief, confide in her amazingly, question her about the doctor, the treatment, the patient's condition, her experience in similar cases, and unhesitatingly make her privy to their most personal affairs. Her spotless uniform and specialized ways present her as a being of a different race, free from all ordinary weaknesses of mind or body. This is very natural but demoralizing in the extreme, and a nurse needs a constitution of iron, along with the most exemplary discretion, not to become wrecked in health, and unduly inflated in her own esteem. Many a girl has lost equilibrium in a less perplexing household than that in which Sister Dora found herself obliged to steer a course between "the mad old lady who was fond of me, the relations who were jealous of me, and the footman who made love to me."

Beside possessing unblemished courage and professional skill, a nurse should be prepared to sweep, keep a room in order, arrange flowers, read aloud, write notes, and unobtrusively quiet such family jars as might affect her patient. She

must understand what to do herself, what should be left to servants, remembering that this will vary in every household. She must be quick to see when her presence is necessary, and when she is in the way. She can allow herself no personal habits as to bed or board, no private existence or amusement, while at a case, and when the patient is safely through the exciting period of illness she has to settle down with good grace to the tedium of convalescence, never resenting the inevitable withdrawal of intimacy as the family resume a normal habit of life, and no longer make her the recipient of every thought and emotion.

The lack of any of these qualities will be bad for the patient, trying to the household. Considering the self-suppression such a life entails, the present rate of wages can hardly be regarded as too high. Nor do three years seem too long a preparation, particularly as during that time a girl has not only to learn her business, but to decide for which branch temperament and ability best fit her.

A perfectly conscientious woman of limited capacity may, without discredit, fail to comply with the rigorous conditions of the training school, in which case a good personal reference and the absence of a diploma at once relegate her to her proper place as a partly trained nurse entitled to lower remuneration, while many graduates will prove admirable at district work who lack adaptability for private nursing or executive power to cope with the many duties of a superintendent. Out of hundreds of graduates a small number only will be competent to direct a hospital and training school. Such places can only be filled by picked women, and few outsiders realize the moral, mental, and physical qualifications needed by a head nurse. She must see that her wards are spotless, that patients enjoy every possible care and indulgence, that her share of the elaborate machinery be adminis-

tered with smoothness, generosity, and economy. In the intercourse between nurses and doctors she must be sufficiently woman of the world not to confuse unsuitable behavior with the natural familiarity of young people living at high pressure, more or less isolated from the outer world, and drawn to one another by a common occupation. Nurses' coquetting propensities are justly criticised. In this respect they are liable to be exactly as indiscreet as other girls, and because of the abundant temptation, the frequent meetings, the unchaperoned night watches, a young woman should be long enough in a hospital to lose her head a little and either find it, or prove permanently unworthy. "After all, why should not nurses marry doctors?" asked an exasperated head nurse. "I've no doubt they would infinitely prefer lawyers, but what other men do the poor things ever lay eyes on?" At bottom this attribute of celibacy is another saintly inheritance, and modern training is often held responsible for undue coquetry, in spite of the fact that history and literature are not without references to hooded nuns even having occasionally lapsed into distinctly human relations with patients. Jokes about the Beguines and wounded warriors are neither few nor far to seek; De Goncourt's spotless *Sœur Philomèle* came perilously near a flirtation with the young surgeon in charge, and early in her career St. Theresa herself showed a suspiciously deep interest in the doings of a certain father confessor.

Besides keeping her pupils out of such mischief, a superintendent has also to protect them from their own recklessness in the matter of health; when she has done all this, incidentally showing proper attention to private patients and tiresome official visitors, she must find leisure and spirit for an infinite number of classes and lectures. In this she is mercifully helped by the many doctors who take time they can ill spare for gratuitous lecturing, but on the foot-

ing of regularly paid instruction such aid would be infinitely more valuable. It is unreasonable to expect a busy man to refuse an interesting and remunerative out of town consultation rather than put off an unimportant lecture, and while postponements play havoc with a closely scheduled course of study, a superintendent can hardly be so ungracious as to remonstrate. Recognizing the serious equipment needed for the heads of training schools, a leading university at the request of the Superintendents' Society has opened a course of Hospital Economics, available only for graduates of reliable schools, who have also served a term at private nursing. In this course, the cost of which is defrayed by the nurses themselves, the housekeeping side of the profession receives quite as much attention as anatomy, bacteriology, materia medica, and history; indeed, the pessimist who fears that colleges are educating women away from domesticity should take comfort in the effort of hospitals to create an intelligent and appreciative interest in household affairs.

If the task of a superintendent grows daily harder, much is being done to start probationers on a more rational basis than that of the old days when a girl who had lately turned faint at the mere sight of a ward would find herself called upon to administer medicines and use implements of whose very names and functions she had only the vaguest conception. Until very recently a wretched little probationer struggled on as best she could, confronting emergencies for which she knew herself unprepared, rightly frightened at every turn by her own ignorance. For example, a girl on night duty in a large ward had to meet unaided an outbreak of delirium tremens in a man fresh from a major operation. Too inexperienced to know whether the preceding symptoms were medical or surgical, she was caught unawares, and could only deal with the situation by the light of pluck and com-

mon sense, while a little more knowledge might have saved the patient from considerable danger and the ward from a most undesirable scare. Even now, in many hospitals, a nurse may have her whole experience in a medical ward with little or no instruction in that branch, all knowledge which would be of infinite use there coming just in time to confuse her mind as she goes on surgical duty; and this apparently stupid arrangement is often unavoidable where perfectly raw girls have so to be disposed in the wards as to give them their shifts of duty in proper sequence, without damage to the smoothness and efficiency of the whole machinery of the hospital. It is proposed to remedy this by giving all probationers six months' careful instruction, both practical and theoretical, before allowing them to enter the wards. The need for such preparatory instruction has been fully recognized, but it is still a moot point in the profession whether each hospital should provide a preliminary course for its own probationers under its own roof, or whether there should be special schools where the pupils of any hospital could have a thorough preparation for work in the wards. Such a school would have the undoubted economic advantage that one complete corps of teachers, one set of appliances, would suffice for the pupils of every hospital in a large city, and would also avoid the extra expense of their board and lodging during the first six months. On the other hand, a course in the hospital itself is enormously beneficial in familiarizing probationers with a strange new mode of life, in impressing each girl with the vital importance of her work, and at the same time affording the encouraging example of the absorption and trained cheerfulness of those already promoted to the wards. Thoroughly to imbue a neophyte with this atmosphere is well worth such additional outlay as has been freely made for clean sheets, proper diet, massage, aseptic surgery, isolation of infection, portable baths,

orthopædic appliances, every improvement in fact which marks the difference between a hospital to-day and the Hôtel Dieu of 1777, with its five or six patients to a bed, one basin to a ward, and a tallow factory on the ground floor, where holy candles were thriftily made from drippings of four thousand sheep annually eaten on the premises.

Not long since the writer visited such a school which has been established in the nurses' quarters of one of the most progressive hospitals in this country. The experiment is of too recent growth to speak positively of results, though every indication points to their being thoroughly satisfactory.

As I walked with the superintendent through the building, a pretty, gushing probationer rushed up to my guide, pouring out a flood of personal information, beautifully unconscious that new recruits do not usually buttonhole the commander-in-chief for a few minutes' easy chat. "This is only her third day," said the superintendent in answer to my look of amusement; "she will soon know better without being told."

The morning of these pupils is divided between care of bedrooms (a hundred and fifty women sleep in the nurses' home), washing and putting breakfast things to rights, setting tables, preparing dinner, care of kitchen, pantry, cold storage and storeroom, and the study of special diet. After a midday dinner, household work stops, and the pupils attend classes and lectures, beside learning in the supply room to cut, wind, and sterilize every bandage, pad, and folder known to modern surgery. The standard of neatness is in itself an education to any one coming from an ordinary household. A nurse's belongings are open to inspection at any moment, and woe to the girl who has tucked something out of sight, or whose washstand presents an undue array of drugs or cosmetics. Beds must be made with mathematical accuracy, not once but many times, till muscles go through as few experimental move-

ments as those of a sleeping-car porter. In the linen room the vast hospital wash has to be sorted and put away, and in doing this probationers learn something of the care and cost of napery.

No department is so striking as the kitchen with its modern labor-saving contrivances. Every cupboard and utensil shone like the deck of a man-of-war. I watched the preparation of dinner for a hundred and fifty people by a freshly arrived class under the graduate of a well-known cooking school.

It must be remembered that the object of this work is not to save money or service for the hospital, — the cost of instruction would more than pay experienced servants; indeed the pupils only cook one meal a day, just enough to learn the practical side of cookery, care of provisions, economical yet savory and nourishing catering. They study prices, marketing, food chemistry, the proper composition of meals, and the actual sleight of hand without which theoretical knowledge is only a snare. They also fit themselves to direct others by knowing the reasonable length of time needed for every kind of household work.

A bevy of girls were scouring sinks, watching soup caldrons, and preparing chickens from the bitter beginning. Among them stood a college graduate absorbedly peeling the first potato of a basketful. She seemed to be attacking it by differential calculus, by the light of higher criticism. An ordinary cook would have despised her awkwardness, but she was doing it with her ungrudging heart and soul.

Beyond, in the diet kitchen, they were making dishes for the private ward, real dainties warranted harmless, but most appetizingly unlike the white porridgy thing usually associated with a trained nurse's incursions into our kitchens. The walls were hung with bills of fare made out by the pupils, and with recipes giving exact calculation of cost and nourishing properties. The

same order, the same cleanliness reigned throughout, and above all the same cheerful interest.

As we looked in again at the main kitchen the hands of the college graduate showed blisters, but her actions were perceptibly limberer, less like those of a man sewing, and she was making better time with the seventh potato.

"She 'll do," murmured the superintendent with involuntary humor. "Slow as they are at first, in the end college-bred women are almost always satisfactory. You see, they have done one kind of work already, and the pain of effort

does n't surprise them. Then they generally come really wanting to learn, not because of an unlucky love affair, or nerves, or any of the thousand and one whims that send us girls with no true aptitude for the life. When all is said and done," she added, though thoughtfully, "for the care of sick people the best is none too good, and while it is perfectly right for women to go into nursing to make a living, there should be no place in our profession for any one who does not bring to it the highest principles and the warmest human sympathies."

Mary Moss.

A MAY MORNING.

WHAT magic flutes are these that make
Sweet melody at dawn,
And stir the dewy leaves to shake
Their silver on the lawn?

What miracle of music wrought
In shadowed groves is this?
All ecstasy of sound upcaught, —
Song's apotheosis!

The dreaming lilies lift their heads
To listen and grow wise;
The fragrant roses from their beds
In sudden beauty rise:

Enraptured, on the eastern hill,
A moment, halts the sun;
Day breaks; and all again is still:
The thrushes' song is done!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MY OWN STORY.

V. RECOLLECTIONS OF HOLMES AND LONGFELLOW.

I MADE acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes soon after the Atlantic Monthly was started, and from that time was often in the way of meeting him at receptions, banquets, and on more private occasions. One of the first talks I ever had with him was at some gathering, I have forgotten what, when, allusion being made to the grammatical inaccuracies of famous writers, I instanced the opening lines of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, —

"My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's *have* grown from sudden fears;"

and also Byron's "There let him *lay*!" which occurs in the famous address to the ocean, in *Childe Harold*. The Autocrat remarked, in his quick, nervous way, "Suppose Trowbridge or Holmes had made those blunders! would n't the critics have had a war dance?" As he had already achieved a dazzling reputation, while I had none to speak of, this coupling of our names together was to me, I confess, flatteringly pleasant.

Another colloquy I recall that began less auspiciously. It was at an Atlantic dinner, where, a seat beside me becoming vacant, he came and occupied it. He betrayed not a little irritation as he began, —

"I've a nut to crack with you! The critic of the" — no matter what publication — "says you can write better than I can. What do you think of that?"

I tried to parry the question with an allusion I thought would please him. "That must be when you are not writing 'as funny as you can,' doctor." But he shook his head, and insisted: what did I really think of it? Such a

comparison being too absurd to be taken seriously, I replied, —

"That's a critic after my own heart! If only all were as astute! But here's a scribbler in the" — I named the paper — "who says Edmund Kirke can write better than I can. So what am I to think?"

Thereupon the cloud turned its silver lining. He laughed and said: "If you can write better than I, and Kirke can write better than you, then Kirke is the man! We know where we are!"

At table he was unflaggingly vivacious, ready at repartee, as witty as Lowell without Lowell's audacity at punning (they called each other "Wendell" and "James," talking perhaps from one end of the table to the other), and, for the immediate moment, as wise as Emerson. Underwood, in his monograph on Lowell, *The Poet and the Man*, has by some lapse of memory misquoted a passage of words that took place between Emerson and Holmes at one of the early Atlantic dinners. The conversation was upon the orders of architecture; it was Emerson, not Holmes, who had been saying that the Egyptian was characterized by breadth of base, the Grecian by the adequate support, and the Gothic by its skyward soaring. Then it was Holmes, not Emerson, who flashed out instantly, "One is for death, one is for life, and one is for immortality." I did not hear this, but it was repeated to me at the time by one who did.

At another of the Atlantic dinners, Holmes surpassed even himself in the sparkle and flow of his Autocratic dissertations. Hardly any one suspected that he had in his napkin the proofs of his next Autocrat paper, procured for him by one of the publishers of the

magazine, who was present, and who afterwards imparted to me the secret.

Many anecdotes illustrative of the doctor's wit were current in those years. I will cite but one. When the friends of the rival claimants of the discovery of anæsthesia were proposing monuments for each, Holmes suggested that all should unite in erecting a single memorial, with a central group symbolizing painless surgery, a statue of Jackson on one side, a statue of Morton on the other, and the inscription beneath: "To E(i)ther."

I never heard Holmes converse when he did not converse well; and once at least I had the satisfaction of contributing in some degree to his flow of spirits. Underwood, inviting me to a supper at which the doctor was to be the guest of honor, begged that I would come prepared to make a little speech, or to read something appropriate to the occasion. As speech-making was always irksome to me, I scribbled some lines heartily appreciative of the Autocrat, which I carried with me, and read, at a call from Underwood, in a lull of the conversation. The next day I received a letter from our host, in which he wrote: "It is to you, more than any one else, that the success of last evening is due. Your poem was not only a pleasure in itself, but it wrought a great change in the guest, and brought forth all his brilliant powers. I never heard him talk so well."

With one of the kindest hearts, open to friends, and often sympathizingly helpful to strangers, he yet cherished a sort of Brahminical exclusiveness; something in the earlier Autocrat papers even made you feel that he was at times too complacently conscious of a superior caste and culture. The tone of his writings softened and his nature grew ever more kindly with years. The Poet at the Breakfast-Table was considered less successful than its predecessors, The Autocrat and The Professor; but there was noticeable in the later writings an

increased mellowness of flavor that compensated for any supposed falling off in the wit. While they were running in the Atlantic Monthly, I read them always eagerly in advance sheets, begged or borrowed from the editorial room (then immediately under that of Our Young Folks, in the building on Tremont Street), neglecting all other occupations for that instant indulgence. Very likely this was one of a happy combination of circumstances that caused me to see in them what I might look in vain for to-day; our early enthusiasms are so apt to pale in the light of later experiences and changed conditions. Re-reading those papers now, thirty years and more afterwards, would no doubt cause me to wonder a little at that particular enthusiasm; but I am glad I had it, since it moved me to express, in a letter to the doctor, my appreciation of the genial quality that breathed in the new series, "bathing all in the softest Indian summer air." The recognition was probably all the more welcome to him on account of the disparaging criticisms the monthly numbers were provoking from the press in many quarters. He wrote in reply (under date of May 12, 1872): "I was just sitting down to write when I received your letter, which gave me such singular pleasure that I must tell you how much happier I was made by it. Perhaps I wanted a pleasant word to give me heart for what I was doing; at any rate I felt really refreshed by your kind expressions, and very grateful. . . . A few lines of sympathy from one, the value of whose esteem we know, go a great way towards repaying an author for his cares and labors. You may be sure that you obeyed a very healthy impulse when you sent me a note which I shall keep among the treasures of my correspondence."

He was frankly fond of praise, and although few men of letters ever breathed that incense more frequently or with fuller breath, he never lost his

amiable and sincere enjoyment of it. He once told me of a letter he had received from a vivacious lady admirer, and well I recall the gusto with which he exclaimed, "It is gushing! and I like it!" What he relished with such zest he in turn generously bestowed, and I have letters of his regarding some things of mine that had interested and pleased him — beautifully written letters, their neat and graceful chirography now faded by time — which I "keep among the treasures of my correspondence," to quote words that have so much deeper a significance in my case than they could have had in his own.

The doctor's small, upright, animated figure seemed possessed of inexhaustible vitality, but in his advancing years his public appearances became a severe drain upon it, and he felt the need of husbanding it for special efforts, as he confided to me on more than one occasion. We were both engaged to deliver poems at the great Moore festival, given in Boston in May, 1879, in celebration of the Irish poet's centennial birthday; and I retain a very vivid recollection of the Autocrat's dismay when we learned that the guests had been brought together an hour before the banquet was to take place! After talking for twenty minutes or so to those who crowded around him, eager to catch a word from his lips, he whispered to me despairingly, "Help me out of this; don't let anybody follow!"

I said in alarm, "You are not going away!"

"For half an hour," he replied. "I am going to get into a horse-car and ride up and down until the real, honest hour for the dinner arrives. I must save my voice for my poem."

He returned in time to go in fresh and smiling to the dinner on the arm of that gifted young Irish revolutionist and adventurer, journalist and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, while I followed with General Patrick A. Collins (now Mayor of Boston) for an escort. These two

noted Irish-Americans were among the foremost promoters of the festival, but were not, I think, responsible for the too early assembling of the guests; and I doubt whether either of them knew what had become of the doctor in that half-hour. He was in fine voice for his poem.¹

A few months later, in December of that same year, 1879, I had the honor of uniting in the celebration of Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday, contributing a poem, *Filling an Order*, to the postprandial exercises, at the famous Breakfast given to him by his publishers. It was one of the most notable gatherings of literary celebrities from far and near which Boston had ever witnessed. The Autocrat's own beautiful and touching poem, *The Iron Gate*, read in a voice at times tenderly playful, at others vibrant with deeper emotion, was of course the memorable event of the Breakfast, and worthy of the audience and the hour. His praises were sounded by others in every key, in prose and verse; but I shall speak here only of my own contribution.

The Order, fabled to have been received by Dame Nature in her laboratory, was for "three geniuses," one a bard, one wise, and one supremely witty, to grace an obscure town by the sea named Boston. The finer ingredients were mixed, and the souls set to steep, each in its glowing vessel: —

In each by turns she poured, she stirred, she
skimmed the shining liquor,
Threw laughter in, to make it thin, or thought,
to make it thicker;
But when she came to choose the clay, she
found, to her vexation,
That, with a stock on hand to fill an order for
a nation,
Of that more finely tempered stuff, electric and
ethereal,
Of which a genius must be formed, she had but
scant material —
For three? for one! What should be done?
A bright idea struck her;
Her old witch eyes began to shine, her mouth
began to pucker.

¹ My own poem, read at the Moore Banquet, was *Recollections of Lalla Rookh*.

Says she, "The fault, I'm well aware, with
genius is, the presence
Of altogether too much clay, with quite too
little essence,
And sluggish atoms that obstruct the spiritual
solution;
So now, instead of spoiling these by over-much
dilution,
With their fine elements I'll make a single,
rare phenomenon,
And of three common geniuses concoct a most
uncommon one,
So that the world shall smile to see a soul so
universal,
Such poesy and pleasantries, packed in so small
a parcel."
So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped,
and stuck the label:
*Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Break-
fast-Table.*

I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had the audience with me in the reading; and that the fable pleased the subject of it I was gratifyingly assured in a letter I received from him a few days later, from which I cannot forbear quoting a single sentence:—

"I thought your poem excellent when I listened to it, but my hearing is not so sharp as it once was, and I did not know how excellent, how neat, ingenious, terse, artistic it was until I came to read it."

One of the later occasions in which my voice was publicly heard with the Autocrat's was the Garden Party, given by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, at Governor Claflin's country house in Newton, to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in celebration of her seventieth birthday. This was in the leafy month of June, 1882. At that open air festival we heard Mrs. Stowe herself, her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, and other celebrities; but the chief event was Dr. Holmes's poem.

The doctor's voice was not remarkable, — it was slightly husky, and lacking in clear resonance, but in his use of it he made you forget that it was not the fittest organ for his purpose; just as you were rendered oblivious of his inferior stature (five feet four or

five) by his animation and perfect aplomb. Surely no other so narrow human jaw was ever the gateway of such intelligent and forceful speech ("the smallest adult jaw I ever fitted teeth to," his dentist once said to me); but it had a nervous tension that compensated for its insignificant size. Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Agassiz, like the most of his great contemporaries, might have justified the findings of the phrenologist or physiognomist; yet he, even more than Emerson, demonstrated the truth that, of brains, quality is better than quantity, that spirit is more than flesh. He was a living disproof of Whitman's proud attestation that "size is only development."

The Autocrat's voice and manner were never more effective than on that refulgent afternoon at the Claflin Garden Party. Who that was present can have forgotten the two opening stanzas of his poem, *The World's Homage*, in which he fancied people of every land who had read Uncle Tom summoned to the table, and the Babel of tongues that would have been heard there?

"Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
Would shout, 'We know the lady!'"

Only to those who heard him can the cold types convey an idea of the emphasis and percussive force of enunciation which he flung into this felicitously rhymed, surprisingly collocated list of names. It was greeted by such an outburst of irrepressible applause as was not heard before or after on that day, not even at the close of his reading. As I joined in the hand-clapping and watched the face of Mrs. Stowe wreathed in smiles, I fortunately forgot my own dozen or more four-line stanzas, snugly folded away in my breast pocket, to be unfolded and to come forth later.

As the persistent and prolonged uproar subsided, it was with a startled feeling that I remembered the ordeal of comparison before me, and with something like a cowardly wish that the verses I had thought tolerably well of up to that moment might be quietly dropped from the catalogue of things to be called for. I must acknowledge that the feeling marred a little my enjoyment of the remainder of Holmes's recital, and was perhaps the cause of my fancying in the subsequent stanzas a falling off from the superlatively bright and vigorous opening. Or was it possible (as these are very frank memoirs I venture the suggestion), — was it barely possible that I indulged a secret hope that the prestige of those dazzling first flashes might be mercifully tempered, for my sake?

If for a moment I cherished that feeble hope, I had ample time to return to a more resolute and generous frame of mind before delivering my tribute. The doctor was followed by other readers and speakers, who caused my interest in my own forthcoming effort to rise by degrees, to revive, and put forth buds of faith and buoyant expectation, until I finally stepped upon the improvised platform with a tranquil confidence not unjustified, I think, by the reception accorded to my reading of *The Cabin*. As was inevitable, some of the thoughts in the doctor's poem were paralleled in my own: —

The Slave went forth through all the earth,
He preached to priest and rabbin;
He spoke all tongues; in every land
Opened that lowly Cabin.

One or two briefly told anecdotes must close these desultory reminiscences of one of Boston's most remarkable men. Going once to hear a lecture by Matthew Arnold, I entered the hall early, and seeing Holmes alone in one of the central seats, took a place beside him for a chat while the audience was coming in. Soon we saw Rev. James Freeman Clarke wandering down one of

the side aisles, with his numbered ticket in his hand, scanning the backs of the seats.

"There," said the doctor, "is my Double. We were friends in boyhood, we were classmates in college, our orbits are forever crossing; wherever I go he appears. I can no more avoid him than I can my own shadow." While he was relating some curious instance of this seeming fatality, Clarke drew near, still observing the backs of rows; when I inquired, —

"What is your number, Mr. Clarke?" He named it. "Here it is," I said, "beside Dr. Holmes; I am in your seat."

One afternoon, in the years of which I am writing, I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from the doctor.

"What a delightful man he is!" said he. "But he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache." When I inquired the cause, he replied: "The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine, that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for any length of time, a headache is the penalty."

Every one who knew the Autocrat must have been impressed by this trait ascribed to him by Longfellow, — the extraordinary rapidity of his mental processes. Not that he talked fast, but that his turns of thought were surprisingly bright and quick, and often made with a kind of scientific precision, agreeably in contrast with the looseness of statement commonly characterizing those who speak volubly and think fast. In one of the early Autocrat papers he made this comparison: "Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it. But talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it." His own talk was less like hose-playing than most men's. It was more like shooting with a rifle, — and it was

always sure to hit. In view of this habitual vivacity, how we must marvel at his length of life, measured not by years only, but by the amount of thought and feeling and spiritual energy that animated him throughout his long and fortunate career!

Holmes's place among the writers of his time is distinctly assured. He enriched our literature with a new form of essay as distinctly individual as Montaigne's or Charles Lamb's. In metrical composition his work is voluminous and varied, much of it ephemeral, but all of it lucid and musical; and he has left a few lyrics that take high rank — one of them almost the highest — as pure poetry. A characteristic note is a certain playful tenderness; — and I think his Muse charms us most when she appears, like the bride in the ballad, — “With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,” —

when the verses are dewy and tremulous with a feeling which the wit irradiates and sets off, yet seems half designed to conceal: —

“Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane.”

Although Longfellow was not one of my literary passions, — perhaps because I came under his influence so gradually, — the spirit that breathed in his poems inspired in me a feeling of love and admiration long before I saw him, — a feeling that grew in depth and constancy after I was admitted to his acquaintance, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship.

That honor was rather late in coming to me, entirely through my own perverse neglect of opportunities, which I have elsewhere confessed and deplored. When the hour of meeting came, it was he who took the initial step toward it. Grasping my hand warmly, he began at once to talk to me of my poems with a delightful sincerity that blew away like dandelion wool or thistledown the last film and feather of my aloofness, and

made me humbly ashamed of it, when he inquired earnestly, —

“Why have you never come to see me?”

“Because,” I said, “I never felt that the work I have been trying to do gave me any right to intrude myself on your attention.” And, with the frankness that is often the twin sister of reserve, I went on to speak of his being already a famous poet, a Cambridge professor, a man representing the highest culture, when I first came to Boston with the odor of my native backwoods still upon me, — without friends, or academic acquirements, or advantages of any sort; — and of the feeling I could never quite get over, of the immense distance between us.

“That,” he replied, “is the effect of mirage; it is illusion. At any rate, there is no such distance now.” And there never was, from that time forth.

Longfellow was slightly below the medium stature, but of a sufficiently stocky build, well planted on his feet, as the French say; with strong, symmetrical features, which must have been singularly handsome in his youth as they were singularly noble in his later years; the forehead sweeping to a shapefully width in constructiveness and ideality; mild blue eyes under fine brows, and hair and beard of patriarchal whiteness. Charles Kingsley said of him in 1868: “I do not think I ever saw a finer human face;” which might have been truly said of him to the last.

He had the simplicity of manners that belongs to strong, true natures, and a tact and sympathy that prompted him to meet all persons on their own ground of interest and experience. Of all people I ever knew he was the most charitable in speech, tolerant even of faults which society deems it dangerous to condone. I never heard him speak with anything like indignant condemnation of anybody except a certain class of critics who sit in judgment upon works they have neither the heart

to feel nor the sense to understand. Some kind friend once sent me a review in which a poor little volume of my own verse was scalped and tomahawked with savage glee. Turning the page, I was consoled to see a volume of Longfellow's treated in the same Ojib-way style; for, I reflected, "The critic who strikes at him blunts the weapon with which he would wound others." Meeting him in a day or two, I found that some equally well-meaning friend had sent him a copy of the same review. I was surprised to see how much he was annoyed by it, and said to him, —

"I may well be disturbed when they try to blow out my small lantern, but why should you care when they puff away at your star?"

He replied, "The ill will of anybody hurts me. Besides, there are people who will believe what this man says. If he cannot speak well of a book, why speak of it at all?"

"He must earn his bread," I suggested.

"So must the hired assassin and the highwayman," said Longfellow.

He had suffered from abundant unjust and foolish criticism in earlier days; but I do not believe his wise, calm spirit was ever more than temporarily ruffled by it. Older readers will remember the very general depreciation, the ridicule in paraphrase and parody, with which *Hiawatha* was at first received. But *Hiawatha* quickly came to rival *Evangeline* in public favor; and the relenting reviewers joined afterwards in the chorus of its praise. *Evangeline* had likewise been the subject of adverse criticism, especially in respect to the hexameters, which were declared unsuited for English verse. Poe's ridicule of them remains a brilliant example of a kind of literary savagery common in the middle of the last century, that is hardly possible among men of letters to-day. Having resorted to the old trick of printing as prose a passage selected for his purpose, to

illustrate the absence of the spondee, indispensable in the Greek hexameter, he went on to say that he could manage the point Longfellow and others had missed; giving as a sample these lines, in which the spondee is very much in evidence: —

"Du tell! when shall we hope to make men
of sense out of the Pundits

Born and brought up with their snouts deep
down in the mud of the Frog Pond?

Why ask? who ever yet saw money made out
of a fat old

Jew, or downright, upright nutmegs out of a
pine knot?"

This was very funny; and "Du tell," "deep down," "Frog Pond," and the like are good spondees. But Poe himself felt obliged to apologize for the dactyls; "hope to make," "men of sense," "born and brought," which take the place of dactyls, being, properly speaking, not dactyls at all. Such criticism goes to show that the Greek and Latin hexameter is not possible in English verse, nor in any verse that is scanned by accents, and not by long and short syllables. This Longfellow knew as well as anybody, and what he attempted was some such adaptation of it as Goethe had brought into favor with German readers in his *Hermann und Dorothea*. Poe's attack had long been forgotten, or it was kept in the minds of men only by Poe's growing fame as a poet, and Longfellow could well afford to smile at it benignantly as he did, when I once ventured to recall it to his mind; for his choice of metre, and his easy management of it, had been amply justified by time and the judgment of mankind; the flowing hexameters which relate *Evangeline's* beautiful story continuing to be read, then as now, by learned and unlearned alike, with perennial delight.

Longfellow had little of Holmes's facility in writing occasional verses, and still less of Holmes's boyish delight in reciting them. Yet Holmes himself never wrote anything more

graceful than the tribute to Agassiz on his Fiftieth Birthday, or more delightfully rollicking than the other Agassiz poem, Noël, written in French, — a trifle, indeed, but yet a *tour de force*, appreciated by those at least to whom French is an acquired tongue, and who have adventured their poetic feet among the hedges and pitfalls of the hiatus and other artificial restrictions of French verse. It may be in place here to repeat what Longfellow's brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, once said to me of the poet's mastery of modern languages and literatures: "It is an accomplishment which his fame as a poet has too much overshadowed, but which should give him a foremost reputation among American scholars."

Holmes could hang his halo of verse on any star of occasion, but Longfellow needed an impulse from within. When urged by his Bowdoin classmates to write something for their semi-centennial anniversary, no happy thought suggested itself, and he hastened to unburden his mind of the care and responsibility of such a task by positively declining it. Then came the inspiring motive of *Morituri Salutamus*, one of his noblest poems, drawn from the depths of his poetic nature, and written in a glow of enjoyment chilled only by the prospective ordeal of public delivery. The final announcement that he was to appear in person and read his poem thrilled with joyous expectation every son of Bowdoin, and rallied to the college, on the eventful day, such throngs of its alumni and friends as it never saw gathered before. I think that, at the last hour, he rather enjoyed what he had dreaded; and his kindly nature must have been gratified by an opportunity of giving pleasure to so many. I asked a Bowdoin man how Longfellow bore himself. "Finely!" he said. "I could n't hear him, but it was glory enough to have him there, and to have his poem in print afterwards."

His voice was ill fitted for public

speaking; it was habitually gentle and low, and it was irksome for him to raise it above the conversational pitch. I never heard it on any public occasion except once. At the great Boston Banquet given by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in honor of Whittier's seventieth birthday, it was with the utmost difficulty that Whittier himself could be prevailed upon to be present. Growing old was bad enough, he said, "without being twitted of it," — as Pickard relates in his full and graphic life of the poet. A sense of the incongruity of such a performance with the principal character left out finally prevailed over his diffidence; almost at the last hour he consented to appear, and in acknowledgment of the tremendous ovation that greeted him, he spoke a few well-chosen but rather hesitating words, which could not be called a speech. Even then he would not trust himself to read the poem he had prepared, and which he had in advance engaged Longfellow to read for him. Longfellow introduced the poem with some easy conversational remarks; in them, and in the reading of Whittier's response, his manner was self-possessed and unaffected; but his voice lacked carrying quality; and although I was in a position to catch the lowest words distinctly, I judged, by the hollowing of hands behind ears, that neither he nor Whittier was heard well at the remoter tables.

Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes were the chief guests of honor, besides Whittier himself. Holmes, of course, had a poem to read, and he read it with his usual enunciative vigor. Emerson, who was already beginning to show signs of the decay of his powers which progressed slowly but fatally in the following years, made a few remarks laudatory of Whittier, and particularly of Whittier's *Ichabod*, which he then proceeded to read, not very effectively, as it proved. The reading of *Ichabod* was regarded by Longfellow as one of two unfortunate mistakes that were

committed, by famous guests, on that memorable evening. In talking over the Banquet with me a day or two after, he asked if I was not amazed at Emerson's want of tact in selecting such a poem for such an occasion.

"Why, no," I answered in some surprise; "it did n't strike me so. I have always thought Ichabod one of Whittier's strongest poems, — perhaps his very strongest political poem."

"But what a terrible denunciation of Webster!" he exclaimed. "It was perhaps well enough for the time when it was written; but the passions of men have cooled, and I am sure Whittier himself regrets having made so terrible an attack upon our greatest statesman, — once the idol of Massachusetts, and still believed in by a large number of those present at the dinner. Why bring up again, at such a time, a subject that must be offensive to many?"

I had not regarded it in that light; it was characteristic of Longfellow's large charity that he had. When I said I hardly thought the partisanship of the poem was noticed by the audience, he immediately began to make excuses for Emerson, saying, "Of course, he took only the literary view of it, as you did."

I thought this curiously illustrative of the difference in temperament between Longfellow and his two distinguished friends. He lacked the fine ethical energy of Emerson and the forceful impulse of the Quaker poet, while his abhorrence of oppression was no doubt as great as theirs. He was not formed for conflict; he shrank from severity of censure and deprecated injustice even to the unjust. He who had written and published *Poems on Slavery* as early as 1842, when to utter a word against the divinely appointed institution was to invite opprobrium, — he who was Charles Sumner's closest friend, admiring in him the warfare he was himself unfitted to wage, — must be ranked as a fearless and consistent

opponent of slavery, notwithstanding the charge of time-serving once brought against him for consenting to the omission of the slavery pieces from an edition of his poems otherwise complete. This was no sacrifice of principle, although he perhaps yielded too much to the representations of the publisher, who was packing his goods, so to speak, for a market the gates of which were too narrow for that load. These were not his best poems, nor even his second best; they continued to be issued in other editions, and their suppression in that particular one showed no such "subserviency to the slave power" as some abolitionists, notably Parker in one of his sermons, indignantly averred. His reprobation of Webster's course was as deep as that of the more fiery Whittier, whom it inspired to write *Ichabod*, or of the philosophic Emerson, when it drew him from his studious solitudes, and moved him to declare, in a public discourse on the Fugitive Slave Law, "Every drop of blood in this man's veins has eyes that look downward." While deploring the great statesman's advocacy of that law, Longfellow's broad charity and calm equipoise of opinion led him to judge the man himself more as posterity is judging him.

That Holmes had a son who enlisted in our Civil War and was dangerously wounded is a circumstance that has been kept in the memory of men by the Autocrat's narrative of his Hunt after the Captain, and by the Captain's subsequent career as an eminent jurist. It is not so well remembered that Longfellow likewise gave a son to his country's service in the great conflict against slavery, a son who was also dangerously wounded at the front, and whom the father similarly hastened to seek and bring home.

Once we were speaking of the prices paid to the best writers by the best periodicals, when Longfellow remarked that he could never get over the feeling that one hundred dollars was a very

large sum for a poem of perhaps not half a hundred lines. I said it did not seem so to me, even if we considered merely the labor that went into it, let alone the name and fame of the author.

"You would think differently," he said, "if you had written as many poems for three and five dollars each as I have," — those being the prices he had received for some of his earlier well-known pieces, which he named. The immortal Psalm of Life — which, with the marks it bears of an imperfect mastery of the art he was afterwards to bring to such perfection, yet breathes the inmost spirit of his genius, — the poem that may almost be said to have established his reputation — was sold for three or five dollars (certainly not more than five, — I think he told me three) to the Knickerbocker Magazine, in which it first appeared. This was in 1838. Through the agency of his versatile, intimate friend, Samuel Ward, in New York, he was enabled in a few years to command three or four times five dollars for anything he chose to write, — fifteen or twenty dollars being really dazzling prices for poems in those days.

The Hanging of the Crane was disposed of to the New York Ledger for an exceptionally large sum, and the history of the transaction was related to me by Longfellow about the time it took place. The poem was finished in December, 1873, and sent to Ward in New York, who received it with rapture, and wrote that he thought his "trotting friend Bonner" would pay "two guineas a line for it." As it comprised about two hundred lines, this meant a little more than two thousand dollars. Mr. Fields advised that it should not appear in any periodical, but be issued at once in a small and elegant illustrated volume. Longfellow held the matter in consideration for a month or more, then consented that the poem should be submitted to Bonner, who promptly proposed to pay one thousand

dollars for it, — about five dollars a line. Longfellow thought this offer munificent enough, and would have accepted it unquestioningly; but Ward demurred, contending that such a poem from so famous an author should have a higher value for the Ledger, — a sheet that had founded its enormous success mainly on the stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Bonner thereupon consulted his lawyer, a man of liberal views, who said: "Ward is right. Send Longfellow a check for three thousand dollars, and give Ward an honorarium of one thousand for his mediation." Bonner was himself a man of the most liberal disposition, which was evinced not only in practical matters, but in those of a more personal nature; as when, the Ledger having gradually outgrown the Cobb, Jr. style of story, instead of casting out with business-like indifference the writer who had been so useful to him, Bonner retired him on a pension of four thousand dollars a year, which Mr. Cobb enjoyed in his home in Norway, Maine, after he had ceased to write, and as long as he lived.

Bonner saw the force of his lawyer's suggestion; and so it happened that The Hanging of the Crane appeared in the Ledger at an expense to that paper of four thousand dollars, three fourths of which went to Longfellow, and one fourth to Ward.

In speaking of this poem I am reminded of a poetical figure in it that may have been suggested by one in my own poem, Service, which had appeared in the Atlantic Monthly some time before. I had written: —

For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty.

In Longfellow's lines the image is reversed, the dazzling dawn becomes the smiling close of day, and the sun

"Like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night."

Longfellow was of course wholly unconscious of this adaptation, — if indeed it was an adaptation, and not a figure

that had arisen independently in his own mind; although *Service* was a poem of which he had spoken to me of having read.

His imagination, like that of every true poet, was the haunt of suggestions that had come to him often from unknown sources and by unremembered ways, — teeming fancies ready to start forth in the light and take place and shape in the page they were needed to adorn. Sometimes the thought that first appeared in one form reappeared in another; as when the poet wrote in his journal (November 18, 1850), "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations," and afterwards, in *The Golden Legend*, —

"Time has laid his hand

Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,

But as a harper lays his open palm

Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

I do not know that anybody had ever used this image before him; but in *Excelsior* he had written, —

"A voice falls like a falling star," —

to discover later (as he notes in his diary) that *Brainard* had already said the same thing of the mocking-bird's note, —

"It falls

As a lost star falls down into the marsh."

Wordsworth has in one of his odes, —

"All treasures hoarded by the miser Time,"

which *Longfellow*, as he notes again in his diary, had never read when in his ode *To a Child* he wrote

"The buried treasures of the miser Time."

He was generally fortunate enough to detect these echoes or resemblances in advance of the critics, but not always; as when the one striking image, in the one memorable poem of the Bishop of Chichester, — rendered memorable only by this circumstance, — reappeared as the "muffled drums" of the *Psalm of Life*, and brought down upon him the injurious charge of plagiarism. As he

himself observes in his journal, "One cannot strike a spade in the soil of *Parnassus* without disturbing the bones of some dead poet."

Here again I am reminded of a thought which I once adapted from him, and which must have persisted in my mind long after I had forgotten that it had any other source than my own imagination. Early in 1858 I wrote the following winter piece which I print here to illustrate a curious literary circumstance relating to two names of much greater interest than my own: —

When evening closes, and without

I hear the snow-storm drive and sift,

And *Boreas* plunge with many a shout

Into the tree and through the drift,

Methinks that up and down,

With his merry, mocking clown,

Goes the old king who gave away his crown.

The king so old and gray!

Alas, alas the day

That saw him part his golden crown

To deck fair *Summer's* forehead gay

And *Autumn's* tresses brown!

The cruel sisters twain

Have robbed him of his train;

And now all night he laughs and raves,

And beats his breast and sings wild staves,

And scatters his white hair over the graves.

A mad and broken-hearted *Lear*,

He roams the earth with crazed brain;

Ah, would the gentle *Spring* were here,

The sweet *Cordelia* of the year,

To soothe his bitter pain!

Fondly believing this to be original, and thinking tolerably well of it, I handed it to *Underwood* for the *Atlantic*. He likewise thought well of it, and took it to *Cambridge*, for *Lowell's* acceptance. It came back to me with the comment that it had a fault. This was not the overworked and worn-out classic *Boreas*, which certainly had no business in so modern a composition, and which could easily have been changed to *North Wind*. Nor yet was it the bookish "methinks," in the use of which I might have pleaded the example of *Hawthorne*, who even puts it into the colloquial speech of some of

his characters, — if ever the speech of Hawthorne's characters may be termed "colloquial." As for the feeble inversions, "forehead gay" and "tresses brown," — where the adjective is placed after the noun for the too obvious convenience of the rhythm and rhyme, — they were indeed blemishes, which I was to have sense and conscience enough to banish altogether and forever from my later verse, along with all such earmarks of the conventional poetic diction; although I might have justified them by adducing the usage of poets the most renowned. But the fault that condemned my winter piece was none of these. It was the worst of all faults. The leading idea of the poem was stolen — "Longfellowniously obtained," as Underwood laughingly said, quoting, I think, his editor-in-chief. I immediately looked up the *Midnight Mass* for the *Dying Year*, and was dismayed to find there the image I had so shamelessly plagiarized: —

"The foolish, fond Old Year
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather
Like weak, despoiled Lear;"

the comparison being carried further in the succeeding stanzas. Of course I did not print the poem in the *Atlantic*, or anywhere else, but flung it aside in wrath and humiliation, and hardly ever gave it a thought afterwards, until I was reminded of it by the afore-mentioned curious circumstance, to the point of which I am now coming. It is this: in Lowell's volume, *Under the Willows and Other Poems*, which appeared ten years later (1868), the title poem has on page 10 these lines: —

"And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms."

Now this was also undoubtedly an unconscious appropriation of the same image that I had "Longfellowniously obtained;" and the incomprehensible thing about it is that Lowell should have picked up, and pocketed, and afterwards have stuck into his poetical

shirt-front, the little gem, the ownership of which he had detected in my more expansive setting. The only explanation seems to be, that he had forgotten both Longfellow's original and my imitation, and reproduced the idea as innocently as poets are all liable to reproduce ideas, — as he himself reproduced a line of Shelley in an earlier part of the same poem (*Under the Willows*), where he describes the West (west wind) —

"Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud;"

which are certainly the English poet's "white fleecy clouds" over again, —

"Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."

Longfellow was accustomed to receive all sorts of people, some of whom sought him out for the most whimsical reasons; like the English visitors who said to him with astounding frankness, "As there are no ruins in this country we thought we would come and see *you*." The old colonial Craigie mansion, with its windows commanding the broad valley where

"The flooded Charles . . .
Writes the last letter of his name,"

was unquestionably, both from its earlier and later associations, the most attractive house in Cambridge. But I was always so much more interested in the man I went to see there than in anything else in or about it, or even in the memories of the great Washington whose historical headquarters it had been, that I never really saw it save in the most partial and casual manner, until one afternoon, when some ladies sent in their cards just as I was taking leave. They came with the modest request that they might be shown the house and "just speak with Mr. Longfellow if he wasn't too busy to see them." He promptly gave orders that they should be admitted, and turning to me, said, "Stay, and help me entertain these callers;" which I was very glad to do, as it gave me an opportunity

of seeing, with him for cicerone, not only such parts of the house and the things in it as I had seen before, though never so advantageously, but other parts, with their numerous objects of interest. Our host, in his genial way, tried to palm me off also as an "object of interest," but without distinguished success.

Beginning with the room in which the visitors found us,—the front room at the right of the entrance, once General Washington's official headquarters, but in later years the poet's study, in which so many of his famous poems had been written,—he had some simple but illuminating word of association or suggestion for every object to which he called attention,—among many other precious things, perhaps the most precious, uniform bindings of the original manuscripts of his works, nearly complete, and shelved behind glass,—all in his own unvarying, beautifully round, upright hand, the most of them in pencil; Coleridge's inkstand, always in sight on his centre table; sand of the desert in an hourglass (subject of his well-known poem); in the drawing-room, an exquisitely carved agate cup, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, that had once belonged to the poet Rogers; everywhere portraits and pictures, among these Buchanan Read's painting of Longfellow's Daughters, which was then well known to the public through photographic copies, and which, by an ambiguity in the grouping, had given rise to the absurd story that one of Longfellow's children had no arms. Regarding this monstrous fable he said: "My friend Lowell once heard a loud-talking woman expatiating upon it in an omnibus full of passengers, and took occasion to correct the popular error, saying that he knew the family, and that he could vouch for each of the children having a good pair of arms. The woman retorted, 'I have it on the best authority!' and that settled it."

He had a fund of quiet humor in relating traditions connected with the old

house; one of which commemorated an occasion when Washington was said to have indulged in the laughter so rare with him. It was when General Putnam brought to headquarters an old woman taken as a spy, whom he carried, reluctant and struggling, on his back, into the house,—a sight which proved too much for the gravity even of the Father of his Country. After the ladies were gone I asked Mr. Longfellow if such visits were not sometimes a bore to him. "Yes," he said, "if the comers are pretentious or shallow-minded; then I make as quick work with them as courtesy will allow. But these were sincere persons, and I am glad to have afforded them a pleasure that was evidently so much to them, and which they will remember all their lives."

"And the memory of which they will transmit to their children," I could not help adding.

His conversation was simple and easy, and often enlivened by a genial pleasantry, to me more welcome than the wit that keeps the listener too much alert. I never heard him make a pun. And never, in my presence, did there fall from his lips an expression that had in it any flavor of slang, except on one occasion. At the time when the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* was launched, we were discussing Tennyson's sonnet, which appeared, a proud figure-head, on the prow of the first number. I remarked that it had one particularly expressive line,—

"Now in this roaring moon
Of daffodil and crocus."

Longfellow's face lighted up, as he took a stride across his hearth, repeated the words, and stopping before me, exclaimed, "It is a fine thing to have one strong line go *ripping* through a sonnet!"

It has been said, by one who had exceptional opportunities for knowing him, that Longfellow seldom if ever mentioned his distinguished contemporaries, either to criticise or commend. This

does not accord with my recollection of the various conversations I had with him. Rarely indeed did a word of disapproval fall from those gracious lips; but he was by no means reticent or lukewarm when there was occasion for praise. I have already quoted his comments on Emerson and Whittier, in connection with the Ichabod incident. He once spoke freely of Emerson's faulty ear, and said that in at least one instance Emerson rivaled Whittier in the badness of his rhymes, —

"Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
Carries the eagles, and masters the sword."

But then he went on to speak of *The Snow-Storm*, as a perfect gem of blank verse, citing the description of the house-mates gathered —

"Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm,"

and pronouncing the last to be one of the most beautifully suggestive lines written by any modern poet.

Bayard Taylor's feat, reported at the time, of writing in a single night, immediately upon the arrival of the book in America, a review of Victor Hugo's *Legendes des Siècles*, giving metrical translations of some of the poems, — all remarkably well done, and occupying a page or two (I have forgotten just how much space, and am afraid to say two or three pages) in the next morning's *Tribune*, — this he pronounced an achievement of which probably no other man in America would have been capable. He expressed great admiration for Taylor's varied gifts, and remarked, "How narrowly he escapes being a great poet!" adding that he had facility, rhetoric, feeling, a sense of beauty and melody, yet lacked the last "indefinable touch."

His ways with young children were exceedingly gracious and winning. My own girls (then very young indeed) had been kept out of sight whenever he called, until one day, hearing their laughter in the hall, he asked to see them. Overawed by his gray hair and

beard and venerable aspect, yet attracted by his smile, they approached with bashful pleasure as he held out his arms to them; but he broke down all barriers by saying, —

"Where are your dolls? I want you to show me your dolls! Not the fine ones you keep for company, but those you love best and play with every day."

Before the mother could interfere, they had taken him at his word, and brought the shabby little favorites with battered noses, and were eagerly telling him their names and histories, while he questioned them with an interest that wholly won their childish hearts. Notwithstanding its humorous and homely aspect, — or partly perhaps on account of it, — the scene suggested a more beautiful and human picture of the often treated subject, "Suffer little children to come unto me," than any I ever beheld.

On another occasion I took the elder of the little girls to see him, along with some Western relatives, who thought their visit to the East would miss its crowning satisfaction if they should go back without seeing Longfellow. We found other company at the house, and the conversation had become so animated that the presence of the child was forgotten by everybody except our host. Suddenly he arose with a smile, saying, "I can't bear that little Grace should n't also be entertained!" and going into the hall, he set the musical clock to playing its tunes for her, while her elders talked.

He sometimes brought to see me his intimate and almost lifelong friend, Professor George W. Greene, the historian, of Greenwich, R. I.; and at one of their visits our Windsor, then a boy of thirteen, took us out on the lake in his boat. Professor Greene, who was in feeble health, wished to pull an oar; Windsor, full of health and spirits, pulled the other, and pulled too hard for him. This he continued to do, notwithstanding my remonstrance, — be-

ing slow to realize how much it was need-
ful that he should moderate his stroke,
— when Mr. Longfellow said, —

“Let him row his own way! He enjoys it; and we must n’t interfere with a boy’s happiness. It makes no difference to us whether we go forward or only circle round and round.”

In a brief sketch of the poet, written for the *Youth’s Companion* after his death, I related this anecdote to illustrate his thoughtful regard for the happiness of the young. It was subsequently quoted by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in an article about his brother that appeared in another periodical; in which, to my great surprise, he took the ground that the poet was too indulgent on that occasion, because the boy should, for his own sake, have been disciplined.

It was while walking alone with me once on the shore of that lake (Arlington Lake, or Spy Pond) that Mr. Longfellow, after stopping to gaze for some moments in silence at the island and the distant banks, overleaned by willows and water-maples, said to me, —

“Why have you never put this lake into a poem?”

I said I supposed it was because I had it in view every day. “When I get away from it, then very likely my imagination will come back to it, and I may write something about it.”

“Don’t wait for that,” he replied; “do it now!”

I have always regretted that I did not then and there enter into an agreement with him that we should each write a poem on the subject. What a precious companion piece we might then have had to his *Cadenabbia* and *Songo River*! I can almost imagine these lines, inspired by Lake Como, to have been breathed by his Muse that very afternoon, as we stood gazing from our shore: —

“Sweet vision! Do not fade away:
Linger, until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake!”

This was in September. I waited until the glory of the month of May was on the wooded shores and the reflecting water, then, in memory of his inspiring suggestion, I wrote *Menotomy Lake*.

I cannot forbear quoting here the last letter I ever received from him, it is so characteristic of the kindness of heart that prompted him, even in illness, to pen with his own hand a brief message that he knew would carry happiness to a friend. The same sheet bore the printed announcement that his family were then sending to his correspondents: “On account of illness, Mr. Longfellow finds it impossible to answer any letters at present;” a circumstance that rendered all the more touching his voluntary note to me. And it became still more sacredly precious when it proved, not only the last to me, but one of the last letters he ever wrote.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 16, 1881.

DEAR MR. TROWBRIDGE, — What a beautiful poem is this of yours in the January *Atlantic*! I have read it with delight, and cannot help writing a line to say so.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In him passed the most purely poetical of the entire group of our early singers. Bryant, journalist and politician, would now be forgotten as a poet but for *Thanatopsis*, the lines *To a Waterfowl*, and one or two other pieces. The reputation of Poe — a man of genius, if ever there was one, but an adventurer, and also something of a charlatan — likewise rests upon three or four poems, one might almost say on one or two. Whittier, prophet and reformer, had extraordinary poetic sensitiveness and a winning spirituality, but he was too much an *improvisatore* to regard uniform excellence in his work. Whitman brought sheaves in abundance, but too often with stubble plucked up by the

roots and the soil adhering. Holmes was a wit and a man of science; Lowell, satirist, essayist, diplomatist, and assuredly a poet, but one whose affluence of fancy and largeness of culture did not insure him always against incongruousness of metaphor and roughness of utterance; Emerson, pursuing ever the loftiest ideals, yet a transcendent master of crystalline prose rather than of rhythmical harmonies. Longfellow was not the greatest of the group. He was neither brilliant nor versatile nor intense; great power and great passion were not among his gifts; the charm of his verse is more in sentiment and atmosphere than in any distinctively vigorous intellectual quality. But he was always the poet, devoted to the poet's ultimate aims, and, amid all the distractions of college work or other duties and interests, breathing the cool airs of the Parnassian groves.

Every bright reputation is certain to be dimmed by time, and to suffer from comparison with dazzling new stars, even with meteors that flash transitorily across the sky. Longfellow is no exception to the rule; it has even become a fashion to decry his poetry as commonplace. He did not experiment in many metres, nor startle us with audacities, nor witch the world with haunting melodies. Commonplace his poetry undoubtedly is, inasmuch as it has entered into our literature and into our lives, and has so ceased to be a novelty, — commonplace too, possibly, here and there, in a more depreciatory sense. But,

when all admissions are made, may we not ask — passing over without mention his more important productions, those on which his fame is mainly based — is it not pertinent to inquire what writers of to-day, on either side of the sea, are blending thought and feeling in such forms of beauty as *The Two Angels*, *The Bridge*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, *The Birds of Killingworth*, — and a long list beside of poems as full of a wise, sweet humanity and as perfect in their art?

His work, more than most men's, was the outgrowth of his character; and the same might almost be said of the circumstances of his life, which seemed the natural branching and foliage of the genius they were to support and enfold. But for the one overwhelming catastrophe of his home, I know of no other so altogether happy and harmonious career. He lived long in the enjoyment of the fullness of his fame, and died the most widely read and best beloved poet of the English tongue.

No more fitting, no more touching tribute can be paid to him than in the words of his most illustrious contemporary, who, in his own darkening years, when his memory was in eclipse, and those sky-piercing faculties showed like shattered peaks amid clouds, having stood long by the open coffin of his friend, and gazed his last upon the features death had stilled, murmured gently, "I do not remember his name, but he was a beautiful soul."

A beautiful soul in very truth he was.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A SACRIFICE.

"Is it the Tower? That adds a distinct pleasure. And I always enjoy this ride, any way," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"I shall certainly enjoy it to-day, by your permission," said the man to whom she spoke, wheeling the opposite chair about, after disposing of his belongings.

"You ought to enjoy it every day, Mr. Harden," she said. "Barbara Means says there is not another such bit of railway on this side the world, — the sea, blue as lapis, all the way beside you, or else the wide meadows, rich with color and all their settlements of haycocks, and the sea lifted beyond. She says she feels, when on the way to the Tower, that the road runs up into high country, — as if the region lay on a loftier level than the rest of the world."

"Perhaps it does," said Mr. Harden.

"That is why it exhilarates me then, and makes me feel aerial, too." And as she laughed, Mr. Harden noted, not for the first time, that the sparkle of her eyes was as blue as the sparkle of the sea.

It required, certainly, some potency to make Miss Bolingbroke aerial, — she, one of the daughters of the gods, in whom the present generation displays the result of the abundant and luxuriant life of the generations gone. Tall, and of noble symmetry and proportions, her movements were of the stately and imperious sort. But fair and beaming-eyed, there was magic in her smile, and there was a genial warmth in her presence that almost made you oblivious of a not too vivid intellectuality. She spoke in a high but sweet voice, and with an accent that told of some English residence. Although it might not have been of vital moment to her, any one could see that Eliot Harden's compan-

ionship increased the zest of the moment, as the train puffed out of the station.

"I am so glad I happened to be in town for Mrs. Sylvester's note. I wonder," said Miss Bolingbroke, "who is of the party?"

A slight red burned under the bronze of Mr. Harden's cheek. "It is sure to be some one," he said, "who will add to the occasion as the perfume adds to the rose."

Now it was Miss Bolingbroke who changed color. "You can say a neat thing, Mr. Harden," she said, accepting the remark.

"One is fortunate if not offending," he replied, covering a slight confusion at her misunderstanding. "However," he added, "one needs but little where Mrs. Sylvester is, herself."

"Mrs. Sylvester? Why, she is an old woman," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"How old would Helen be if she were living?" he said, smiling.

"Helen who?" asked Miss Bolingbroke. "Well," she went on, as he did not reply, "I never can tell just why she invites me. She reads books; I don't know but she writes them; her friends do, any way. And as for me, I never look into one."

"I can write love-odes, — thy fair slave's an ode," said Mr. Harden.

"I suppose you are quoting some book or other now. But I never could see the virtue in loving literature. It is a great deal better to love life."

"It is better to be Achilles than Homer, you think. 'I know the joy of kingship, — well, thou art king,'" quoted Mr. Harden again. And then they both gazed out of the window into the dark depths of the water the trestles crossed, green as a canal of Venice.

"There is no one with such a genius for guests as Mrs. Sylvester," Miss Bolingbroke presently took up the

thread. "But, dear me, in such a perfectly ideal place who would n't have it? I suppose there are kings' palaces that are finer, — yes, I have seen them; I have even visited in one. But when I am on that gallery where the Tower stands sheer on the cliff, with the blue sea beneath and far away, I can't imagine anything more to my mind. I like kings' palaces, though; don't you? Barbara Means says she feels at Mrs. Sylvester's that she is in a palace where the queen is playing *villeggiatura*."

"Life being a masquerade at best," said Mr. Harden.

"It must take a great deal of money to keep it up," said Miss Bolingbroke presently. "I can't fancy what Mrs. Sylvester will do with her money by and by. Give it to some charity, I suppose, and make Barbara Means the high priestess. Barbara has been staying there. She is always staying there. I should think it would be too sharp a contrast when she goes back to that settlement, — all the beauty, the repose, the high breeding, the — the wealth at the Tower. You see," she said, with a laugh that had some deprecation in it, "I think well of wealth."

"You have reason to do so," said Mr. Harden, replacing a cigar at which he had been looking tenderly. "But wealth has its differentiations, you know. 'Lilies of all sorts, the flower-de-luce being one.'"

"Mrs. Sylvester has all the differentiations, then," Miss Bolingbroke replied, as the train clattered on. "When I see her in her long white cloak, cutting flowers with the dew on them, in her gardens, — face to, remember, face to, — then I think loveliness — of a sort — can go no further" —

"You are generous."

"When I hear of her work down in the Three Deeps, I know goodness can go no further. And when I take my tea-cup at the Tower, — O, then! O that china of hers! What luck she

has picking up things! Money could n't buy them. But there's some noble family living on their leavings; or some shop where a queen has left her crown in pawn; and word comes to her. She does have the luck in her finds, or she used."

"The luck may have been Mr. Sylvester's. Mrs. Sylvester has not troubled herself much about such affairs of late years."

"Oh, I dare say not. She has them all, you see. But if she did n't have them, she would miss them. That is the advantage Barbara has, on the whole."

If Mr. Harden made no replies to her references to Barbara, it was possibly because she gave him no time to do so. Not only an heiress, but a beauty, Miss Bolingbroke had that assurance which comes with a knowledge of one's influence and the infrequency of any check. She could not help knowing that to most hearers it was enough to look at her ivory tints and melting lines. And she could not divine that to Eliot Harden her view of life, as merely the theatre where money deployed its pleasures, and no more, was a trifle unsympathetic. Still much is pardoned to beautiful lips, and their empty speech is often filled with a larger interpretation.

"It does n't seem possible that an hour should take us out of all the heat and din into this region of coolness and quiet," said Miss Bolingbroke, as the train-man left the door open, and the wind swept through. "Oh, just smell the sea!"

"It is like going into the other world," said Mr. Harden. "I am not sure it is not the other world, and that we are blest beyond mortals for the time we enter its region."

Miss Bolingbroke stared a moment. "This world is quite good enough for me," she said, as the train went sliding along with glimpses of blue sea, through spaces of forest, past villas on

red rocks, past places like palaces, with sward like velvet, and stretches of flowers, where everything seemed as festive, and perhaps as peaceful, as the people across the river in Mirza's Vision.

Well, — to a man marrying Mary Bolingbroke this was a world good enough for him, too. Perhaps in time he might be less — more — ah, if, at any rate, love, — if enough affection to rub along with did not come, there was no need nowadays of seeing too much of one's wife.

"And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride."

The lines ran in his mind unspoken, and then he was aware of something like a shudder. And again a guilty red sprang up his cheek as he knew that should he marry Barbara Means there could not be too many moments in the day, too many æons in eternity, beside her. He repressed his thought, as though it were coxcombry; yet he would have been very dense if, in the past weeks, he had not understood Miss Bolingbroke; and, as to the other, there are subtle currents and approaches in love that need no further assurances.

"When one is very distraught," said Miss Bolingbroke, after a few moments of silence, "the common people call it moon-gathering. It seems a shame that one should go moon-gathering all alone. A penny for your thoughts!"

"They are worth the queen's shilling," said Mr. Harden. And before long the train drew up at the little station, where all was a bright bustle and confusion of pretty girls and gay welcomes and jangling harnesses; and Miss Bolingbroke and Mr. Harden rolled away in a victoria to the Tower and Mrs. Sylvester.

Mrs. Sylvester, with her long white cloak about her, received them in the doorway; the dark shadows of the deep hall beyond making her seem more like a picture than ever. "You are just in time for a cup of tea," she said, as she led them in where a low fire smouldered

and a tea-service glittered. And somehow to both the travelers a cup of tea never seemed so refreshing, whether it were the tea itself, the rest from a little strain, the place, — perhaps even the china, — or the charm in the presence of Mrs. Sylvester herself.

We are not apt to associate the idea of charm with that of age. It is true that in a few individuals a certain silvery pallor and delicacy is not found unlovely, so far as the eye is concerned; but that is more from a spiritual than from a physical point of view, since it seems to the gazer as if through the garment of the body the soul itself were seen. In the greater instance old age breaks down the firm line, loosens the curve, and shrinks and deteriorates and uncolors.

It was therefore both singular and pleasant that Sylvia Sylvester, although past her sixtieth year, should preserve much more than a reminiscence of the beauty which in her youth had delighted the eyes of men, and of women, too. There were threads of gray in the once jacinth-colored hair, many of them; but the hair was still in heavy masses. The brilliant eyes were softened; but the lashes, dark and unchanged, lent them shadow. The face was a trifle thinner; but it wore a soft pale bloom upon the cheek; the teeth were as perfect and translucent as ever; the hint of aquiline in the nose was still but a hint; and if the lips were not as richly stained as once, the expression about them was as sweet as that a spirit out of heaven might wear. The light step of youth was gone, the figure was somewhat bowed from its haughty height; you said it was an old woman if you saw her walking before you; but if she happened to turn her face upon you a miracle had taken place before your eyes.

Yet in spite of all, the first impression was the true one. And so, although it pleased the eye and satisfied the soul, the beauty was more pictorial than human; and aware of her immu-

nity from misconception, she met people on a plane that gave her much liberty and usefulness. She had been, through the greater part of her life, largely occupied with charities, almost every morning searching out the poor and ill in their hiding-places, and ministering to them, almost every afternoon assisting at some function for their improvement or relief, yet none of that intruding on her home. In everything she was still full of vital force.

Her husband had died long ago, leaving her wealthy, — so long ago that he seemed a dream, or as if he had been the husband of some other woman. Among those whom she had made most welcome to her house at first were the young men and students in his office; and now it was the young men and students in their offices and in those of others, together with such of the friends of her youth as were left, and girls who earned their livelihood in gentle ways, and girls who spent their allowances like princesses, with now and then a notable beauty like Miss Bolingbroke to lend splendor to the scene. These and others who had the freedom of her house dined with her in the city where often there were guests, more or less famous, to give peculiar interest to the occasion, to which nevertheless she herself gave always the supreme grace, — or came out to pass Sunday with her in her lovely and lonely tower by the sea. There the entourage was beautiful, the hospitality was perfect, and the thought on a plane where nothing base found footing, a plane of white ideals and sublimated standards. And they all went away refreshed by contact with a nature that seemed fed by lofty meditation and emotion and the doing of good deeds, that, acquainted with the sin and sorrow of the world, looked over them to fairer heights beyond, and believing that all things were governed with love and on large lines, maintained itself in serenity.

Perhaps it was upon this serenity

that Mrs. Sylvester, being not altogether perfect yet, prided herself in some degree. Although in many ways so near angelhood, in others her feet were still in the clay. She valued her position, the name of Sylvester, the traditions of the race, the estimation she received, the honors accorded her, her whole social tribute and preëminence. For Mr. Sylvester was of the old blue blood of the colony, and it was reported that she herself was the last of a proud Southern family, reduced it may be, but of the stock of the Huguenots. Notwithstanding her loftiness of soul, it was not unpleasant to Mrs. Sylvester that her patronage was precious to the great social affairs, and that her name with any enterprise was the cachet of its success. We are all human, and Mrs. Sylvester enjoyed being at the top of her world. So long had she enjoyed it that she was in a way unconscious of the feeling, and had she been aware of the enjoyment would have condemned it. She did not state to herself that all these things were of worth to her; a queen, born to the purple, does not plume herself upon her right of inheritance; but deep down in her heart of hearts if she did not know it she felt it; she felt the delight of her reign in every fibre of her being. Yet none of this hindered her airy and exquisite grace of manner. And even if she had shortcomings they did not abate the excellence of her aims and her demands; and all the atmosphere about her was that of peace and pleasantness and perfection.

If your hands have been full of roses, their fragrance will linger with you; and you cannot be in certain environments without absorbing something of their quality. No one came within Mrs. Sylvester's area without feeling that a step in the great spiral was being surmounted and a loftier outlook gained, if only for a time. And no one ever felt this more keenly and more delightedly than Eliot Harden, who if

not still in his earlier manhood had not yet passed the period when much is expected of one. Eliot Harden's powers were those of which much had been expected for some years. The little he had done gave hope and promise of achievement in the future. But there had come a pause, whether like that of the tide for further incoming, or whether from sheer idleness and lack of force. People said he was becoming a dilettante, that he played at his pursuits, that the life of wealth and fashion, of luxurious enjoyment, was swallowing him, that he would amount to nothing serious, that he would take the short cut to ease and accomplishment by marrying money.

But although half sensible of this sort of remark about himself, Mr. Harden was unconcerned; for he knew that the great work of his dreams would be done when he should be unhampered by circumstance and possess his soul in peace. He had thought of two paths to pursue: one was to marry the woman who suited him to the last beat of his heart, but with whom — penniless and without station or family, as she was — life must lapse into quiet and renunciation. And he loved the pleasant things of the other side of life. It was not only a vanity but a joy to him to be Mrs. Sylvester's guest. She had always been interested in him and in his ideas; his parents, who died when he was a boy, having been her friends. When he came back from his studies of many years in Germany, knowing few people, she had made him at home among her acquaintances, and his sense of welcome in her house had been the brimming of his cup.

There had been other pleasant things. Dinners with the Applegarths, the Chaunceys, the Bedfords, were things to which he looked forward, and which he remembered afterwards; the superb paintings in one house, the royal banquet royally served, the gold, the silver, the china like petrified flowers,

the servants' silence-shod, the jeweled women there, the gay give and take; in another house where all was daintiness daintily bestowed, the flowers, the poetry, the air that breathed o'er Eden, that breathed gentleness and peace; in another house the music; in all the presence of wealth and ease and beauty. The opera, too; it would be hard to forego that. Of course one might have a night or two under almost any circumstances; but the pleasure of the whole season taken as a natural part of life, the youth, the bloom, the splendor of society there, the greeting, the expectation; the delight of hearing Eames and De Vere, delicious tone answering tone in the duet in Figaro, the piercing sorrow and sweetness of Tristan, the rapture, the uplifting, the companionship of gods in the Walküre and the Götterdämmerung, — that would be impossible to a man on a salary, with an unknown and portionless wife. And then Mr. Harden enjoyed his horse, an expensive enjoyment; and he enjoyed the horses of other people, in the horse show, where he liked being a part of the occasion. He enjoyed — what was there fine and rich and splendid that he did not enjoy!

If you had told him this and its conclusions, of another man, he would have thought the man more or less unworthy. But in himself he recognized only the fact that he was by nature a person of superior tastes.

And if he married Mary Bolingbroke, well born, well made, well bred, living her life on the full swing of the tide, all these things were his, and more would be added unto them. And with her millions how quickly could he accomplish what otherwise would require years; and how soon and how imperially would fame come to him!

It would have startled Mrs. Sylvester had it occurred to her to mark the small distance between herself and Eliot Harden, on the line where their orbits approached. Eliot Harden was aware

of his foibles, and not ashamed; Mrs. Sylvester was unaware. But on the line of departure the distance was infinite; for the plan of his life was for himself alone; and hers was to make the world richer and sweeter, not because she had been a part of it, but in the service of the supreme idea.

People meet, however, on as superficial a plane as that of Flatland, and hardly expect at dinner to prove deeper depths than those of the wine; and the present moment was usually sufficient to those about Mrs. Sylvester's softly lighted table, where there was always something novel and exquisite in the equipage, and where the banquet contrived to be delicious without too much servility to the senses. Miss Bolingbroke in scarlet gauzes, with big pearls, was an illumination there now, till Barbara, entering like a white apparition, made one feel as if the dawn had come.

She was late, as she confessed rather breathlessly, taking her place, for she had been at a fairy festival. "The Good Fairy of it," said Mrs. Sylvester. "How was it, Barbara?"

"A real illusion; if there is such a thing," said Barbara, laughing. "That grassy terrace with the sea behind it, the sunset colors, the music, the children, — these so daring, those so shy, all so happy!"

"And you sang, Barbara?"

"Oh yes, and there were flutes for thrushes" —

"They did n't need them with your singing!"

"But the loveliest thing was the children who were not in the play, not fairies" —

"Just children," said Mr. Harden.

"Yes. They were so rapt, — lost into another world. They forgot there was any land but fairyland. And then, — of course it was an anachronism, or a profanity, or both, — but if Shakespeare could take Gothic fairies into Athenian forests, we thought we might

take angels among children. Babcock did in that painting of his, you know. And so, the very last thing, we had an arch of faces with wings, nothing but faces and wings, — the cedar hedge hiding everything else; a rainbow arch of little cherubs, — perfectly still. And the great evening star came out just over them; and the other children were simply transformed with awe. All their lives those children will believe in heaven, because they saw heaven open and let the angels out!"

"And I suppose the last small people," said Miss Bolingbroke, "the ones who were angels, will have to live up to their blue china."

"Barbara, you are an angel yourself," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"I wonder if there is some psychological interest in our view of children as a distinct order of beings," said Mr. Harden.

"They are," said Barbara. "If they are clay it is the white transparent kind" —

"That they make little porcelain devils of," said Miss Bolingbroke.

Barbara laughed. "I am afraid I love them even then," she said. "Each new child seems to me a new possibility in the race" —

"A new heir, at any rate, for the great inheritance," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"A new field perhaps for the great forces."

"A new experiment," said Mr. Harden.

"No one can tell which one may be the starting-point for the new" —

"Has n't some one said," asked Mrs. Sylvester, "that every child follows its own hyperbolic line into infinity?"

"I, myself," said Mr. Harden. "I always thought it a good phrase."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Bolingbroke. "Those terrible little Herefords who act as if the world was made when they were!"

"So it was, for them," said Mr. Harden.

"Do you suppose," said Mrs. Sylvester, "that there are higher intelligences who conjecture concerning us as we do about children?"

"And forget that they were ever what we are?" asked Mr. Harden.

"But, dear," said Barbara gayly, "it is the children for whom I claim the higher intelligence here!"

"As if that were possible," said Miss Bolingbroke, — "such pests as the young Herefords!"

"The poor little people," said Mrs. Sylvester. "But if there is anything in inherited tendencies, they must one day be the fine flower of the Herefords."

"And that, at the best" —

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Sylvester, "one is tender of them because, after all, with any other inheritance, they come into the world weighted with the wrongs of generations" —

"Because of the original savage, then," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"No," said Barbara, "because of the winged thing in the shell."

"There are all sorts of winged things," said Miss Bolingbroke, addressing herself to her mushrooms.

"One of them, the Kabalists say, is an angel named Purpurah, whose wings are only a purple sheen," said Mr. Harden.

"What a people it was for great fancies," said Barbara. "Think of their supposing to know the heavenly host by name! But they lived so close to the stars."

"Who?" said Miss Bolingbroke.

"Why, the ancient Jews."

"Oh, if there's one thing I detest more than another" —

"I don't love them," said Mr. Harden. "And yet, as Disraeli declared, all the North of Europe worships a Jew, and all the South of Europe a Jew's mother."

"Mrs. Vassall refuses to enter a house where a Jew is received."

"I can't imagine it," said Barbara.

"To me it is a people full of poetry.

I would be proud to be of the same race with Isaiah. I don't know anything in history so romantic as the Zionist movement."

"You are always so enthusiastic, Barbara," said Mrs. Sylvester, a little languidly. "Don't you think it would be pleasant to have our ices on the gallery?"

It was exceedingly pleasant, — the cool breath drifting in from the outer deeps, the nettings dropped and drawing a film across the swale of the sea, and the glow of the lamps making a soft cloud seem to float in an upper sea of sapphire. Here and there, out and away, the pale lights of a yacht rocked on the swell, and from one, glimmering like a ghost near at hand, a woman's voice rose sweet and strong in Senta's song, the low surge of the rollers beating in unison.

A servant removed the lamps with the cordial cups, and another drew up the nettings; a wind came curling about them, and brought the fragrance of a jar of gardenias, which seemed the very essence of the deep delicious summer night.

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks," said Mrs. Sylvester, as from one reef and ledge to another through the dim purple of twilight the evening lamps announced the presence of others in this waterland of loveliness and luxury.

Mr. Harden leaned back in the Indian chair and enjoyed the loveliness, the luxury, — the sense of wealth dear to his heart, the permanency of beauty that wealth made possible.

A boat touched the shore below the cliff, bringing people from the Viking; they were coming up the path from the other side into the winding avenue where the scent of big white lilies, he knew, blew through the evening air. Mrs. Sylvester and the others went in; Mr. Harden remained with his cigar in the cool velvety darkness. He was feeling obscurely that the time had come

when drifting must cease and a decision must be made. The drifting had been pleasant. But if he were to do his work, either he must take advantage of his chance for unlimited wealth with a wife, or he must accept the quiet life with its economies and its renunciations. He must live, for a time at any rate, abandoning the world and forgotten by it. There would be a maid of all work; soapy steam would penetrate the house on Mondays; dinner would announce itself at the door on any day; summer nights, like this, one would sit in a narrow porch and look into a little grassplot. Now and then, perhaps, one might have a day and night at the Tower, or at some other place of delight. But as a recipient of bounty. Nothing of this living on the full swell, of the beauty, the ease. Nothing like this draught of the wine of life would brim the cup again.

Ah, — but the real wine of life, the love of Barbara Means! It made his soul seem to shiver with an intense joy, an exquisite pang, to think of it.

He looked aslant at the lighted room beyond. Mary Bolingbroke sat with face and form in relief against a huge jasper vase as tall as she. Certainly an attractive figure to be seen at the head of a man's table, of a man's house. He had not perhaps fully noted before the voluptuous curve, the statuesque modeling. That string of pearls she ran through her fingers, — the price of it was almost a king's ransom. She was good-tempered, she took life easily; she was laughing now at some inane pleasantry of one of the yachtsmen. Oh no, she was by no means stupid, even if not sympathetic, — the average intellect fortified by the phrase and style of the fashionable woman. One need not be altogether ashamed of such a wife. When could Barbara wear such pearls as those! Well; one could dispense with comprehension, with sympathy, and, in consideration of so much else, take it instead from the fellow

worker, the student, the savant, by and by from the world. There was the house on the Avenue, a palace; the next house could be bought for his study, his workshop. There was the position at the head of the social world, which if not valuable for itself was valuable for its results, and with that advantage in the scholastic and the scientific world that great income and possibilities would give. He could resign the professorship, the humdrum drilling of oafs that was deadening his vitality, — the future stretched before him like a golden lane into sunset. He threw his cigar away, for Mrs. Sylvester was coming out, and he rose and shook his shoulders like a dog leaving deep water. His mind, he said to himself, was made up.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Sylvester, motioning him to his chair again, "when I come out here into the dark it is like a cool hand laid on my eyes, on my hair. There is a sort of personality about the dark. That sounds like Barbara," she said, with a little laugh, as she took her seat opposite. "But then it is n't what Barbara says, it is what she is, that signifies. Yet did you ever notice that she has such an intimacy with nature that all its forces become real and individual to her? She said, the other day, that the sea is remote, infinite, unhuman, but that mountains seem to camp round one with a protecting power" —

"Are you speaking of Miss Means?" he asked with an accent of indifference.

"Did you think I was speaking of Miss Bolingbroke?" she replied, laughing again. "Mary Bolingbroke is a charming girl; but does any one say she has any intimacy with nature? No; she takes nature as she does her pictures, her dinner, her house, — a foregone conclusion. Mary lives on the boulevard, the asphalt" —

"I don't know that I should listen" — began Mr. Harden.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Sylvester, "sits the wind in that quarter?"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Harden abruptly.

"We have been friends so long," said Mrs. Sylvester, with sudden gravity, "that I may say it sounds — as if one defended himself."

"Does one need defense in finding a lovely woman attractive?"

"We have been friends so long," she said again, "such close friends, too, that I do not need forgiveness for asking if the attractive woman outweighs" —

"The attractive fortune, you would say? You do not expect me to commit myself. It would be unfair to her. Surely a fortune is not necessary to heighten the attraction."

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester shortly.

"But just as surely a fortune would make life a different thing for a man with work before him. You have always been interested in my work, for instance."

"Always."

"Well, then, you understand the matter;" and he leaned back, as if for the silence with which old friends indulge themselves.

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester. "On the contrary, an easy heart will do more for your work than an easy income."

"It is not possible to demonstrate the unity of matter — the task I have set myself — without an easy income. That is, unless one goes into a cell and abandons all there is outside, all there is over."

"Is that the scientific spirit?"

"I must put myself to shame before you then. The things that are over, the things an easy income affords, — they are tempting."

"That is of no consequence. That is something just thrown in," said Mrs. Sylvester, returning to the first theme, as she moved a trifle into the shadow of the soft wide glow coming over the sea, "if — if you love the girl."

Mr. Harden did not at once reply.

"Love," he said presently, "is a dream. When its ecstasy is past, friend-

ship may remain. Why not as well forego the ecstasy and begin with the other? It might" —

"Well?"

"Content me sufficiently."

"Oh! But about her? It seems to me," said Mrs. Sylvester, "that she has rights in the case. If I understand you, she is a girl who, if not unusual and commanding, yet deserves love. I am not thinking anything unhandsome of you, in one way. I know that you have only to make the endeavor in order to win the affection of either of these girls. But I do not admit that you have it now."

"I am glad you say so. I may be a cad; I don't want you to think me one. And then — when it is time for the dream to be over — love may come."

"That sort of love! And you would marry on the chance?"

"I think," he said, laughing uneasily, "I am sure, — since confession is in order, — that you will regard me as of still more ignoble caste if I say that in my philosophy, if not in my experience, love is a secondary thing. When poverty comes in at the door, you know" —

"It is hardly poverty with you."

"Comparative. For I like spacious rooms and their appurtenance, marbles, choice paintings, hammered silver, gold plate, wines that princes grow, grounds that hold gardens and forests" —

"You not only want to live delicately, but in kings' courts also. If I did not care for you, Eliot Harden, if I had not cared for your father and mother, — I" —

"I am sorry. But such I am. I have looked into myself, and reflected, you see. And not only these and such as these are of weight with me, but the position that adheres to long held wealth and an old family name, the social rule and consideration, not the distinction, perhaps, but the consciousness that, such as it is, no one has more. A wife with no family behind her, no name" —

"You have an old name, yourself."

"Obscured, though, for a generation or two."

"Mr. Sylvester had no more — except wealth."

"Except wealth! And then, — why, he married you!"

"Oh!"

"No. A wife who has no ancestry, no traditions, who comes from the soil, whose blood is the blood of peasants" —

"I am ashamed of you!"

"But you must acknowledge she would be a weight, a clog. The peasant would be perpetually breaking through. He would live again in her, in her children. After the glamour of youth had gone, the reversion would be as evident as public disgrace is."

"I do not believe this is really you. It is an advocate defending a client. You are making out a case."

"You are ashamed of me?" continued Mr. Harden. "I am not ashamed of myself. The leopard cannot change his spots. I was made that way."

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester, in a strange tone, as if some one else had spoken.

"I am being utterly frank with you. Brutally so. I would have thought a few moments ago that I did not need your advice. Perhaps I do" —

"Oh, certainly you do!"

"At any rate, a thing, possibly, is best looked at from all sides. And it is plain to you, it cannot help being so, that a man like me, in my place, marrying a woman of no social rank, might as well take a weight in either hand and jump into the sea."

"I understand nothing of the sort. If you loved such a woman, — a woman who might be what Barbara is, — of such pure taste, such exquisite breeding, even if penniless, born to rule, born to soar, — oh, love is like a spring-board that sends you so much farther forward with its impetus than you would have gone alone!"

Just then the great moon swam up

out of the sea, white and full; and they turned and saw Barbara standing in the doorway at some distance from them, bathed in the full lustre of the illumination, and in her long lines, her delicacy, her whiteness, as beautiful as the lily of annunciation the angel brought the Virgin. And as Mrs. Sylvester's glance involuntarily went back to her companion's face, she was startled by the look there, a look in which a wild passion, a desperate longing, a tender yearning, a bitter renunciation, perhaps a stern despair, seemed to chase one another with expression varying like the play of lightning on the sky from a storm below the horizon.

Barbara waited a moment, looking at the splendor of the moon and sea, and then turned back at a word from within. And when she had gone the wide whisper of the waters served to hush them as they sat on the gallery, listening as if for a voice, while they looked out over the infinity of the dark wave, up into the infinity of the dark heaven.

"How can any one be small or sordid in the presence of this vastness," said Mrs. Sylvester at last.

"Well, there it is," said Mr. Harden, with the air of throwing off a weight. "You have me."

"There it is," said Mrs. Sylvester softly. "You think your learning, your powers, your work, your life, are lost if you marry an obscure person, although you love her."

Mr. Harden started.

"Although you love her," repeated Mrs. Sylvester slowly.

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Harden. "You cannot overthrow the processes of nature. A weed will be a weed, a rose a rose."

"Before men came to appreciate it a rose was a weed."

"No; rose and man were coeval."

There was a gay calling of good-nights from within; and then the whole company — Mary and Barbara thinking better of it and going along —

went down the cliff to the boats. Mrs. Sylvester walked slowly up and down the gallery a little while, the trail of her soft white silk and lace gleaming spirit-like a moment as she crossed the lane of light from door or window. Then she returned to her chair in the shadow.

"Do you like the way I live?" she said before long, her arm on the balustrade, her hand supporting her leaning head, only half glimpsed in the dusk of her corner.

"The way you live! Like it! You know it is perfection."

"Tell me," she said, "what most strikes you concerning it."

"Are you in earnest? Is it not an impertinence? Well then, the absolute high breeding."

"And after that?"

"The art of selection; the choice of beauty; the power of combination; the way you, no, not compel, but draw the world to your feet."

"After one passes the heyday of ambition all that should be of so little worth. Do you think if Mr. Sylvester had lived," she said softly, "I should have been a weight, a clog, upon his progress?"

"Mrs. Sylvester!"

"There was a young girl in a Southern city, who carried home the linen for her mother, a *blanchisseuse de fin*. Her mother was a Creole; her father, who was dead, was a Jew. Her companions were of the street. She slept on straw. She was in need of everything. One day Mr. Sylvester married her."

In the silence that followed, the beating of Eliot Harden's heart was louder in his ears than the great pulse of the sea. It seemed to him in that instant as if everything base in him shriveled like paper blackening in the flame. Mrs. Sylvester leaned toward him out of the darkness, —

"What plaudits from the next world after this Could'st thou repeat a stroke and gain the sky,"

she murmured.

Mr. Harden rose, and stood erect a moment, looking off into the night where the sapphire deep of the sky throbbed with a vast hidden life and the moon lifted the sea like a shield on some almighty arm. He bent and kissed her hand. "Mrs. Sylvester," said he, "such a sacrifice as you have made for me to-night shall not be made in vain. You have reduced me to dust. But it was out of dust that God first made a man."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE BOOK AND THE PLACE.

I.

"WHY don't you read?" the heroine of a recent novel inquires of the heroine, who is supposed to be a creature of delight.

"Read? I hate it!" she cries. "Why should I wade through pages of poetry about nature when I can look out of the window here? Why waste time on some poet's impression of a storm when nearly any week in summer I can

stand there and watch the swish of the rain along the mountains?"

The novel in question is one of those — somewhat rare in modern annals — whose gentle flow of narrative makes it possible for the reader to pause and consider the status of a heroine who, loving nature and loathing books, is able to look upon the world around her with something of the primal emotion which our Mother Eve must have felt when she saw the "pleasant soil" of Paradise

stretch green before her wondering eyes,
a paradise rich in hope, but untouched
by memory; the emotion which Words-
worth describes as

"a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye."

I am no heroine, though I would dearly
like to be one, and I knew as I mused
upon my sister of the novel that I should
never be able to imitate her self-suffi-
ciency. All my world of nature is un-
derlaid and permeated by my world of
books; all my world of books is sweet
with vernal breezes and interfused with
that something,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky."

It is strange by what process of se-
lection — or election — we choose the
scenes and memories that shall stay with
us, round which

"with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Almost invariably in my life when some
epoch-marking book or poem has risen
like a new star above my soul's horizon, it
has shone forth for me against the back-
ground of the visible heavens. From
childhood to womanhood none of the li-
braries I have loved best have ever been
bounded arbitrarily by four walls. They
have been places where the morning sun-
light brought a double vision, where the
world without mingled itself indistin-
guishably with the world within; above
them one mighty arch of sky domed it-
self over all the continents, and their
windows looked alike into the Gardens
of Solomon and the Forest of Arden,
New England and Arcady.

II.

The library where I wandered at will
in my girlhood days boasted of no costly
editions. Most of its standard books
had been collected in the early manhood
of a struggling young student who loved

books and gleaned them where they were
most easily accessible. There were many
small volumes printed, not later than
1828 or 1829, on yellow-edged paper,
with pasteboard covers also of a yellow-
ish tint. These had been re-covered, for
purposes of preservation, with strong,
coarse gray paper, on whose durability
time has made little impression.

They were convenient in size, light
to the hand, and I loved them so well
that no other form or binding has ever
seemed to me equally desirable.

It was a west room where the book-
cases stood, and from its windows one
saw the green Hallowell hills climbing
upward toward the setting sun. There,
in the old bookcases, they are still, that
flock of gray books, like a flight of doves,
each bringing its olive branch of green-
ness and beauty from the teeming world
outside.

My father was a man who had de-
cided ideas about the sort of reading
which should be permitted to his chil-
dren, ideas which in those bygone years
of girlhood often conflicted unpleasantly
with my own. Now I wish that there
were more such wisely obdurate parents.
There was a circulating library in my
native town, and from time to time
books were added to it, which obtained
great popularity among my schoolmates.
Once, I remember, it was *The Bar-
clays of Boston*, by Mrs. Harrison Gray
Otis, that was being passed from one to
another and pronounced "perfectly ele-
gant."

When I pleaded to be allowed to read
it, my mother broke through her usual
rule of non-interference to suggest to
my father that there was at least no
harm in the book.

"It is nothing but wishwash," that
stern critic declared, "and the people
who read wishwash think wishwash."

It was a golden Saturday afternoon
in early summer; no Saturday after-
noons in these latter days can be quite
so fair as the old ones. There was no
school, and though I might not be per-

mitted the joy of acquaintance with The Barclays of Boston, at least the hours were all my own to use at my will. Even one who feels herself the victim of an untoward fate need not go mourning all her days.

I knew on just what shelf they had their home, the four little volumes that had often tempted me. I stood before the bookcase, shut my eyes, and chose. It is so hard to tell of deliberate will just what one does desire. The fates decided in favor of *The Antiquary*, and with volume I. in my hand I sought the old-fashioned garden below the house.

The "August apple tree" spread out its lower branches into a seat made for readers and dreamers; it stood close beside the brook that in springtime was a rushing torrent and the rest of the year a slender stream with a liquid gurgle in its note. I knew that brook in its remotest windings; three gardens back it flowed through the neglected pleasure grounds of what had once been a well-kept estate. Those terraced lawns where weeds tangled with gay flowers in the untended beds, the dark circle of trees among which a moss-grown fountain played, had for me all the charm of an Italian garden, and the brook came to me with a fresh delight for having lingered through that spot of romance. Just beyond our boundary fence, where a little fall of water formed a pool, two bombshells that had been brought from Key West by an old sea captain in the time of the civil war had found a permanent resting-place. They were not likely to explode after so many years of thorough soaking, yet there was always the fearful joy of dreaming that they might.

Beside this beloved brook, which had in its day served every purpose to which the imagination of childhood could bend it, I perched myself in the old apple tree, opened my book, and in the twinkling of an eye was off and away over the Scottish Border. Here for the first time I encountered the Magician of the

North, to me a magician indeed, and the gateway to that land of burns and braes has always in my dreams opened out of the old childhood garden of the singing brook. Edie Ochiltree's blue gown haunts its waters still, the ancient manor house of Knockwinnock finds a setting among my neighbor's neglected terraces, and I know the gloomy hollow where of old dwelt Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot. Recent statistics claim to show that at least 100,000 volumes of Walter Scott's works will be sold during the current year. I wish every one of those volumes might be read with as much joy to the reader as they have given and still give to me.

Beside my desk, as I write, lies a spray of purple heather, crushed and dry, yet purple still. It came to me not long ago from that

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

which my bodily eyes have never seen. But for books that faded blossom would have little significance for me; by the aid of books it becomes a thing of magic:—

"Though crushed its purple blossoms,
Its tender stems turned brown,
It brings romantic Highlands
Into prosaic town;
The clans are on the border,
The chiefs are in the fray,
We're keen upon their footsteps
With Walter Scott to-day."

Above that heather-decked moorland *they* sing, the warbling birds that "break the heart" because they

"mind us o' departed joys,
Departed never to return;"

the air is astir with the echo of immortal ballads that thrill the pulses still, the cry of loyal hearts to the king over the water;

"Wha'll be king but Charlie?"
they ask, and the wide moorland calls back,—

"Follow thee, follow thee, wha would na' follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie!"

There bonny Kilmeny wanders with the Flower of Yarrow, and David Balfour finds Catriona and The Little Minister; there, too, the beloved wraith of him who, exiled from the land he loved, dreamed of Scotland, and longed for her, and wrote of her, comes from his tropic mountain grave to tread the heather at last.

III.

There is an old-fashioned New England farmhouse which I used to know well, an unpainted cottage now seldom inhabited, sitting in a green meadow, and staring at the highroad which it fronts through wide, many-paned windows.

At the back of the house a deep lane bordered with gnarled old apple trees leads to the pasture half a mile away. A stream runs through the pasture, so wide that one must spring from stepping-stone to stepping-stone in order to cross. A few paces farther on one finds the grove and knows it at once for a place of enchantment.

There is no undergrowth in that grove; only vernal and mossy sward where the lichen and the sundew and the tiny yellow oxalis weave their embroideries. All the trees are tall and stately growths, and have stories to tell; succeeding generations of birds come back year after year to the same nesting places. It is a place in which to dream nobly, to resolve strongly, to gain new surety that truth and love and loyalty are steadfast realities. One day I found that death and change had entered even that paradise. A giant tree lay just as it fell to earth, with all its crown of foliage wreathing around it. Near the base the ground was strewn with chips, as if drops of lifeblood had fallen there.

I walked along the mighty trunk of the fallen monarch, and found a seat on its broad bulk just where the branching limbs began to make an airy chamber, whose green roof did not altogether shut out the arch of the sky.

I held in my hand a book written by

one who had in his lifetime intimate acquaintance with all the deities of wave and wind, of star and cloud. If a bird sang in the far treetops, I could find him interpreted and glorified in the book; if the stream in its turn sang through the little valley, the book was aware of its crystal flow, and found in it "the force of the ice, the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time;" its writer was himself one of those "strange people" of whom this book tells us, who "had other loves than those of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce." He drew all beautiful things of earth and air into his thought "as you trace threads through figures on a silken damask."

I opened the book and read the reasons why one man loved the things of nature and beauty, and why because of that love the light of morning yet shone for him upon the hills.

"He took pleasure in them" — so I read from the open page — "because he had been bred among English fields and hills; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart and its powers of thought in his brain; because he knew the stories of the Alps and of the cities at their feet; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds, and beheld the gods of dawn and the givers of dew to the fields; because he knew the faces of the crags and the imagery of the passionate mountains as a man knows the face of his friend; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea-kings; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth."

IV.

If it requires all this to enable one to see the full glory of the morning light

upon the hills, it is yet a blessed thing to know that intimations of that light — vague imaginings of what its effulgence may be — are given to those of narrower vision, who are only dimly struggling toward it,

“Moving about in worlds not realized.”

It may be a part of the heaven that “lies about us in our infancy” that children so often seem instinctively to recognize not only what is most beautiful in nature, but also what is most admirable in literature.

When I turn the pages of the *Iliad* now the old Homeric tales are all penetrated with a fresher and more human interest than of old because they are inseparably associated in my memory with the picture of a green lawn where, amid the falling leaves, four little figures — two of them the dearest in the world for me — are valiantly besieging Troy. It is all very real to them. Under the big elm tree Hector parts from Andromache.

“The horsehair plume

That grimly nodded from the lofty crest”

of that mighty warrior is a sight to make the beholder weep tears of joy. I hear myself told sternly, “If you laugh *this* time at the death of Patroclus you will have to go into the house!”

Near the scene of those funeral obsequies stands a great old apple tree whose arching top forms a fascinating audience room, with low, wide-spreading limbs whereon those who gather to listen may find seats delightfully insecure. Here it was, within the circle of this New England tree, that the voyages of Ulysses found at last a happy ending. The little group who kept time with swinging feet while the “oars of Ithaca,”

“All day long clave the silvery foam”

had little patience with Penelope’s procrastinating methods with her suitors.

“Why did n’t she just *tell* ’em that she would n’t have ’em?” they inquired scornfully; but on that day, — it was in apple-blossom time, I remember, — when the sad queen, listening, heard the music

of the old songs floating up into the chamber where she sat apart, and called in sudden anguish: —

“Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing some other song;

. . . the sweet words of it have hurt my heart. Others return, the other husbands, but Never for me that sail on the sea-line, Never a sound of oars beneath the moon, Nor sudden step beside me at midnight, Never Ulysses!”

on that apple-blossom day we felt very gloomy over Ulysses’ tardiness. There were differences of opinion among us as to whether the afflicting old song would most probably have been *The Old Oaken Bucket*, or *Home, Sweet Home*, or even — who could tell? — *Way Down Upon the Swanee River*; but whether we believed it to be Greek or American mattered little compared with our recognition of the fact that it must in some way, however imperfect, be touched with the primal emotions and reflect the eternal soul of things. When that is once understood, Greece and New England become common territory and the minstrels’ strain echoes the cry of the heart in all ages.

Not long ago I asked a grammar-school teacher which one among the short poems her pupils were taught to recite really appealed to them most. She told me that, when the children were allowed to select for themselves, the choice almost always fell on that poem of Browning’s which begins, —

“Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!”

The three stanzas of this poem are full of subtle meaning; they are condensed, crammed full of implied action, whose processes the reader must supply for himself. The children, without grasping the subtlety, feel the action and get an uplift from it. They are assisting at the birth of violets and stars, and, as they recite, their voices tremble with the fervor of the impulse.

A certain lonely road where I often

drive has its entrance through one of the poorer quarters of the town. In the springtime, when the wild flowers begin to blossom, groups of children from those humble homes may be found all along the way, bending over the new-sprung grass, and filling their hands and hearts with the beauty which is nature's gift to rich and poor alike. Even the smallest toddlers are there, their chubby fists painfully clasped around too rich a store of treasures.

Once, as I drew near the spot where a cluster of these childish faces hung over a bank thick strewn with violets, I heard a musing little voice begin to murmur, —

"Such a starved bank of moss," then others took up the strain, until at the end a sounding chorus echoed the tidings of the birth of violets. Emerson rejoices in the man who has

"Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk," but there is another gospel, that of the gathered flower. No matter what was the final fate of those plucked violets, whether they were carefully set in water, or withered where the warm little fingers had idly dropped them, they had fulfilled their mission, — into those starved young lives

"Violets were born!"

I took with me on one of my drives a poor soul who has always found this world a workaday spot. I learned, anew, what I had often been taught before, that it is not necessarily safe to judge people prosaic because they are compelled to lead prosaic lives.

My companion drank in the beauty of earth and sky with the eagerness of one who has long been athirst. Presently from the top of a high hill we looked down into a meadow whose green expanse was zigzagged back and forth by the silver windings and doublings of a brook. "For all the world like a silver braidin' pattern on green velvet," commented the voice by my side. I stopped the horse that the eager eyes might satisfy themselves with gazing,

and in the stillness the voice of the waters spoke to us from afar.

"I was thinking of something," my companion said, "something I read in a book, but it kind of escapes me. I can't quite get hold of it."

"What book was it?" I asked.

"Well, I seem to have lost the title too. Strange, why I can't remember things. It's a book about an old sailor, and the cost mark on it was seven dollars and fifty cents. Of course," she explained, "I did n't pay any such price for it. It come to me from a girl that had it for a Christmas present, and when her mother come to read it she put her foot down that 't was the kind of stuff she would n't have in the house. So I was doing some sewing for the girl, and she said I could have the book for what I'd done, and if I'd call it square she would. It is a curious kind of a story, but sometimes I've sat up till most morning reading it, when I'd ought to be abed too. It gets hold of me so I can't leave it."

"Who wrote the book?" I inquired, anxious to identify this fascinating volume.

"Well," she replied doubtfully, "I have an idea it was one of Dant's."

After a time the quotation she was seeking came back to my friend bit by bit, so that between us we were able to piece it together, and this was it: —

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

It was the Ancient Mariner that had held her with his glittering eye, and she had felt his power without being able to analyze the spell.

"I always wanted a chance to read," she said, with a sigh, "and if there wa'n't so many buttonholes in the world perhaps life would be more worth while, — but, there! there's a better world to look forward to, when we get through with this one."

Yes, poor soul of the starved long-

ings, there must be, there is, a better world to come, and in that world, if one may trust the prophetic vision of the Old Masters, there are no button-holes; all the angelic draperies I have ever seen depicted were either tumbling off altogether or simply hanging by a thread. In that blessed and button-holeless country may you, a happy Wedding Guest, find all that you have missed here on earth and — if you so desire — sit in some green nook of the Elysian meadows reading the livelong day!

V.

There is a certain college library whose delights often woo me, especially during the quiet of the vacation season. Then, in the summer mornings, I not infrequently have the great room to myself, save for the quiet presence of the portraits and busts.

"The sightless Milton, with his hair

Around his placid temples curled,"

often speaks to me from his pedestal, and from the shelves the crowding voices of the masters call, but the green slopes and lawns of the campus are so silent that one may hear the trees that grow close to the windows whisper "their green felicity," as if the babble of term time had never known existence and the ancient nymphs and dryads were murmuring there still.

It is owing to the relation of this library to the outside world that the silver loop of water with which the Kennebec here bounds the eastern slope takes on such chameleon shapes.

Now it becomes the Ilissus, on whose banks sit Socrates and Phædrus "in some quiet spot." The tall tree which Phædrus has chosen because of its shade is plainly visible from the window.

"Yes," he tells Socrates, "this is the tree."

"Yes, indeed," says Socrates, "and a fair and shady resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents; moreover, there is a sweet breeze and the grass-

hoppers chirrup; and the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phædrus, you have been an admirable guide," and then he ceases to "babble of green fields," and returns to that "bait of discourse, by whose spell," he tells Phædrus, "you may lead me all round Attica and over the wide world."

Now, as if by magic, the scene changes, and it is Edmund Spenser whom one hears, calling across English meadows, —

"Sweet Themmes, runne softly till I end my song;"

or, perchance, it is the echoing sigh of Burns's lament over "bonny Doon," or Wordsworth singing by the banks of Yarrow.

From the window of this southern alcove, where one sees the full curve of the river as it plunges toward the falls, the shining stream becomes the Rhone as Ruskin saw it "alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper."

In the golden dusk of twilight comes the fairest metamorphosis of all, for then the great mill that stretches along the eastern river-bank becomes a Venetian palace on the Grand Canal, with myriad lights reflecting in the glancing waters; there, in the vague distance, looms the shadowy bulk of St. Mark's, and in the little crumbling vestibule room, where the marble doge sleeps under the window, the last shaft of dying light falls full upon his unanswering face. Inside the library the close-filled shelves open out into unending vistas. From this upper shelf to which I first raise my eyes the way leads to an English country house, upon the bowling green of which, "shut off from the garden by a thick yew hedge," my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim surmount the difficulties of the siege of Namur.

"Summer is coming on," declares Trim; "your honor might sit out of doors and give me the nography of the

town or citadel your honor was pleased to sit down before, and I'll be shot by your honor upon the glacis of it, if I do not fortify it to your honor's mind.'

"I dare say thou would'st, Trim," my uncle replies.

Farther along on the same shelf a row of faded volumes of De Quincey — faded? nay, rather let us say time-mellowed — exhale a breath from the Lake Country where their author lived. On what depths these volumes open, — depths of the visible heavens, depths of the skies of dreams!

Here is that exquisite twilight atmosphere through which the child De Quincey views for the first time the pale and silent pomp of Death; here the midnight skies of London loom with a shadowed radiance over that rare and tender idyl of Oxford Street; here, "in the broad light of the summer evening," we start from London to carry the news of Talavera to the waiting country-side. This is no opium mirage, but a glorious reality. "Dressed in laurels and flowers, oak leaves and ribbons," we thunder along, "kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy," every heart leaping at our approach. The pomp of the night goes with us, the heavens exult above our heads, and when we meet the poor mother whose son's regiment was all but annihilated in the fight, we lift for her no funeral banners, no laurels overshadowing the bloody trench, but we tell her "how these dear children of England, privates and officers, leaped their horses over all obstacles as gayly as hunters to the morning chase," how they rode into the mists of death as children to a mother's knee.

As we read the story the old thrill leaps into our pulses, — the thrill that woke at *our* moment of victory. It was not for Talavera, not even, perhaps, for Gettysburg or San Juan, but whether the triumph were a tangible or intangible one, the uplift that came with it marked an instant of supreme emotion, and from that upper shelf in the library

bookcase the whole horizon of life widens toward eternal nobleness.

It was in the alcove where the elm and maple trees stand nearest the window that I chanced for the first time on Casimir Delavigne's *Toilette de Constance*. It happened on one of those dazzling summer mornings when all the landscape seems to sparkle with light. The tall trees waved their boughs like banners, and the procession of college willows marched down the slope toward the shining river reaches, as if they celebrated a triumph. The story began with all the joy of the gay morning. There was the sparkling young face in the mirror, decking itself into more radiant beauty, impatient for the adjustment of the necklace, the ribbon, that should make a fair form fairer still. She hastened the maid, —

"Vite, Anna, vite; au miroir
Plus vite, Anna!"

Then the dance music began to throb through the measure;

"L'heure s'avance,
Et je vais au bal ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Now Love entered, —

"Il y sera; Dieu, s'il pressait ma main
En y pensant, à peine je respire!"

The *toilette* of Constance was finished. (Hark! how just at that moment through the open alcove window the river plashed a liquid note of joy.) Just one more glance in the mirror — the last — "J'ai l'assurance," she cried, —

"Qu'on va m'adorer ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Then — and it seemed almost incredible amidst that laughing pageant of nature which surrounded me as I read — Death entered the scene. Constance, admiring herself, stepped near the hearth; a flying spark fell on her light robe; oh, how few those breathless moments till it was all ended!

"L'horrible feu rouge avec volupté
Ses bras, son sein, et l'entoure et s'élève,
Et sans pitié dévore sa beauté,
Ses dix-huit ans, hélas, et son doux rêve!"

That one untranslatable word *volupté* marked the crisis of the tragedy; then came the summing up:—

“Adieu, bal, plaisir, amour!
On disait, Pauvre Constance!
Et on dansait jusqu’au jour
Chez l’ambassadeur de France.”

I stood this morning in the same library alcove, and the swaying boughs weaving quaint patterns on the springtime grass moved to and fro to that old strain of dance music. The college willows, which have looked down on so many generations of youth, seemed full of the echo, —

“*Ses dix-huit ans, hélas, et son doux rêve!*”
for in those swift-moving stanzas, without one superfluous word or line, all was there, the philosophy and the tragedy of life.

When one mounts to the gallery of the library one finds a different world. Here are the curious old memoirs and biographies, the superfluous and unused driftwood of literature, the old editions that have served their time and passed into dignified retirement. In this shady nook dwell Evelina and Pamela, hobnobbing in stilted, ceremonious fashion with Sir Charles Grandison, and looking askance at Miss Edgeworth’s heroes and heroines. Odd volumes of the minor poets congregate here, and musty smelling folios where long f’s hold sway. Yet in the midst of these worthies one may chance upon a thumb-marked copy of Spare Hours, and, opening at random, find himself suddenly climbing to “high Minchmoor,” along the same road where Montrose’s troopers once fled. Past the great house of Traquair you go, where the bears of Bradwardine stand sentinel, and the path you tread is full of the lilt of song:—

“And what saw ye there
In the bush aboon Traquair,
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale
o’ Tweed.”

And so, as you look from the high window, that silver loop of the Kennebec finds another transformation.

In the dim corner under the stairs, in a quiet, conservative, English-seeming atmosphere, long rows of Littell’s magazines dwell in the shadow of decorum. He who browses here will enter many Old World homes and become acquainted with the dwellers therein. It was one of these quaint gentlewomen who first read to me — I sat on a Chipendale chair the while, and looked out upon the verdant stretches of an ancestral park — that exquisite poem of Moore’s, —

“No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts.”

Into that dark library corner she came, poor, sinning, beautiful Mary, and lighted all the dusk

“with those bright locks of gold,
(So oft the gaze of Bethany.)”

Here have I foregathered in the intimacy of home life with the Brownings, the Carlyles, and many another English writer of note, have darned stockings with Mrs. John Taylor of Norwich, and fallen in love with the seventh Lord Shaftesbury in an intimacy which began beside a humble grave in a quiet English churchyard.

VI.

Standing the other day before the shelves of another alcove in this Protean library, I took down one by one the bound volumes of the Atlantic Monthly during the war years from 1861 to 1865. The time was the 28th of May; another Memorial Day was soon to dawn, and here I found the whole intimate story of the civil war, from the time of Charleston Under Arms, and Washington As a Camp to The Death of Abraham Lincoln and the reconstruction period.

If I sought a garland to lay upon the graves of our unforbidden heroes, what a splendid bouquet of verse lay shut within these pages! Poems at first

hand, fresh-blooming, to be read by eyes that kindled with new and vivid emotions, —

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!"

— here we begin with a whole shining parterre of blossoms. Place this deep-hued peony next, —

"The crimson flower of battle blooms
And solemn marches fill the nights."

Now Holmes gathers a handful of starry petals, —

"What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?"

Dew-washed, we find it "where lonely sentries tread," and touch its wreathing colors tenderly, —

"The Starry Flower of Liberty."

Here are the Biglow Papers where Lowell tells us, —

"I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms to make the season suit the mind,"

and then he showers them upon us, wild flowers that never grow tame, —

"Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl," —

stout dandelions, snapdragon, touch-me-not, fire-weed, deepening by and by where a scarlet king-cup shines, to —

"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rung true metal,
Who ventured life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt o' men
That rived the Rebel line asunder?"

Now wreathe in a long spray of trumpet-flowers, —

"The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow,"

and, —

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat."

Add a royal fleur-de-lis for the Washers of the Shroud, —

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foe's lines."

Next a handful of Brownell's tiger-lilies; cypress and rue for martyred Lincoln, to mark where

"The Dark Flower of Death
Blooms in the fadeless fields;"

then blood-stained chalices from the Ode to Freedom, —

"Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson-stained."

Last of all, before we lay our completed garland upon the graves that have been green with the verdure of many a returning springtime, let us pluck anew Whittier's olive bough of peace fair as when it was first gathered, —

"Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns
Who alone is God and Lord!"

This memorial wreath, which we have twined leaf by leaf from the printed leaves where it first blossomed, is not one which can be shut within four library walls. Its flowery chain links the green mounds on innumerable hill-sides to the hearts of living men wherever hearts beat for sacrifice and honor.

VII.

We belong to a nation of "great readers." We devour popular novels with an unfailing appetite and a literary range which extends from the known to the unknown, and does not necessarily discriminate greatly between Mrs. Ward and Bertha M. Clay.

We are fast becoming an out-of-doors people. Not only our heroines and heroes of fiction, but our "real folks" sigh continually for "the open." Nature, to many of us, is a deity to be approached with bared head, thick shoes, and rolled-up sleeves; to be propitiated with golf clubs and fishing rods; to be entertained with athletic sports of varying kinds and degrees; and in return for our devotion she bestows on us a

hearty appetite for beefsteak, and lends increased zest to a soothing pipe in hours of meditation or stupor.

We are a practical people, much inclined to believe that there are few things in heaven or earth which cannot be reduced to a scientific formula.

Yet outside this world of superficiality and robustness and "common sense"

there is another universe, whose meanings no formulas can ever express, whose bounds can never be measured by sea or star or space, a world of immortalities that differs from the other as "the consecration and the poet's dream" differ from the multiplication table, and it is as true of this world as of the other that "to him that hath shall be given."

Martha Baker Dunn.

REVEALMENT.

A SENSE of sadness in the golden air,
A dreaminess, that has no part in care, —
As if the Season, by some woodland pool,
Braiding the early blossoms in her hair,
Seeing her loveliness reflected there,
Had sighed to find herself so beautiful.

A pensiveness, a feeling as of fear,
Holy and dim as of a mystery near, —
As if the World about us listening went,
With lifted finger and hand-hollowed ear,
Hearkening a music that we cannot hear,
Haunting the quickening earth and firmament.

A yearning of the soul that has no name,
Expectancy that is both wild and tame, —
As if the Earth, from out its azure ring
Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame —
As Perseus once to chained Andromeda came —
The swift, divine revealment of the Spring.

Madison Carwein.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XVIII.

THE Argonaut mine, although a new property, had proved a remarkably successful one. The stock, however, had never reached the level justified by its earnings. There were several reasons for this discrepancy. The ore presented difficulties of treatment which had not yet been surmounted; the formation was one not admitting of any positive predictions for the future; and, above all, the management, of which little was known, made no adequate public statements. But, as is not infrequently the case, the declaration of the usual dividend was considered news enough, and, with the exception of an occasional outburst of criticism, distrust had never crystallized into concerted aggressive action. Men of good judgment and common sense unaccountably abandon all claims to either when they join to form a crowd.

At the time of the last assessment the statement appeared that the outlook was sufficiently encouraging to warrant the erection of a new mill, equipped with the modern copper-saving appliances indispensable to times of close margins and low percentages of mineral; but the assessment had hardly been paid in when the quality of the rock began to fall off, and the lode finally ran out below the margin of profit. Exploration followed, and for this the proceeds of the assessment were the only available asset. What was not known to the public was that the surplus had been thus exhausted without success, and that the management had been quietly disposing of its interests preparatory to the announcement of a shut-down.

When Mr. Heald opened the telegram which was the cause of his return to town he expected to read that opera-

tions had been abandoned. But the message, which was in cipher, read: —

“Struck richest formation ever discovered. Rock runs better than Shawnee.”

The Shawnee was the adjoining property, and had been the foundation of great fortunes.

He had at once written two telegrams: one to his New York agent, directing him to inform the morning papers that for prudential reasons the mine would be temporarily shut down; and one to his broker, ordering him to sell “short” to an unlimited amount on the decline which would inevitably follow such an announcement. When the stock touched bottom he intended to gather in the wreckage, publish the news of the unexpected discovery, and sit quietly down to reap the harvest.

Having dispatched this business with the assurance of a general who has the enemy in his grasp, he went in search of Mabel, — from victory to defeat. In the elation of such unlooked-for good fortune defeat was bitter. But sitting in the cold gray light of the winter morning, as the train hurried through the still sleeping villages, he forgave her his defeat. She loved him! Defeat meant nothing. If he had been moved by the completeness and pitifulness of her confession, yet that was not the real reason for his forgiving mood. What she had uncovered in her own heart, if more than expected, had been hoped for. What she had uncovered in his was a revelation. *He* loved *her*. Not now for the things that had once attracted him, but for all these and vastly more, — the *why* which admits of no analysis or explanation, and which counts all reasons as nothing. The Mabel he saw now was not the Miss Temple of Gramercy Park, imperial with millions and beauty, who had fascinated

him by her alternating moods of graciousness and disdain, but the woman of the night before, a woman at bay with her own contending passions, broken in spirit yet not abased, the Mabel whose every word of self-mastery and repulse was a surrender, infinitely desirable because of self-mastery and denial. Everything else was blotted out in the blinding light of this discovery, — he loved her! This was the supreme fact. Helen counted for nothing. He reckoned with her hardly more than with the public which would singe its wings at the Argonaut candle. Both were incidents, not obstacles.

But as he sat thinking in the roar of the flying train while the sun came up over the Westford hills, one of these incidents became more and more an obstacle. It was not so easy to ignore Helen as it was to ignore the public. Of one thing he was sure, he did not wish to take either into his confidence for the present. As for returning to Cedar Hill, — well, he must wait and see.

What, after all, had he to complain of? He had forced an explanation with Mabel with the very result he had hoped for. But there was Helen again, — the glass of wine taken at the wrong moment. It was of no use wishing, regretting. What was done was done, and it was an infernal snarl.

The worst of it was that he felt the capacity, the desire, to be honest, to do something noble. It had always been a weakness of his, to make spasmodic excursions into the land of quixotic generosity and kindness. He had not cared a rap for the Bishop's church, and would have laughed at the praise the Bishop had awarded to his recognition of his obligations to society. But he had got a thousand dollars' worth of pleasure out of his subscription nevertheless, and that was what he made it for. Nor had he felt any very deep sense of indebtedness to Mr. Kensett for having once done him a good turn. The idea of re-

paying that debt had come to him suddenly, in a sentimental mood, when sitting with Mrs. Kensett in the moonlit corner of a piazza one evening after dinner at Lenox. He did not care in the least for Mrs. Kensett. But, indulging in reminiscences, she had awakened this silly propensity of his for playing the rôle of Prince. It was silly, unmitigatedly silly. He had forgotten all about Mr. Kensett, and Mrs. Kensett was no more to him than the poor students of Lemington. She was not even poor. *She* had had no sentiment about disposing of her stock at a profit. There had been absolutely no reason for doing what he had, except that he liked to do such things. He had been sorry afterwards, and thoroughly glad to get out of it. These impulsive acts of benevolence really cost him nothing. They were only forms of self-indulgence, of vanity, for which one is always ready to pay any price. What he felt now was different. He wanted to please some one else, — Mabel. He had begun by admiring her, as he might have admired an exquisite object of art in a Fifth Avenue shop window. He had returned to look at it again, finally had gone in, and found it was not for sale. He had admired her still more in the train. Nerve and pluck and character always attracted him. She had vastly more than violet eyes and a pretty form. She had been attractive, she became fascinating and provocative, and now she was necessary, — he loved her. Above all he wanted to be hers, to be her choice, to win her real love, to be to her eyes what she was to his as she sat in the chair under the palms of the conservatory, worth going through fire and flood for. And that was the worst of it! that, as often happens when we have found the will to dare fire and flood, there was no fire and flood to go through. To give her up was not within the bounds of reason. What good would that do? There are doors of life which, once shut, can never be opened again; steps which, once taken, can never be

retraced. He had not closed any such door, or taken any such step. He began to hate Helen. What business had she to love him any way!

He was roused by the porter's offer to brush his coat. The electric lights were on. They were already in the tunnel.

On leaving the station he crossed the street to a neighboring hotel and studied the tape carefully. Argonaut had opened at thirty-five, fallen to twenty, rallied to twenty-five, and then fallen again to twenty-one. It had closed the day before at thirty-eight. He went to the telephone and repeated his orders of the evening. Would he be down town to-day? No, he was going directly to the Carleton. If any one wanted to see him he was out of town.

A good many people wanted to see him, so the Carleton clerk told him.

"Well, I am not at home to any one," he said. But just as he was stepping into the elevator a beardless boy of twenty with a white face caught him.

"Mr. Heald, Mr. Heald, — just a word, please." He was trying to be off-hand. "What's all this row about Argonaut? There's an item in the morning paper. Is there any truth in it?"

Mr. Heald turned and looked at the speaker. He remembered to have seen him at the Club, but he could not recall his name or anything about him.

"Is there?" he said.

"Yes, about closing down."

Mr. Heald thought a moment.

"I don't own a share of Argonaut," he said, stepping into the elevator. "If I did, I should sell it before I went to bed."

XIX.

The sun was just struggling through the fog and smoke as Jack stepped into the launch lying off the Battery. But the great city had not waited for the sun. A hoarse blast of disdainful warning rose from a big black liner slowly

making its way out of the North River to catch the morning tide. Angry shrieks came quick after the white puffs of steam from a half-score of tugboats, up betimes like the early bird after worms. A line of black scows buffeted low down in the water, sullen and obstinate, with the waves of the upper bay, smothered under a long trail of black smoke from the speck of power dragging them seaward. A weather-beaten tramp, with patches of red paint on its dingy sides and a strong list to starboard, its top gear glistening with tons of frozen spray and a vomit of yellow smoke pouring from its short funnel, was making for its berth under Brooklyn Heights after waiting at anchor overnight outside the bar. From under the Bridge, coming down the river at half-speed, a Sound boat, with its tier upon tier of deck and cabin, swept its great curve of foam, rocking the little boats at their dock moorings, and leaving behind a train of curling waves that dashed among the green piles and slapped against the iron plates of loading steamers. Ferryboats were coming and going in every direction, their cavernous decks black with people, like so many mouths of sea monsters which might at any moment close their ponderous jaws and disappear under the waves. Over the thin web of the great bridge long black lines were creeping like snails. The note of a bugle rang clear from Governor's Island. The clang of gongs on lower Broadway, the short whistle of engines in mid-air, the wail of a siren up the river, all the speech man has put into the dumb lips of Nature greeted the rising sun.

Before the east wind coming in fresh from the sea the smoke and steam from a thousand chimneys were hurrying away in curling ribbons of white and brown, and the waters of the bay were beginning to talk and show their white teeth.

"It's not going to blow, is it, Captain?" said Jack, buttoning up his fur coat and sitting down by the boiler to keep warm.

"No, sir, it's just a slant of morning wind, sir. It will warm up afore noon. Good day for a bit of painting, sir."

The engineer touched his lever, and with a shiver and throb the launch shot out from the landing into the wake of the liner.

"White Star, sir," said the captain.

Jack nodded. He knew every funnel in the merchant marine.

As the launch receded from the shore the separate noises of the city blended into a deep, confused roar, and a wonderful outline of towering piles stood out against the sky. Other cities have their messages, sad messages of lamentation over a perished splendor, sweet messages of tender recollection for fair women and brave men, sombre messages of vast populations toiling and sweating in the failing fight for supremacy, gay messages of laughter and of pride as from queens on thrones, — but the message of this one was the message of a young giant, half-grown, uncouth, insolent with the joy of its strength and an invincible faith in its destiny. Jack looked back upon its fading outlines with quiet pride. Not kings had chosen its seat or laid its foundations, nor princes set its stones one upon the other, but the brains and hands of such men as he.

He turned his face to the fresh wind with a keen sense of enjoyment. This was his day off. Were the truth told, he would have liked to don a pair of overalls and exchange places for a day with the workman sitting on his plank slung over the stern of the Vixen and dipping his brush in the pot of black paint. There was no strain in that work, covering stroke by stroke the glistening surface, stopping to listen to his neighbor at the other end of the staging, slackening the rope for a fresh start below, — no perplexing problems to solve, no conflicting arguments to weigh, no instant decisions to make, no worry, and time enough to think, to think the thoughts he pleased. There was no

wear and tear in painting or calking seams, no anxieties brought forward from the account of the day before.

The workman on the plank at two dollars a day thought the "old man" had a pretty comfortable berth.

"Two dollars a minute's about his gait," he said to his companion as Jack went up the ladder.

"Every man has his gait," was the reply; "all I want's a chance to strike mine."

"Guess you'll get it in this country if anywhere."

"That's so. I ain't whining."

The cabin was warm. A bright coal fire burned in the open grate. Everything was covered up for the winter and Mabel's piano was housed in oilcloth, but the table was laid, and savory smells could be detected coming from the galley. Jack felt his sea appetite gaining ground. He went into his stateroom, got out an old suit and slouch hat from the locker, and lit his pipe. The morning went in talk and inspection, and luncheon time came in the midst of a discussion over the new awnings. The skipper thought the old ones would do, but Jack said his daughter thought they were getting shabby. On this information the skipper immediately subsided.

Luncheon was scarcely over when, just as dessert was brought in, voices were heard on deck. The black cook, down for the day and serving also in the capacity of steward, went to the companionway.

"Gentleman wants to see you, sir."

"To see me?" said Jack in a tone of surprise. As he spoke a man came down the steps, and Jack turned to see Mr. Brown, Jr., followed by the skipper.

"Good-morning, Mr. Temple."

"Hullo, Brown! where did you come from?"

"Arizona, sir. I got in this morning. They told me at the office I should find you here, so I took the ferry and came over in a boat."

"Sit down. What's up?"

"Well, sir, my report is ready. I put it in writing and thought you would wish me to deliver it to you personally." He took a long blue envelope from his inside pocket and laid it on the table. "But it is n't of much account now."

Jack put the envelope in his pocket. "Not of much account? Well, it does n't matter. I am not so much interested in Argonaut as I was awhile ago."

Mr. Brown fidgeted in his chair, but remained silent. Jack looked at the skipper, who put on his hat and went out.

"Well?" said Jack, turning to Brown.

"That report," said Mr. Brown, motioning to Mr. Temple's pocket, "was finished three days ago, just as they were getting ready to shut down."

"Not a very encouraging one, then."

"No, sir. But before the ink was dry something happened." Jack was feeling for his tobacco-pouch, and appeared disappointingly uninterested. "They struck the richest vein of conglomerate I ever laid my eyes on."

"Bulldog luck!" said Jack, lighting his pipe.

"Yes, sir, for those who know it."

Still Jack showed no interest. "Rather a difficult secret to keep, is n't it, Brown?"

"There'll be a good deal of cold water thrown on it before it's allowed to blaze up, Mr. Temple. Have you seen the morning papers?"

"No, they are in my overcoat pocket."

Mr. Brown unfolded one of his own and read the following paragraph: —

"It is stated on good authority that the mill on the Argonaut property will be closed for the present. No method seems to have been found to reduce the losses at the tail end of the mill, and present indications do not warrant the erection of a new one."

"It was the first thing I saw when I opened the paper," he said, "and it

was about what I expected. I have n't lived with the Assistant Superintendent two weeks for nothing."

"I see. Tell me something about this new vein, Brown."

"It's the Shawnee vein, which they have been looking for these last six months, sir. There is a good mile of it, and it runs from ten to fifteen thousand feet in depth on the adjoining property. There is n't any doubt about it, Mr. Temple. You know what Shawnee has done for its owners. I wanted to throw my report in the waste-basket the moment I saw it. You know I have n't much cash, but I am going back to New York to buy every share I can borrow money to buy."

"You have n't had your luncheon yet, Brown?"

"No, sir."

"Better have a little something before you go," said Jack, touching the bell.

While Mr. Brown was dispatching his luncheon Jack went into his state-room, wrote a few words in pencil, and going on deck ordered the launch alongside.

"You are not going yet, Mr. Temple?" asked the skipper.

"Oh no," replied Jack. "But pay the gentleman's boatman. I'll send him ashore in the launch. And, Captain," he added, giving him an envelope, "you may go yourself. I want to send a telegram. I suppose you are in a hurry to be off," he said to Brown, as the latter came up the companionway. "Did you come right through?"

"Yes, sir, without stopping."

"Well, get into the launch, it will save you half an hour."

"You are not going up yourself, Mr. Temple?"

"No. But I am alone to-night. You might come up after dinner, — say at nine o'clock."

"I will, sir," replied Mr. Brown, stepping into the launch.

"Always the way," growled the skip-

per, taking the wheel. "Never can get an hour to himself without some one a-bothering of him."

"I guess I did n't bother him much," remarked Brown. "That's a telegram you have there, is n't it?"

The skipper nodded.

"I thought so," said Brown; and to himself, "He'll make no mistake this time."

XX.

The gayety of the breakfast party at Cedar Hill on the morning of Mr. Heald's departure was marred by the arrival of Mr. Pearson with the information that an accident had occurred in the woods the day before. A woodcutter had been caught by a falling tree on the mountain side five miles away. He had been at work at some distance from his companions and had not been discovered till dusk, when his failure to appear had led to a search. With great difficulty he had been transported to Mr. Pearson's farm, where he had received such care as the local practitioner could give. The latter had decided that the crushed leg must be amputated, and Mr. Pearson had been sent to the nearest telephone to summon the assistance of the Lemington surgeon. He had also a list of articles necessary at the farmhouse, which he gave to Dolly while Paul was at the telephone.

"He's a poor crittur," explained Mr. Pearson, "as has bin trampin' round after work. He ain't got no clothes to speak of, nor any friends, nor no name for that matter. Mrs. Pearson she's that nervous she ain't no use. She allus did have to go down to the village killin' days. Jim's bin for Mrs. Benton, but her baby's got the cramps a-teethin', and she says she ain't goin' to leave her baby for no tramps."

"Do you mean you want some one to go back with you?" asked Margaret, who had left the table with Dolly when Mr. Pearson's errand was known.

"Waal," replied Mr. Pearson, "the doctor said a woman would be sorter handy."

Margaret decided at once that she would go with Paul, who had ordered the sleigh. Dolly remonstrated, but to no purpose.

"You must stay and look after your guests," said Margaret. "Some one must take charge of the toboggan party," and she went upstairs for her hat and jacket.

"I shall ride over with Mr. Pearson," said Paul, who came in while Dolly was collecting the needed supplies, after Margaret had gone. "I have telephoned for a doctor and nurse. You can send the things over in the sleigh. If there is no need for me to stay I shall be back in an hour."

Dolly said nothing of Margaret's intention. She thought she would change her mind when she found Paul had gone. But Margaret was firm, and after getting together the articles on the doctor's list, Dolly went back to the breakfast-room.

Everybody was sorry, but as no one could do anything the interruption was momentary, and Dolly made as light of it as she could. Mrs. Frazer, whose morning toilet was a momentous and protracted affair, never appeared at breakfast, and Mabel had slipped into Dolly's vacant place at the table and assumed charge. She was a little paler and more subdued than usual, like a person sobered by a sudden responsibility. She gave up her seat when Dolly reappeared and moved into the chair beside her. The young attaché, who had thought her stunning the night before, endeavored, apropos of tobogganing, to interest her in "lugin" in Switzerland, but Mabel was abstracted, and he finally gave it up, especially as she insisted upon speaking in English, which was an effort for him.

When the talk flowed back into its natural channels Mabel began to question Mrs. Kensett, who had not dis-

missed the subject so easily as the others, and who told her, under cover of the general conversation, what she had learned of the accident from Mr. Pearson and of Margaret's determination. A little later when, after a momentary diversion, she turned to Mabel again, Mabel was gone.

She came out on the piazza just as the last parcel was being stowed away under the seat of the sleigh and the coachman was tucking the robe about Margaret.

"I am going with you," she said simply.

"There is not the slightest need of it, Miss Temple," objected Margaret, taken by surprise.

"I should like the ride. You don't mind?"

"Certainly not, but" —

"But what?" said Mabel, getting in and signing to the coachman to drive on.

She had passed a sleepless night. Neither she nor Helen had referred to the subject of their conversation before dinner. Helen did not know of Mr. Heald's departure. He had made his excuses quietly to Dolly, and his absence was remarked for the first time the following morning at breakfast, when Mabel listened to Dolly's explanation with affected surprise and polite indifference. From her state of exhilaration Helen had fallen into one of nervous uncertainty and apprehension. She endeavored to believe that she had herself only to blame. But the atmosphere had changed. Mr. Heald had danced with her twice before supper, but had given her no opportunity to relent. He was polite and friendly, that was all. He did not follow her, and she wanted to be followed. After supper he had disappeared. And then, when it was too late to put into execution any of the projects formed for lowering her flag, uncertainty and irresolution turned into fear. The whole subject seemed to have passed from Mabel's mind. She was kind, but uncommunicative, and Helen

was too absorbed and, in the present unsatisfactory condition of her affairs, too anxious not to be probed to make conversation. All this Mabel knew. She understood every silence and every word, every effort after the lights were out to feign sleep, and, after sleep came, every restless movement, — herself too numb with the certainty of her knowledge for restlessness.

One night, in the early winter, she had seen with her father a French play in which, of two women, one had to efface herself. She remembered every detail distinctly. Jack, in his imperfect comprehension of French, had sat placidly through the five acts, and had seen unconcernedly the woman who was in the way solve her problem with a few tiny drops of poison. Lying motionless through that long unending night, her wide open eyes staring into the dark, Mabel recalled how, in her scorn for the melodramatic, the tragedy on the stage had seemed to her almost ludicrous. Both these women were lovesick fools. It would have been so easy for either to cease caring for that stage lover, to stop whimpering and walk out of their troubles into the wide world and forgetfulness. Then, too, to die was so stupid, so useless, so cowardly. Better a thousand times to take the joy, if it *was* a joy, bravely, and pay the cost, without making such a fuss about it. And now the one persistent thought which came back to her again and again was the thought of this stage fool, — that she was in the way, that there was no going on, no retreating, that she must disappear.

She dropped into sleep once, the half-sleep of the body, in which the reluctant brain refuses to share, and thought she was at the piano struggling with one of Chopin's nocturnes. Her music teacher was saying: "Put more feeling into that passage, Miss Mabel, — *expressivo, con passione*." She woke trying hard to comply, with a little bitter cry.

At last it had come, — passion, love!

and it was not the sentimental, ridiculous emotion which had often excited her pity or scorn, nor the artificial storm of the stage, after whose passage audience and actors had tranquilly adjourned to supper, but something real, vital, revealing with the ruthless energy of a volcano the slumbering forces of sex. The stranger in her house of life had announced himself, and was master. Once she had looked into his face every tendency to trifle had vanished.

The promise she had given to Helen did not count for a feather's weight. It was made before she *knew*. In a desperate moment — a moment when she stood on the brink of a precipice, one look into which told her she no more belonged to herself — she had thrust it between herself and *him*, as a shield to keep him at bay. She had promised Helen that if Mr. Heald loved her she would be the first to rejoice. He did not love her. She was bound to nothing, she was free. Why then had she pretended she was not? Not from any idea of self-abnegation, or duty. She was not in the habit of looking at things from that point of view. It was not a question of principle, but of pure feeling, of what she preferred. If she should stand again on the brink of that happiness, she would take it. And she would stand there, inevitably. He would not have it otherwise, and she could not wish him to. She understood that woman in the play now, who disappeared not because it would do any good, but because it was the easiest thing to do. In anguish death may be the line of least resistance.

She began to think of her mother. If any one had ever dared to criticise Gladys, she would have defended her from pride. But she had always cherished secretly a little bitterness, as if a disgrace had fallen upon her through Gladys's fault. Now she understood. How she loved her, longed for her arms, her comprehension! Jack had always seemed to understand her best. But it

was for her mother now she yearned, the mother she had discovered in herself, not for Jack's indulgence. And when at last exhaustion came to shut her eyes, it was in Gladys's arms she fell asleep with two shining tears upon her cheeks.

Her sleep was heavy and long. Helen, who had always been an early riser, was dressed and gone when she opened her eyes and saw Marie preparing her bath. There was a letter from her papa, the usual daily half-page she received when absent from home. It contained nothing important, and, like a regular money allowance, had become so entirely a matter of course that it had ceased to make any impression. Underneath Jack's envelope was another. The handwriting was not familiar, but she knew at once whose it was. Marie had learned never to offer explanations not asked for, and was never quite sure of the attitude she ought to assume until she had received her cue. She was ready to explain why the note bore no postmark if she were asked, but Mabel did not question her. She read it unconcernedly, Marie thought, as she had read Jack's. It hardly seemed worth the half-eagle in Marie's pocket. But after her mistress went into the bathroom Marie observed that both letters were gone, and that when Mabel went down to breakfast only Jack's was in the scrap-basket. It might be worth the half-eagle after all. She certainly would have thought so had she known it lay under the folds of the blue satin waist when Mabel stepped into the sleigh beside Margaret; although once read it was known by heart.

"Dearest, — I am not worthy of you, but love atones for everything, and I love you with all my soul and strength. And love has come to you, dear, — not too late, nor in vain. Think! if need were how I should fly to you! If the need came to me, would any barrier keep you away? Wait — do not blame yourself — wait, as I shall wait — a little while — forever, if need be."

Paul was surprised to see Margaret and annoyed at the presence of Mabel. It was like Margaret to come forward in an emergency. He was proud of her. But Mabel! what was she doing here in her blue satin waist and French hat! He hardly noticed her as he helped Margaret out and assisted in the transfer of the packages to the house.

Mabel was silent and asked no questions.

The sleigh was at the wide stone step before the door, and she could hear enough of the low conversation between Paul and Margaret just within to understand the condition of affairs. The doctor had decided that if life was to be saved the operation must be performed without further delay. He must do the best he could with Paul's aid. Margaret bravely offered to stay, but Paul would not hear of it. The doctor agreed with him. Whatever her courage, she might prove worse than useless; it was better that she should go at once for Mrs. Benton and take charge of her sick child. Jim could drive her over in Mr. Pearson's sleigh and bring Mrs. Benton back.

There was not a moment to lose, and Margaret set out immediately.

"Margaret is going over for Mrs. Benton," Paul explained to Mabel, "and will stay with her sick baby till the nurse from Lemington comes. You can drive Miss Temple home, James," he said to the coachman, "and then return for me. Tell Mrs. Kensett I shall be back as soon as possible."

"Don't you think it would be well for James to remain here until the other sleigh returns?" said Mabel; "you might need him."

"Perhaps so," replied Paul. It was what he would have done had Mabel not been there. He wanted to get rid of her.

"You need not mind me, I will sit here," she said.

"Very well," acquiesced Paul, disappearing in the house.

The minutes dragged by. The doctor had made all his preparations. He came to the door for the last time with Paul to listen for the sound of bells.

"We must manage by ourselves," he said, "and do the best we can. If we only had some one to administer the ether" — Then they went in and the door closed.

As they passed from the kitchen, which served all purposes in Mr. Pearson's ménage, into the adjoining bedroom a voice said, —

"I will do that."

The two men turned and saw Mabel standing in the doorway taking off her dogskin gloves. The doctor was a quiet man, of few words, and he was looking meditatively into the pale, resolute face confronting him.

"You need not fear for me," said Mabel, answering his look and removing her hat.

"I knew she could do it the moment I heard her speak and looked into her eyes," the doctor said to the Lemington surgeon an hour later when the latter was driving away.

"That's my experience," was the reply. "Blood and education always tell."

"You are a brave girl and you have helped save a life," he said to Mabel, as he put her in the sleigh beside Paul.

She smiled faintly. Her face was white and she was trembling. The doctor had given her a drink of something before starting. She did not know what it was, but it steadied her, and the fresh air against her cheeks was refreshing. Yet it was all she could do to hold herself straight. Waves of nausea and dizziness made her hold fast to the robe. She felt that if she let go, or leaned back against the cushion, she would sink into the nothingness lying in wait for her. The consciousness that Paul was watching her as she swayed to the motion of the sleigh, though it was the watchfulness of solicitude, gave her the fictitious strength of pride. His voice sounded far away. She knew that

it was kind, that he was praising her and saying pleasant things, but she counted every tree and bush as they hurried by.

Mrs. Frazer saw them as they drove up the avenue, and was at the door.

"Where is Margaret?" she exclaimed.

"I am going for her now," said Paul, helping Mabel out. "Take Miss Temple to her room."

"What has happened, dear?" Mabel's pale face frightened her.

"Nothing," said Mabel. But the question was too much for her. A horrible odor of ether swept over her, and she pitched forward into Mrs. Frazer's arms.

XXI.

The Lemington surgeon, intercepted on his way to the station, stood at Mabel's bedside when she opened her eyes. He was smiling and saying she would be all right in an hour or two. For a moment she did not know where she was or what had happened. She tried to speak, and made an effort to sit up, but her limbs were like lead and her words incoherent. Then she remembered everything up to the moment when her feet touched the piazza. The rest was a blank, and she lay still, endeavoring to fill up the gap of unconsciousness and to get back to the point where her life seemed to have snapped off short.

The window opposite the bed was wide open, and Mrs. Frazer was sitting beside her, holding her hand. She saw Marie helping the doctor on with his coat. She heard him say something to Mrs. Frazer in a low voice, and then he came and touched her forehead soothingly with his hand.

"You will be yourself again in a little while, and a brave little self it is," he said, stroking her hair. He looked as if he were going to kiss her, and she shrank back; but it was only a professional caress, and he turned to go.

She felt her strength coming back fast, but she had not yet succeeded in tying the ends of the broken thread.

"Where am I? May I get up?" she said.

"You may do anything you wish," said the doctor at the door.

Marie had placed another pillow under her head.

"How perfectly silly I was! what did I do?"

"Mercy! child," exclaimed Mrs. Frazer, "more than I could."

"Don't speak of that, please;" she remembered now: "did I faint? I recollect feeling so queer."

"It was quite my fault," said Mrs. Frazer; "I should not have asked you that question. I fainted myself once on less provocation. We had been to the theatre and I got terribly wrought up. I was trembling all the way to the restaurant where we went for supper. Mr. Frazer asked me if I would have peas or asparagus tips with the pheasants, and I fainted dead away. It was the last straw."

Mabel smiled faintly.

"What made you run off on such dreadful business? We looked everywhere for you, until Marie told us you had gone with Margaret."

She did not know herself why she had gone. She had wanted to do something, anything, — she remembered that. All the rest was unforeseen, and as if some one had pushed her on without any volition of her own. Now it was pleasant to lie still, with all that had troubled her dulled and softened by the lassitude and weakness.

"Where is Mrs. Kensett?" she asked at length.

"They have not returned yet. Will you take a swallow of this beef tea now?"

She was feeling better every minute.

"I wish you would not say anything about this, Mrs. Frazer. I think I can go down to luncheon."

"You may go down to dinner, but

not to luncheon. You have had your own way quite enough for the present. I shall allow no one to see you till tea-time, and you must lie perfectly quiet till I return. I am going to prepare some arrowroot and port wine for you, and if you are good you shall have it in my silver porringer."

Mabel smiled and acquiesced, finding a new pleasure in obedience.

After Mrs. Frazer had gone she remembered the note she had fastened under her waist, and sitting up glanced about the room. Her watch was on the dressing-table and the note lay underneath it. On a chair by the window hung her blue satin waist.

"Take it away," she said to Marie; "burn it,— I never want to see it again. And bring me my watch, the mirror, and my comb."

In taking the watch from the table Marie touched the letter.

"Put it in the fire," said Mabel. She could see the grate in the parlor through the open door, and watched Marie fulfill her instructions. "Now shut the window."

"You did look like a dead person, Miss Mabel," said Marie, who had been waiting for her chance to talk. "I was that frightened" —

"Don't speak to me about it, Marie. I look like a ghost now" — laying down the glass. "I told you to take that waist away. I can smell it from here. I will ring if I want you. Perhaps I can sleep."

There were three persons — Margaret, Helen, and Dolly — who after hearing the recital of Mabel's morning adventures wished to go to her at once. But Mrs. Frazer held all three at bay. Not hearing Mabel's bell, and having gently opened her door and found her asleep, she posted Marie in the corridor and prescribed silence for the entire household.

"She is an extraordinary girl," she said to Dolly, as they sat together after luncheon waiting for Mabel to wake;

"most extraordinary, — but badly brought up, very badly. A man with an only daughter always plays the fool."

"I suppose he feels as I do when I see the gardener among the rose-bushes in spring," Dolly answered, reflecting, without mentioning Jack's name; "it makes me shudder, the way he hacks and cuts."

"It's either that or no roses," retorted Mrs. Frazer.

"What did Paul say?" Dolly asked after a pause. She wished to know all the details.

"That she was cooler than he was. He said she might have been made of ice, or stone. But she is not."

"She seems to have quite won your heart, Laurinda."

"Well, isn't that the way to win hers? You must have a little patience. She is very observant and very sensitive. I am very sure one false step would ruin everything. Above all, don't dig up her heart to see if the seeds are sprouting."

Mabel loved praise, but she wanted none of that which was waiting for her. She would not allow Helen to speak of the morning occurrences, and she begged Dolly to ask the others not to allude to them. She was quite herself again by tea-time, and wrote a letter to Jack in which she made no reference to the accident. For Margaret, with whom she had not been particularly sympathetic, she displayed a fondness as unexpected as it was sudden. Dolly herself felt nearer to her, though uncertain whether she or Mabel was the magnet. Mrs. Frazer especially she clung to, but she did not want to be left alone a moment with Helen. Everything connected with her familiar personality, from the rising inflections of her voice to the pose of her head when brushing her hair, was insupportable. The aversion was so unconquerable that she inquired of Mrs. Kensett if she might sleep in a room by herself that night.

"Would it be convenient, and not too

much trouble?" she asked. Dolly thought the wish a very natural one, and Paul was hurriedly moved into the wing, Mabel's possessions being transferred by Marie during dinner.

"I hope you don't think I am unreasonable. I am sorry to make such a commotion," she said to Paul when she learned she was the cause of his removal.

Paul thought it quite natural too.

"You need not be," he replied. "I don't wonder you are shaken up. I can camp anywhere." He was ready to do anything for her.

Mrs. Frazer's face wore a grim smile on hearing of these rearrangements. "That girl came into a house of sworn enemies yesterday," she remarked in conversation with herself. "To-morrow she will rule them all, and they will not know it." This aloud—and to herself, "Fortunately I am here."

XXII.

No one was more surprised by Mabel's exploit than Helen, and nothing connected with it surprised her more than Mabel's aversion to any allusion to it. Every direct reference to what had taken place at the farm was suppressed at once. Not that Helen had any desire to talk about it. She quite understood that after such an experience one would not care to revive its details. She had no morbid curiosity about them whatever. But she did feel a genuine admiration and the craving to express it, if only indirectly, by little acts of thoughtfulness and attention. She had an extra "dear" ready on her lips whenever she uttered Mabel's name. Moreover, what Mabel had said of Mr. Heald had been an immense relief, and had set flowing a well-spring of gratitude. Mabel was not to blame for his desertion. But while not absolutely rejecting these offerings, Mabel gave no sign of recognizing their significance.

A very little sign would have been enough.

Helen put this down to capriciousness, to that inconsistency which had always baffled her, and which even now left her uncertain whether she was facing a new revelation of character or an old-time exhibition of impulse. Mabel had never been deceitful, although often artful. She did and said unexpected and perplexing things, but she had never resorted to lying, even as a little girl. So far as Mr. Heald was concerned, Helen believed her implicitly,—which was not difficult, for she wanted to,—and had not the slightest idea that the attitude which she ascribed to caprice or indifference was an heroic effort to conquer an absolute repulsion.

She made some futile attempts to break through Mabel's wall of resistance, and finally, finding to her surprise that the lane had no turning, began to suspect that there was something more than caprice behind Mabel's manner, and lapsed again into irresolution and timidity. She had abdicated authority so long ago that as a weapon it was too rusty from disuse even for defensive purposes. Affection was equally unavailing.

With one exception Mabel neither did nor said anything tangible enough for open complaint, but her behavior made Helen vaguely uncomfortable. She was sure it was deliberate, not accidental, and that it was directed only against herself. She was equally sure no one else noticed it, and this made her still more uncomfortable. When we see ghosts we do not like to be told we are dreaming.

The one exception was of so utterly unreasonable a nature that it completely upset her. Mabel had come down to dinner, charming, but with superb unconcern. The evening had been passed in the discussion and arrangement of some charades for the following day. Everybody was happy, so it seemed to Helen, except herself. She was not self-reliant, and she felt alone. That

Mr. Heald should be called away on business she told herself was entirely natural, and she struggled against the dull sense of desertion in her heart which her head pronounced utterly unjustifiable. Gramercy Park, while not estranging her from the Gaunt household, had made her life independent of it. When in college, and even afterwards when she had left the Boston nest for her flight to the New York boarding-school, she had taken all her trials and ambitions to the home council. But home and Gramercy Park belonged to different worlds. Together with a certain elation over her success went a certain disapproval of her new sphere which had gradually restricted confidences. Communications with the Boston home had grown less and less frequent, and in spite of her original pride in its modest respectability and dignity, it was so entirely ignored by Gramercy Park that with her expanding horizons she too had come to regard it as a far-away and unimportant factor. Just now, when there was no one to turn to in her new world, she realized keenly the loss of her old one. The family in Boston would have been immensely pleased by a successful marriage. It did not require much imagination to hear her mother tell her friends about it, or to see the little vanities to which such an event would give rise. On the other hand, disappointment or disaster incurred in the upper ether would, she knew, elicit a mournful chorus of "I told you so," and "I was always afraid" from the lower level. She had been lured away from the respectable commonplace into a frame of mind which would lead her now to open revolt against its displeasure.

She was in this restless and unhappy state when she slipped away from the drawing-room into the conservatory for a moment with herself. She sat down in the big chair under the palms, staring beyond the orchids at her problem with an aching heart. Would it have been

better after all if she had never parted from the functions?

And just then Mabel came through the door, — Mabel, vastly more unhappy still, who in that chair had touched her lips to the cup of supreme happiness, and who could not overcome the longing for one more draught, though it were only the phantom one of recollection, — who had stolen away to sit for one second in that chair, *her* chair, to shut her eyes and give herself once more.

"What are you doing here!"

Helen sprang to her feet. She had never seen Mabel angry before. Vexed, petulant, yes, — a hundred times, but not like this, with hate in her eyes.

It was only for a second, like a flash of summer lightning, but it left her dazed.

"They want you in the drawing-room," said Mabel coldly, leading the way back.

Helen followed her, stunned and speechless. The outburst was so unaccountable that she could not frame an idea into words. If there had been time before reaching the door she would have forced an understanding, but courage and self-possession came too late, and she was in the drawing-room again before she had recovered her self-control. Mabel had joined the first group she had met, and was already discussing animatedly the choice of a subject for a tableau proposed by the Bishop who, at Dolly's invitation, was now regularly relieving the tedium of Lemington by passing his evenings at Cedar Hill. It seems that the theme of his next sermon had suggested the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins as admirably suited to afford amusement combined with instruction. By common consent Mabel had been selected to represent the Foolish Virgin, and had turned the conversation from costumes to ethics by declaring that her wise sister in the parable had been abominably selfish. Helen stood listening, hot with indignation. She resented with all her soul the tran-

quilt ease with which Mabel slipped, as from one garment into another, from one emotion to its opposite. She felt humiliated and outraged. If it had been any one but Mabel she would have found some excuse for dragging her back into the conservatory and demanding an explanation. It was always so with Helen, — to think she would do what she flinched at, if circumstances and persons were not what they were.

"I don't care," Mabel was saying to the Bishop, "she ought to have given her some of her oil."

"But my dear young lady," urged the Bishop, "think of the facts. I can well imagine how your father would state them. Let us suppose two men who have notes to pay on a certain day. One, by self-denial, by economy, by the hard surrender of his rightful pleasures to the claims of duty, is ready on the appointed day to meet his obligations. The other, thoughtless of his creditor's claims, heedless of the future, abandons himself to self-indulgence, and only when confronted by ruin hastens to borrow of his prudent neighbor. Remember it is not a question of generosity. *There is not enough oil for both lamps.*"

The Bishop concluded in triumphant complacency.

"I admire your logic," retorted Mabel, "but she ought to have given her some, — and I despise her!"

The Bishop joined in the general laugh with the indulgent smile of a man who sees the folly of serious argument with a child, and the conversation went back to costumes.

Helen crossed over and sat down by Margaret. She was resolved to see Mabel at bedtime, yet was relieved when, meeting Marie on the way to her room, she was told Mabel was already asleep. It happened that this was not true, but Marie was not to be blamed for carrying out her instructions.

Mrs. Frazer had sat with Dolly for a while after the company broke up. They talked of the events of the day,

they spoke of Mabel, but tacitly avoided the subject of which they were both thinking. Dolly had been impressed by Mrs. Frazer's warning that she must make no mistakes. Her path did not appear to be quite so clear as at first. She was waiting, not a little perplexed, and conscious that her perplexity was shared. So true was this that Mrs. Frazer, who had intended to go to New York for a day to complete a transaction which had occasioned her previous visit, had given up the journey under the conviction that something was going to happen, that her hand was on the ship's helm, and that she must not abandon her post. She had announced her determination to deed the old home in New York to Margaret. Paul had remonstrated. He was entirely able to provide for Margaret. The war was likely to come to an end in the spring, when they would be married, and he should take her back with him to Pretoria. Her mother ought to keep the home for her declining years. He did not say this in so many words, but Mrs. Frazer showed that she divined his thought by declaring that she had no need of ten rooms to die in. With business-like dispatch she had made out a power of attorney and packed Paul off in the afternoon train, much against his will, to make the transfer. It was to be a surprise for Margaret on her coming birthday, — "in more senses than one," said Mrs. Frazer, "for she thinks me a selfish old woman. So I am. I do as I please."

Having talked with Dolly about everything except what they had at heart, she went to her room for the game of solitaire without which she never went to bed, and, after several defeats and successive resolves not to try again, was laying out the cards for one more game when some one knocked at her door. It was Mabel's maid.

"If you please," said Marie, "Miss Temple would like to speak with you."

Mrs. Frazer laid down her cards as

tranquilly as if she had been waiting for this very message. In reality she was much perturbed. The lights in the corridor were out, and Marie led the way with her candle. On reaching Mabel's room Mrs. Frazer took it from her hand without a word and went in, closing the door behind her, and leaving Marie in a state of poignant curiosity in the dark.

"Are you ill?" she asked, setting the candle on the table and bending over the bed.

"No, I wanted to speak to you."

Mrs. Frazer drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. An unwonted tenderness took possession of her. This was not the Mabel she had seen an hour ago in evening dress, but a child afraid of being left alone in the dark. Margaret, whom she really loved, had never crept in this way into her heart. It even embarrassed her a little to find that having begun with the desire to give Mabel a good shaking she could scarcely restrain herself now from taking her in her arms.

"You don't mind sitting here a little while, do you?"

"No, dear, I am very glad to." She did not know what else to say.

"I have been thinking of mamma," said Mabel. "That was all."

Mrs. Frazer took one of the hands lying on the coverlid and pressed it gently.

"You have had a great shock to-day. To-morrow you will feel better."

"Yes," said Mabel.

She said yes, not in assent, but absent-mindedly, as if it were not worth while to contradict. Mrs. Frazer looked at the face on the pillow with awakening alarm. Was she really ill, or was it the shadows from the candle?

"Mabel, my child, you are not deceiving me? You are not ill?"

"I love to have you call me 'my child.' No, really, I am quite well." And then, after a pause, "I wish mamma were alive."

Mrs. Frazer stooped and kissed her.

Mabel smiled faintly. "You were very good to come. Marie read to me a little while, — and then I wanted mamma to come and tell me a story" —

"As she used to when you were a child."

"No. I don't think she ever did. I was just imagining it."

"You must not imagine such things," said Mrs. Frazer abruptly. "You are nervous, and do not know what you want." It was not a very sympathetic answer, and she was aware of it, but the tears were close to her eyes.

"Oh yes I do," replied Mabel quietly.

"You want a good sleep, that's what you want. You are unstrung. A night's rest will put you all right."

"Yes, a good rest," assented Mabel.

Mrs. Frazer longed to ask what was troubling her. She was convinced that there was something besides the morning's episode. She thought of Dolly, but Dolly's grievance, which was in her mind when she followed Marie down the corridor, was quite inadequate to explain Mabel's condition.

Mabel saw her perplexity and sat up in bed.

"Now kiss me good-night, dear Mrs. Frazer. I am not ready to talk about myself. If I ever am it will be to you." She took Mrs. Frazer's hand in her own, making that lady feel that she was the one to be comforted. "You won't think me silly, will you? I can see that you don't. You are so good not to ask questions; I should not like you if you did." She put up her face to be kissed again. "A good sleep will not make everything right, Mrs. Frazer" —

"But my dear child," interrupted Mrs. Frazer, embracing her. The tears were in her eyes now, but Mabel's were dry and shining.

"I don't like pretending. I wanted my own mamma, — she would understand. I felt as if I *must* have her. That is why I sent for you. I know I shall be very different to-morrow. But you must not let that make you forget

to-night. And do not tell Mrs. Kennsett what a troublesome guest she has. I am just upset, that's all, — just upset," she repeated in a mechanical way, smiling again. "I want to tell you everything, but something says it would do no good. I think I love you," she said, with a real smile at last. "If you will love me a little that will be enough. I never knew I should want to be loved." She looked up with a shy expression on her face, and Mrs. Frazer, completely conquered, threw her arms about her.

"You will be a good girl now and go to sleep," she said, laying her back on the pillow

"Yes."

"And think of nothing."

"Yes."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

Then she kissed her again, astonished at the sweetness of the caress, and, lest the tears should fall from her eyes on the smiling face, seized her candle and hurried away without even saying "good-night."

XXIII.

At the close of the first day's decline in Argonaut Mr. Heald had illustrated to his satisfaction the paradox of making money by selling what he did not have. It had become known to the interested through those mysterious channels which supply the public with information that he had sold his holdings and was out of the market. The financial columns of the evening papers contained no comment upon so insignificant an eddy on the broad stream of general prosperity, and the shrinkage of the Argonaut bubble was scarcely noticed outside the circle of its victims. The statement that the mine had shut down was confirmed, however, the following morning. Paul, having executed Mrs. Frazer's commission, was lunching down town when an item to this effect caught his eye. He turned to the stock list and

saw the shares were quoted at two! Margaret and Dolly were safe, but the escape was so narrow that his indignation against Mr. Heald rose to fever heat. He was looking at his watch to see how much time he had before the afternoon train for Westford, and had just determined to run in and see Jack a moment on his way to the Elevated station, when the drawing of a cork at a table in the corner near him attracted his attention. He recognized Mr. Heald at once, and he further remembered now where he had seen him before. It needed just that fixed gaze at nothing to carry him back to an evening in Johannesburg when the turn of a card in the Colony Club set a man staring with the same fixed stare, as though the crowded room was empty and its silence the silence of the desert.

Mr. Heald had had an exciting morning. On the confirmation of the rumored closing of the mine Argonaut shares had opened weak at twelve, and the rout of timid holders became complete. The price fell to two before noon, then rallied to five on strong buying, from what source and for what reason was not apparent. He was still on the short side when he received a message from his broker that offerings had practically ceased, and that that particular pulse indicated on the floor of the Exchange by the word "Miscellaneous" was lifeless. He then had contracts for the delivery of ten thousand shares, but he was not especially disturbed. There was no leakage of news from Arizona. The secret of the discovery had been well kept, there was no reason for any advance, and it would require a very material rise to offset his winnings. Then came sudden and complete stagnation. After ransacking every corner in an unavailing effort to cover, he had succeeded in picking up only a few hundred shares, and realized that he had over-reached himself. Inquiry developed the additional fact that the principal buying had been by a brokerage firm

to which he was bound to deliver eight thousand shares before the closing hour. He asked at once for a conference with a view to settlement, and was informed by the broker that it would be necessary to consult his principal.

Who was his principal?

There was a hurried conversation over the telephone.

The principal was Mr. Temple.

Could he see Mr. Temple?

There was another consultation over the telephone.

Yes, Mr. Temple would see Mr. Heald at two o'clock.

It was then one. He had an hour to think it over. He was not yet anxious, only annoyed. Eight thousand shares at five was forty thousand dollars. Say ten even, — that was only eighty thousand, nothing to worry over. The whole transaction was insignificant as compared with Mabel. It cost him relatively little to part with money, but there were mistakes for which money could not atone. If he could only settle with Helen to Mabel's satisfaction as easily as he hoped to with Jack Temple!

He had ordered a small steak and a pint bottle of champagne and was spreading his napkin over his knee when he looked up and saw Paul approaching. There was a set expression on Paul's face which betokened anything but amiability, but Mr. Heald smiled pleasantly. He had been thinking of Mabel, and the thought of her would have made him gentle with his worst enemy.

Paul was still wrestling with his indignation. He was asking himself what the devil could induce a man to palm off worthless stocks on trusting women, and on seeing Mr. Heald he impulsively resolved to know.

"Do you object to my asking you a few questions?" he said abruptly.

Neither had exchanged a word after the first glance of recognition, and Paul was standing by the table with his hat and cane in his hand.

"Not in the least," replied Mr.

Heald affably. "Sit down. You will let me go on with my luncheon? I have an appointment at two o'clock."

"You were in Johannesburg four years ago, I think," said Paul.

"Yes, four years ago this month, in December."

"I remember your losing five thousand pounds one evening at the Colony Club."

"More than that," said Mr. Heald tranquilly.

"Yes. You staked your cattle range — on the Bex River, in the Colony, was n't it? — and lost that too." Mr. Heald nodded assent.

"And left the room a beggar."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Mr. Heald, filling his glass. "I had a few pounds. I happen to recollect because they were so few."

Paul softened a little at the absence of resistance.

"I beg your pardon for recalling unpleasant facts" —

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted Mr. Heald. "I believe I made no complaint at the time, and am not likely to now. But you are telling me what you know. What is it you *don't* know?"

"I don't know how, if you were in Johannesburg in '98, you could have been intimately associated with Cecil Kensett, who never set foot in Africa and died in '99," blurted out Paul.

"Intimately associated?" repeated Mr. Heald.

"So you said to my cousin when you put sixty-five thousand dollars of hers into Argonaut."

"I believe I did. Well, I should n't have said so if it were not true. Now let me ask *you* a question. Are you speaking for Mrs. Kensett?"

"No."

"She has no reason to complain of her investment in Argonaut, I think?"

"She has n't you to thank for that."

"No?" said Mr. Heald, pushing away his plate and with both arms on the table looking into Paul's face.

"Because fortunately she acted under other advice," continued Paul, "and got out of her investment, as you call it, in time."

"As I call it? Now look here, Mr. Graham, I take you to be a man who would apologize if he were on the wrong track. Otherwise" — He stopped and smiled.

"Yes," said Paul, returning the steady gaze, "I would. You need n't answer my questions if they embarrass you. It's past history. I ask because I don't understand how a man can" —

"You don't understand because you don't know. I advised Mrs. Kensett to get rid of her Argonaut the very day she sold it. Evidently that's one thing you did n't know," said Mr. Heald, observing Paul's surprise. "And I advised her to buy it because I had faith in it. It is n't necessary to tell you how much I have made out of that mine myself. That's my affair. Now I suppose you want to know why I put your cousin into it. That's my affair too. But I don't mind telling you. I was dead broke when I left the Cape. I had just enough cash to get to England, and had to take a steerage passage to New York. Mr. Kensett sailed from Liverpool on the same steamer. Perhaps I did strain the meaning of words a little when I said we were associated in a business enterprise. The fact is he lent me five hundred dollars on the strength of a chance conversation one day off the Banks when he was talking with the emigrants. Did you ever borrow money yourself? It's a common business transaction, is n't it? Borrowing now means paying later. I think I paid my debt. What did Mrs. Kensett sell her Argonaut for? About ninety thousand? I did n't care to go into the steerage details at a Lenox house party. Of course I gave my note to Mr. Kensett. Probably he did not take it very seriously. I never saw it again, — nor him. He was dead when I came back from the West. But I always had

a bit of sentiment about that note." He stopped and laughed. "I wish it was the only paper my name was on."

Paul was a little ashamed of his hasty generalizations, yet did not feel at all like apologizing for them. As things had turned out there was nothing at which he could cavil. There was even something taking about the cool assurance and easy frankness of the man. But at the bottom of it all was the fact that for some not very definite reason he did not like him. It is unpleasant to distrust without knowing why. He was not one to refuse to shake hands with a man because he did not know who his grandfather was. If Mr. Heald had shown in any way that he regarded an apology as due him it would have been easier to offer it. His manner, however, put Paul on quite a different footing, — merely the footing of one whose attack had been parried. Mr. Heald seemed entirely content with that result, and careless of any further questions of honor or injustice involved. He had certainly made some very frank personal statements, but Paul did not know him any better than before. He had noticed that everybody spoke of him as "Mr. Heald." No one appeared to have got so far as "Heald," or "Reginald," as a form of address.

"Are you going back to Cedar Hill to-night?"

"Yes, right away," replied Paul, glad of the change of topic.

"I wish you would tell your cousin how badly I feel about running away so unceremoniously. I will write to-night, after I get some matters straightened out here. How did the tobogganing come off?"

"I really don't know," said Paul. "We had an accident" —

"An accident?" interrupted Mr. Heald.

Paul gave a brief account of it and of the part played by Mabel.

"The girl's nerve quite surprised us," he said.

Mr. Heald appeared uninterested and the conversation lagged.

"You must excuse me," he said, rising; "I have an appointment with Miss Temple's father for two o'clock, and it is ten minutes of that now." They shook hands, with some constraint on Paul's side, and parted. There was time enough to spare before the Westford train started, and Paul's intention to see Jack before leaving was confirmed. He wanted to tell him about Mabel, and he wondered too what Mr. Heald's business with Jack could be.

If any of the throng which caught a glimpse of Mr. Heald's face as he hurried along lower Broadway during the closing hour of the business day had known his errand they would have said he was weighing the chances of a favorable settlement. But his thoughts were not busy with the price of Argonaut shares. "Just like her, just like her," he kept saying to himself.

Unfortunately the thought of Mabel was so indissolubly connected with that of Helen that it was impossible for him to see one face—as he had seen it every hour since leaving Cedar Hill—without being confronted with the other. He could forget and ignore Helen if Mabel could. He loved Mabel the more because she could not, though he would have had no scruples whatever if she had had none. Mabel was both his desire and his stumbling-block. Yet he had no word of blame for her. She was all the dearer for her loyalty. He knew persuasion and argument would be futile with her, that she would scorn him for resorting to them. In the vain attempt to find some way out of his own folly he had thought of a direct appeal to Helen. The humiliation involved in such a confession was nothing to him, and there could be no doubt of its result. But what would Mabel think of it? Only that thought held him back. He was experiencing the new sensation of wishing to submit his every act to her judgment and approval. *She* had

scruples and a conscience, and he had more respect for them than for his own.

The boy at the outer door took his card and disappeared down the vista of iron-guarded desks into the private office. Jack looked up as his visitor entered with "Just a moment, Mr. Heald," finished a signature for which a clerk was waiting, and when the door closed wheeled round in his chair. "They told me you wished to see me," he said.

Mr. Heald took the seat beside the desk and looked steadily into the speaker's face. He had an impression that Mr. Temple did not like him. It was not a hard face, but it wore its business mask. If he had thought of it as the face of Mabel's father that thought vanished the moment it turned toward him.

"You know, of course, the reason why I wished to see you," he said.

"I suppose so," replied Jack laconically.

"I have a delivery of something like eight thousand Argonaut to make before three o'clock. They are not to be had, as you know. I want your price of settlement."

"What do *you* think they are worth, Mr. Heald?"

"The last sale was at five. I thought them worth that then."

"Well, what do you think they are worth now?"

"That is for you to say," said Mr. Heald, smiling; "I am at your mercy."

Jack's face did not respond to the invitation to relax.

"It's not a question of mercy," he replied. "I am asking you what you honestly think the shares are worth. That is the only basis on which a settlement can be made. I should prefer to take them and pay for them if you had them to deliver."

"I must admit that is quite impossible."

"Yes, I know that," said Jack. "They are in my safe."

Mr. Heald was silent. There was no doubt in his mind now that others knew the value of Argonaut as well as he did.

"It certainly is not my place to fix a price," he said at length.

"Why not?" asked Jack quietly. "I have no desire to drive a hard bargain. Until recently you owned a controlling interest in this mine. You ought to know all about it. I will make you this proposition, Mr. Heald: to settle on any figure you may name as fairly representing the value of the stock to-day."

Mr. Heald thought for a moment.

"There is no use beating about the bush, Mr. Temple" —

"I am not," interrupted Jack.

"I mean there is no use for *me* to do so," continued Mr. Heald imperturbably. "You control the stock, probably for good reasons."

"Yes, I bought it for investment. An estate in which I am interested held a small lot of it, and I sent an expert out to examine the property. I bought it for investment on the strength of his report. You probably know better than I do whether that report is trustworthy and — up to date."

"Will you name your price, then?" said Mr. Heald tersely. "I am not fond of squirming. You shall have your money to-morrow."

"I have no doubt of it whatever, Mr. Heald. I am not anxious about the money. I have the shares, which I consider the important thing. They may be worth fifty, or two hundred and fifty. A mine is an uncertain thing, as you doubtless know. But I think I have gone far enough in proposing to settle on your own figures. If you are not prepared to name them now I can wait. But I scarcely think that would be to your advantage. Or we can have a referee. Any one you name will suit me."

The wild thought of naming Mabel brought a smile to Mr. Heald's lips in spite of its absurdity. That was the

way things were settled on the stage, but not in real life.

"I prefer you should name the referee," he said, rising; "if that is agreeable to you."

"Entirely so," said Jack.

At the door Mr. Heald turned again.

"If it is a proper question I would like to ask about how many shares you hold, Mr. Temple."

"About all, Mr. Heald. I would not have made the proposition I have if there were other interests."

"Would you be disposed to sell your entire interest at any figure — for cash?"

"No. I could better afford to give you a receipt in full for the consideration of one dollar. Would you wish me to do that?"

"No, I pay my debts, Mr. Temple. The office boy may have the dollar."

There was repressed passion in his abrupt "good-afternoon," and he closed the door with a snap as abrupt as his salutation. He did not notice Paul, who was waiting his turn in the outer office, and looking neither to the right nor to the left disappeared in the corridor.

"What's up?" asked Paul, going in.

Jack, whose back was turned, and who was gazing meditatively out of the window, seemed unusually glad to see him.

"Why Paul!" he exclaimed; "what brings you down?"

"If it isn't a dead secret I should like to have you answer my question first. Your last visitor looked as if he had pretty nearly lost his temper."

"He is in bad shape, Paul, — very bad. Do you recollect my telling you I had sent out a man to look over that Argonaut property?"

"Certainly. I can imagine what he found out, too."

"No you can't," said Jack, "not if you try."

"Well, then, I won't try. I don't much care now that Dolly and Margaret are out of it."

"Margaret?" said Jack, looking up; "Margaret who?"

Paul blushed furiously.

"You have my secret if I have n't yours," he said, laughing.

Jack's face grew grave. There are circumstances under which the happiness of others makes us solemn.

"I congratulate you most heartily," he said. "Miss Frazer is a girl in a thousand. But we made a mistake in selling her Argonaut."

The statement was on the face of it so absurd that Paul's willingness to talk about Margaret was forgotten.

"What do you think the stock is worth, Paul?"

"The tape says nothing."

"Then you would n't accept a thousand shares for Miss Frazer as a gift. They give presents nowadays on engagements, don't they? You see," Jack went on, enjoying Paul's bewilderment, "this is a case where the tape lies. I have just been trying to settle on a price for that stock with Mr. Heald. We are like the girl who agreed to be married but would n't name the day. We agree that it is worth a good deal of money, but both of us are afraid to say exactly how much. I don't want to be hard on him."

Then he told the whole story.

"What are you going to do?" asked Paul when he had finished.

"Oh, I shall have to let him down easy. He played a sharp game and got caught. I don't like him, — but that's no reason. I have the mine, I don't want the pound of flesh."

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. It was n't an hour ago I was mentally congratulating Dolly on her escape. Are you going to return her thousand shares too?"

"No," said Jack, turning to his desk. "I have n't the same reason in

Mrs. Kensett's case that I have in Miss Frazer's. By the way, I have got to name a referee. Will you act?"

"Not for worlds," objected Paul energetically.

"There's got to be somebody," said Jack, who was looking out of the window again. "It is n't customary for a referee to receive instructions from the interested parties. But if I satisfy the other side, the referee ought to be satisfied too. Think it over. You can wire me to-morrow. When are you going back? Four o'clock! You have n't much time. How is Mabel?"

Paul told *his* story.

Jack listened without moving a muscle. "I am not surprised," was his only comment. "She generally gets where she starts for."

He rang the bell the moment Paul had gone.

"Make out a transfer of a thousand shares of Argonaut to Margaret Frazer and bring it to me at once," he said to the responding clerk.

He signed the transfer blank on the back of the certificate, slipping it into an envelope with some other papers.

"You know Mr. Graham who was just here?" he asked. "Well, get right on the Elevated and catch him at the Grand Central Station. He takes the four o'clock train for Westford. Be lively, or you will miss him."

When Paul opened the envelope he found with the certificate of stock Jack's card, addressed to Margaret, with "Heartiest congratulations" in pencil in the corner; a receipt in full, addressed to Mr. Heald, with which was folded a half-sheet containing this brief scrawl: —

DEAR PAUL, — If you consent to act, the inclosed will help you out in naming a price. J. T.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(To be continued.)

THE MULATTO FACTOR IN THE RACE PROBLEM.

[The author of this paper, Mr. Alfred H. Stone, of Greenville, Miss., has made valuable studies of the negro in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, and is a member of the Committee of the American Economic Association appointed to investigate the condition of the American negro. — THE EDITORS.]

It is a matter of regret that in organizing the twelfth census it was determined to attempt no separate enumeration of the mulatto element of our population, — using the term in its popular sense, as denoting all persons having any admixture of white and negro blood. It will not do to say that the failure to do this will in any wise affect the solution of our race problem, for to do so would be to regard it as admitting of a sort of blackboard treatment, — the only essentials to success being an array of statistics and their proper handling. But any one who endeavors to go beyond the superficialities of the problem — to do something more than academically consider, from his particular standpoint, its external symptoms — must feel that such data would at least be of value, whatever ideas he may entertain as to its ultimate solution.

Any consideration which fails to reckon this mulatto element as an independent factor ignores what is possibly the most important feature of the problem, and is faulty in its premises, whatever the theoretical conclusion arrived at. Yet we see this constantly done, and of the hundreds of such discussions annually engaged in, it is safe to say that scarcely one is entirely free from this blunder. There appears in them but a single "problem," and every panacea proposed — education, voting, industrial training, or what not — is made to fit the same Procrustean bed. It is a primal postulate of these discussions that the negro is an undeveloped, not an inferior, race, and to this basic error may be attributed much of the confusion which surrounds the entire subject.

We have too long been guilty of the

folly of trying to legislate the negro into a white man, and a pyramid of failures has apparently not yet convinced us of the futility of the undertaking. We have ignored the scientific truth of the ethnic differences among the human family, and have blindly disregarded the fact that the negro, in common with all other races, possesses certain persistent, ineradicable distinguishing characteristics. Foolishly attempting to evade the stubborn fact that the negro in Africa is to-day just what we know him to have been since he first appeared on that continent, we have sought in slavery an excuse for the natural and inevitable resemblance between the native and transplanted branches of the family, and have proceeded toward the American negro as though heredity could be overridden by constitutions and laws. Probably nothing has contributed more toward the persistence of this effort at creating an artificial being than the absolute elimination of the mulatto equation from all our considerations of the subject. It is this that has enabled those who have so long ignored the laws and operations of heredity to point, in proof of the correctness of their theory of race-problem treatment, to the achievements of men loosely accredited to the negro race. Unless through discussion the American people be able to reach a common ground, a century of polemical strife will accomplish no tangible good; and I know of no surer means of reaching a working agreement than by the frank acknowledgment of the mulatto factor in the race problem. I would not be guilty of complicating a situation already sufficiently complex through the introduction of a new fac-

tor; I rather hold to the hopeful belief that the consideration of one which already exists, though commonly ignored, may at least serve to simplify discussion, even though it fail to at once point a way out of existing difficulties. When we recognize the very simple and very patent fact that the intermixture of white and black races has given us a hybrid that is neither the one nor the other; when we get far enough along to separate this type from the negro masses in our efforts at determining what may be best for the latter; when the South is willing to lay at the white man's door many of the failings of this mulatto type and much of the meanness which he too frequently exhibits, and Northern opinion is sufficiently candid and honest to persist no longer in ascribing all his virtues and accomplishments to the negro, — I think we shall have made a distinct gain in race-problem discussion.

One of the greatest needs in the equipment of those who discuss the negro from a distance is a better knowledge of the real negro, and nothing would so promote this knowledge as a recognition of the fact that in crediting his race with the achievements of its mulatto element they but becloud the question. How may we reasonably hope to know what is best to be done for the negro until we first truly grasp the facts of his moral and intellectual possibilities and limitations, as well as needs? And how may we hope to do this under our present method of treating the subject? In reviewing the work of the most distinguished writer accredited to the negro race — though he has but one sixteenth negro blood in his veins — the foremost living American author has used this language: "They [referring to the mulattoes] need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung, and whose exile they share; for in many of the arts it has already shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured." This criticism develops the

very foundation of the theory upon which all such discussions are based, and which we have referred to above, — that the negro is an undeveloped, not an inferior race, — that in all essential particulars the white man and the black are by nature equally endowed. Thus is placidly ignored the truth that the negro is one of the oldest races of which we have any knowledge, and that its very failure to develop itself in its own habitat, while the Caucasian, Mongolian, and others have gone forward, is in itself sufficient proof of inferiority. Conveniently disregarding the fact of the persistence of a racial status fixed several thousand years ago, they tell us that forty years of freedom are not enough to develop "gifts which slavery apparently only obscured." The years, both of slavery and of freedom, passed by the negro on this continent constitute but an insignificant span in the life of that people; yet if we blot out the achievements of the American negro, who has passed through slavery, what has the race left to boast of? And if we but go one step farther, and from the achievements of the "American negro" obliterate all that the American mulatto has accomplished, what ground indeed would be left to those whose sentiment and sympathy have apparently rendered them so forgetful of scientific truth?

A year ago a movement was inaugurated in Congress looking to the investigation of the suffrage laws of the various states. No attempt was made to conceal the real purpose of the movement, and even though we go so far as to credit the proponent of the measure with honesty of opinion as to its necessity, what must be thought of his wisdom, and of the point of view from which he would have the so-called "investigation" made, when he himself, in the face of the facts of history and the experiences of recent years, calmly affirms that "there is no doubt that the negro is capable of unlimited development," and declares his belief in the

virtue of "participation in politics" as a means of "uplifting the race"? Yet such is our looseness of expression in discussing this question, that to challenge either the wisdom or correctness of such views is to hear, as their sole support, a recital of the achievements of "famous men of the negro race," — while, as a matter of fact, the names brought forward are merely those of well-known mulattoes, — from Murillo's favorite pupil, down to Crispus Attucks, Benjamin Banneker, Douglass, Bruce, Lynch, the late Sir Conrad Reeves, Du Bois, Washington, Chesnutt, and others. I am well acquainted with the exceptions that may be urged here, but this is a plea for greater scientific precision in laying the foundations of race-problem study and treatment, and the student of negro ethnology knows that these exceptions are more apparent than real. The traffic which furnished slaves to the Americas and the West Indies was no respecter of ethnic distinctions, and, while the great majority of those brought over were pure negroes, through it a few of the higher types of Bantu and Fulah stock found their way into foreign servitude, and with their blood have occasionally transmitted some measure of their ability. Otman dan Fodio, the poet chief of the Fulahs, was no more a negro than was Othello, — nor was Abdul Rahaman, the Moorish chief, who was a Mississippi slave in the early part of the last century. Thus it will not answer to cite such sporadic examples as the revolutionary leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the political cunning of Elliott, or the ballads of Dunbar.

Just as the crossing of the Spaniard upon the Indian has given us the mestizo of Central America and Mexico, so the blending of white and negro blood has given us a type which combines some of the racial characteristics — good and bad — of both its progenitors. But in a sane treatment of the race question this hybrid can no more be regarded as typical of the potentiality of the negro

than can Porfirio Diaz be considered an index to the "undeveloped ability" of the native Mexican Indian whose blood he has in part inherited. It would certainly seem to be the part of wisdom to frankly recognize the negro's own racial characteristics, and honestly study them, but this cannot be done so long as in our consideration of the problem of what is best to be done for him we continue to confuse the great mass of American negroes with the exceptional mulatto types, and point to the accomplishments of the latter as evidence in support of crass and preconceived notions as to the capacity of the former.

When free from white or mulatto influence the negro is of a contented, happy disposition. He is docile, tractable, and unambitious, — with but few wants, and those easily satisfied. He inclines to idleness, and though having a tendency to the commission of petty crimes is not malicious, and rarely cherishes hatred. He cares nothing for "the sacred right of suffrage," and, when left to his own inclinations, will disfranchise himself by the thousand rather than pay an annual poll-tax. He infinitely prefers the freedom and privileges of a car of his own to the restraint of one in which he would be compelled to mingle with white people. Surrounded by larger possibilities for material betterment than have ever been possessed by any land-tilling people in the world, in the peaceful enjoyment of his church and lodge, he frets not himself because of evil-doers, nor troubles about "participation in politics," nor suffers dreams of social equality to mar the peaceful tenor of his care-free mind. No truer utterance was ever made, nor one which contains more of wise and helpful suggestiveness, if but taken to heart, than the declaration of Major-General N. P. Banks, made to a Boston audience in 1864, that "*the people of the North are much more disturbed and distressed at the condition of the negro than he is himself.*" This is the real negro,

the negro of the masses, — not the artificial product of vicious advice or ill-considered philanthropy. As such, he presents few, if any, serious problems, and none which he may not himself work out, if let alone and given time. But it will be an individual rather than a race solution: the industrious will, as children, acquire a common school education, and as adults will own property; those capable of higher things will find for themselves a field for the exercise of their talents, just as they are doing to-day; the vicious and shiftless will be as are the vicious and shiftless of other races.

If we will but study the true sources of the agitation over “negro disfranchisement,” “negro cars,” the deprivation of “the negro’s rights,” etc., it will be found that in it all the negro takes but an insignificant if any part. The cry that goes up over “the lack of opportunities under which the negro labors,” and the “injustice of race distinctions,” does not proceed from the negro. It is the voice of the mulatto, or that of the white politician, that is heard. If the statutes of those states which have been charged with discriminating against the negro were not in any wise enforceable against the mulatto, I strongly suspect that America’s race problem would speedily resolve itself into exceedingly small and simple proportions.

Through the medium of race papers, and magazines, the pulpit, industrial and political gatherings and associations, the mulatto wields a tremendous influence over the negro. It is here that his importance as a factor in whatever problems may arise from the negro’s presence in this country becomes manifest, — and the working out of such problems may be advanced or retarded, just as he wisely or unwisely plays the part which fate — or Providence — has assigned him. The negro, like the white man, responds more readily to bad influences than to good, and the example and precepts of an hundred men like

Washington and Du Bois may be easily counteracted by the advice and influence of men of whom the mulatto type unfortunately furnishes too many examples. Booker Washington may in all sincerity preach the gospel of labor; he may teach his people, as a fundamental lesson, the cultivation of the friendship and esteem of the white man; he may point out the truth that for the negro the privilege of earning a dollar is of much greater importance than that of spending it at the white man’s theatre or hotel; yet all these lessons must fail of their fullest and best results so long as the negro’s mind is being constantly poisoned with the radical teachings and destructive doctrines of the mulatto of the other school.

The most prominent mulatto editor of the country is credited by the Washington Post with having declared that he was “tired of hearing about good niggers, — that what he wanted was to see bad niggers, with guns in their hands.” One of the leading race papers in the country, published at the national capital, in enumerating certain things which it would like to see occur, as being beneficial to the negro, included “the death of a few more men like Charles Dudley Warner,” and this merely because that good man and true friend of the negro had, shortly before his death, reached and expressed conclusions concerning negro higher education at variance with opinions he had formerly entertained. With Booker Washington crying from the housetops, “Peace! peace!” and the most widely read and influential of race magazines silently furnishing to the private precincts of the home and chimney corner stories revolving around themes of race prejudice, and appealing to passion and hate, together with articles which would inculcate lessons dangerous to even a stronger people, — which voice is in the end likely to prove most potent in its influence upon this childish race? The occurrence is too recent for the country

to have forgotten the shock of the horrible affair growing out of the murder of two New Orleans policemen by Robert Charles, — while the bloody affrays in Alabama and Georgia in which the negroes Henderson and Brewer, and several white men, lost their lives may be easily recalled. Yet in a recent number of this magazine is published a leading article demanding continued race agitation, and in these words glorifying these murderous criminals as martyred heroes, worthy of emulation: "We have produced a Bob Brewer in Georgia, a Robert Charles in Louisiana, and a Will Henderson in Alabama, and we have hopes of having similar exhibitions of courage in all of the Southern states." A few months since, this same magazine printed a biographical sketch of the editor whose inflammatory utterances have been quoted above, which, in speaking of his father, used this remarkable language: "Everybody in Jackson County not only knew that he was a dead shot, but that he would shoot. That is not a bad reputation for an Afro-American to have in the South even at this time." Such utterances might be indefinitely multiplied, but I have mentioned enough to illustrate the point I wish to emphasize, — the existence of a distinct mulatto factor in our race problem, and the fact that, while in some quarters its influence is being directed as wisely as may be possible, there is in it a large

and most powerful element that is wholly bad.

The varied tragedy of human life furnishes few more pathetic spectacles than that of the educated mulatto who is honestly seeking the welfare of a race with which a baleful commingling of blood has inexorably identified him, — who is striving to uplift to his own level a people between whose ideals and ambitions and capabilities and his own a great gulf has been fixed by nature's laws. Frequently inheriting from the superior race talents and aspirations the full play of which is denied him by his kinship to the inferior, — through no fault of his own he is doomed to be an anachorism in American political and social life. A generous mind should not too sweepingly condemn his occasional outbursts of bitterness, but rather wonder that they are not more frequent than they are. Just in proportion as their numbers diminish or increase, and their great influence be potential for good or for evil, will the problem of the future become the problem of the color line. But that of the present, whatever it may be adjudged to be, is still the problem of the negro. While it so remains, let us treat it as such, by considering it in its simplest terms; and in seeking the real good of the real negro let us invoke the aid of the best and wisest of that class with which he has so long, and to so little purpose, been confused.

Alfred Holt Stone.

THE BEE SERMONS.

I.

WHEN the Rev. Amos Hutchison assumed charge of the spiritual welfare of the Bethesda Methodist Church of "Honeyville," to give the place its familiar nickname, he was not long in discovering what it meant to have for

a pastorate the centre of the most famous honey producing township of the Middle States. That first May morning, as the old man walked the few hundred yards which separated the parsonage from the church, the whole upper air seemed to be a-drone with the hum of bees. In every dooryard and kitchen

garden he could make out little gray rows and clusters of hives; and Deacon Snow assured him that the farmers of his congregation had fifty colonies to the townspeople's five.

The first pastoral visits made by the Rev. Amos revealed, in a dozen different parlor albums, little treasures of red, blue, and yellow prize tickets for honey and wax shown at county and state fairs. Indeed, the tables of the "reception" sociable were themselves veritable exhibits of comb and "extracted." Yet among the exhibitors there was no first suspicion of cankerous rivalry. For it is proverbial what good nature, optimism, large-heartedness, and philosophy distinguish all the tribe of beemen; or, if it is not proverbial, it surely ought to be. Certainly among the beekeepers of Honeyville there was such harmony in mutual good works as only the bees themselves could have taught. And every day the Rev. Amos realized more fully into what an atmosphere of honeyed amity kindly fortune had sent him.

Finally when H. C. Stevenson, owner of the six hundred colonies of "The Apiaries," following his custom with each new Honeyville pastor, formally presented him with two choice hives of "Italians," old Mr. Hutchison felt that truly he had been initiated into the happiest and most generous freemasonry in the world. And his reverend fore-runner, Langstroth, sainted in the bee-man's calendar, took to his famous swarms little more ardently than did the Rev. Amos.

For whole afternoons he would sit before them in marveling contemplation. He peered into them at night by the hour, often too without first subduing them with the smoker, — for the old man had not an ounce of fear in him. And his bookish training set him to looking up the amazing insects in his library. The "B" volume of his encyclopædia was never closed, and he borrowed a double armful of volumes from Stevenson.

At every meal he had some new wonder of the hive to unfold to his spinster daughter Deborah, who blinked sourly through her glasses and paid no attention to him, — or oftener to Hannah Ann, the girl. As for *her* she hearkened to him open-mouthed, as well she might; for not a few of the Rev. Amos's wonders arose from his having in his zeal mightily misread his authorities; whereupon, he would go to her again next day, and while her pies burned or her irons grew cold he would satisfy his accusing conscience by minutely and circumstantially retracting it all.

Yet such small humiliations and setbacks could curb his enthusiasm but little. Indeed, it grew and grew, until by the end of the first week he was reading bee literature till midnight, and then getting up before sunrise to see the spies of his hives setting forth for the day's blossom survey. And it culminated, like all his enthusiasms, in his feeling an absolute compulsion to make a sermon, nay a series of sermons, of it. The manuscript volume of dog-eared discourses he had brought with him could very well stand over. He hated anything that smacked of the sensational, but here was a chance to speak to his flock from their immediate interests and experiences. And it would spring from him spontaneously, full of the breath of life. On the second Sunday morning of his ministrations he announced his intention; it was received with the most evident and general approval. He promised the first of the "Bee Sermons" by the first Sabbath in June. Monday afternoon he began work upon the *magnum opus*; and the labor would have been an altogether happy one, — but for his neighbor, Cyrus F. Gallinger.

In Honeyville Gallinger possessed two characters. He was the cleverest country lawyer in the township, for which he was held in an admiration which if it was what one might call "impersonal" was none the less intense;

and he was the village unbeliever, for which his admirers with much social prudence held very carefully aloof from him. He was a man of fifty. And old Mrs. Cruikshank, who for twenty years of that half century had been his house-keeper, was wont weakly to protest that he had a good, kind heart, and that it was only his head that had gone wrong. But Honeyville did not need to be told how obviously biased were such sentiments; and indeed Mrs. Cruikshank might well make the best she could of him, if only to cover her own very dubious conduct in working for him. As for the real truth about Gallinger, he was — both in himself and in what the attitude of the village had made him — a distinctly unlovable man. For he was crusty, contentious, razor-tongued, inordinately suspicious, and of a vengeance almost satanic; when he found himself in a position to repay injury or insult, he reveled in it. In other things he was a Stoic; in “getting even,” a very Epicurean. And all ministers of the Gospel he hated as if he had been Lucifer himself.

Now fate and a thoughtless exchange of Honeyville real estate had so brought it that the parsonage study windows looked down upon Gallinger’s back garden and his ten hives of Italians (for, whatever he might *not* have faith in, he shared the village belief in bees), and thus, perforce spending much of his time under the very pastoral watch-tower as it were, he had been a soreness in the eyes of the spiritual guardians of the Bethesda congregation almost from the beginning. When old Mr. Hutchison’s predecessor had handed over his flock to him, he had given him bitterly to know that in Honeyville there was one individual ingredient which had the power to turn all the sweets of that mellifluous pastorate to vinegar and gall.

Yet during those first weeks in May there had been no collision between Gallinger and the new minister. When “Cyrus F.,” as he was familiarly known,

was not in his office farther down the street, — and he spent all his mornings there, — he was hidden in his little back-shed shop, busy at such anticipatory carpentering as all growing beeyards are, throughout the spring and summer, constantly demanding. And day after day, as the old clergyman sat ardently piling up and arranging his material for that bee series masterpiece, it seemed to him that Gallinger’s Italians, their hives in a row almost beneath his window and a-hum like so many little factories, were a sort of ever present inspiration. With the sweet incense of warm, honey-filled wax came up to him a cloud of new thoughts, fancies, images. His brain was aglow as he had not felt it for twenty years, and his heart swelled full of love for all mankind. Then on Monday afternoon of the second week Gallinger emerged from his carpenter-shop and began to do outside work on his colonies, — and in that hour trouble commenced.

Strangely enough, too, it was the Rev. Mr. Hutchison who was, however innocently and unwittingly, the first causer of it. For in the full tide and fervor of sermon-making it was his wont, unconsciously, to let his inward arguments and declamations gradually find outward and audible voice; first it would be in whisperings and mutterings, and then — while he would begin to pace with waving arms up and down his study — his tones would grow louder and louder, till they were of a true pulpit pitch and strength. And thus it was with his labors of that afternoon. The astounded Cyrus F. suddenly began to find himself verily haled to church and preached at in his own back garden! Consumed with rage, he stood it for a splenetic half-hour. Then he proceeded to get back with merciless unction.

But Gallinger had not become a successful lawyer by chance; he was a man whose anger, however fiercely within him it might be blazing, found expression only in a kind of diabolically caustic

coolness. Since the Rev. Amos had chosen to sermonize him in that miserably skulking fashion that pretends to be impersonal he would reply in kind, and he would do it by a method which he had found was of exquisite power to torture the last occupant of the parsonage. Forthwith he began to let fall, solely for the edification of his bees he could have protested, a succession of rancorously heterodox observations, which if altogether general in nature were only too particular in application. The sermon-making came to a gasping full stop!

Then Gallinger, as he went with new "supers" from hive to hive, passed, too, by easy stages from his own impious reflections to citations and quotations from that famous, and more or less infamous, French school of unbelievers of the eighteenth century. He remembered that the effect they had had on Mr. Hutchison's predecessor left nothing to be desired.

The Rev. Amos sat listening in semi-stupefaction. He was as wholly oblivious of having given any provocation for Gallinger's remarks as he was wholly certain they were meant for him. The thing was incredible, — it was so absolutely uninvited, — malice going out of its way to be malignant! It made him sick for his race. But at last he pulled himself together, and with a final indignant shake of his heavy white mane, went down into his garden to re-sweeten his mind among his bees.

He willed to ignore and forget the incident. And Tuesday afternoon, when he had been at his desk for ten minutes, he *had* all but forgotten it. Once more his work enwrapped him. Once more the first half-hour found him striding his study's length and bursting forth in fervid homily. And once more Gallinger was his ferocious audience of one! If the day before Cyrus F. had had for a possible moment any saving doubt that he was being preached at, he had none now. And with a venom more

burning than the barbed stings of his Italians, he began to impart to them fragments of opinion which in another age would have sent him to the stake and fagot on the next public holiday.

Again the venerable Amos stopped short. For a moment the impulse to thrust forth his head and give free blaze to his wrath and scorn was almost ungovernable. But this was a foolish impulse and he conquered it. Patience and forbearance had kept him in optimism for sixty years. And if Gallinger was roweling him with all his impish malevolence, the Rev. Amos was, in his charity, a very pachyderm; the lawyer's goadings were mere pin-pricks, too small to cry out upon. Yet the old minister still had in him the fires of the controversialist. For every feeble, miserable slander, he had at his tongue's end the crushing refutation, verse and chapter. He felt that in an hour's debate he could so confound this blasphemous neighbor that it would be a twelve-month before he could raise his head. But again he was wise, and restraining himself, a second time went forth to renew his serenity at his hives.

Yet the following afternoon Gallinger, all the spite in him thoroughly aroused, began his hateful monologue as soon as he heard the old minister taking his place at his desk. And he continued it the next day and the next. Mr. Hutchison bit his lips together, and made a trial of working in his daughter's room, and then in the front parlor. But he had constantly to go back and forth for books. And his desk and chair had become a part of his writing habit; he seemed not to be able to work away from them. And the latticed end of the veranda proved even worse, for he was not used to working in the open air.

From the beginning of his ministry he had made it his custom to give his mornings to his pastoral calls and general labors, and to change the order of a lifetime was not easy. Yet he resolved to do it. He held himself at his

desk as best he could during those forenoon hours which kept the lawyer in his office; and he was sometimes able to get in a half afternoon at his series in addition. But almost invariably if he grew absorbed enough to do work worth the doing; it would end in his arousing Gallinger afresh.

And now the old man could no longer listen to him in leonine contempt. It was almost a generation since he had known anger, but now he began to be taken by gusts and fits of rage. If Cyrus F., his own nerves growing every day more "rawed" and ragged, now alluded to his neighbor only as "that shouting old fool next door," the Rev. Amos found himself fiercely resolving that once he had finished his bee series, he would follow it with another which would compel either himself or Gallinger to leave the village. Indeed, to such a state of mind had he come that no longer was he even able to draw a soothing philosophy from his bees. He could not look at them, he could not *think* of them, without seeing Cyrus F. walking up and down before *his* colonies, filling them with shameless lies, tergiversations, blasphemies!

But as for the bees themselves, in the midst of war they were in peace. The Hutchison Italians and the Gallinger Italians together saluted the same glorious May dawns. They spread themselves in joyous fellowship over that wide land of milk and honey, with its great fields of white clover and its orchards cloudy pink with bloom. To them the world was wholly good, was inexhaustibly bounteous. They bowed their heads together over the same blossoms in kindred blissful ecstasies. They stopped on petal edges for tremulous seconds of exulting felicitations. And side by side they winged in drowsy thankfulness homeward through the perfumed dusk. Of sermons written in bitterness and listened to in fury they took no heed, they had no care.

But ten days before the first of those

tortured sermons was due Gallinger was suddenly called away. Hannah Ann had been forbidden to have any communications with Mrs. Cruikshank by Miss Deborah, who was careful of her father's reputation even to the distant and outlying skirts of it. But when wash is being hung out in neighboring back yards, there are established two wireless-telegraph stations which must communicate by the inevitable laws of nature itself. And thus the Rev. Mr. Hutchison learned that night that the lawyer had gone to Chicago on business, and would be absent for a week or more!

With a heart full of infinite relief the old man resumed his place at his study window. Once more Gallinger's bees stood to him only for inspiration. For hours from desk to bookcase and from bookcase back to desk he strode again in ardent declamation, and there was none to interrupt him. The series rose again phoenix-like. It was strong with eloquence and grace. He had come to Honeyville pitifully aware that many had thought him too old for the service. He would show them — to the greater glory of the service, he would show them — if power were not still in him!

Gallinger, not expected until Saturday, came back Thursday morning. But the last three days of the week were dark and rainy, and he was kept indoors. Old Mr. Hutchison, on the eve of the day which called for the first of them, saw his hard-wrought, but surpassing bee sermons in full completion.

II.

The story of that first bee sermon is soon told. Indeed it shall not here be told at all. After the three days of cloud and downpour, Sunday morning opened fair and hot; and by ten o'clock that thing was beginning to happen which almost any one in the Bethesda congregation could have told their

pastor would assuredly happen! For not only was it the Seventh Day, which for the last thousand years bees seem sacrilegiously to have set aside for their most riotously public celebrations, but, much more than that, it was the first fine morning since Wednesday, and this in swarming week! By church time, all over the village and throughout the country for leagues around, there was let loose such a pent-up, hundred-fold bacchanalia of emptied hives from half the bee-yards of the township as drowned all sound of church bells, and, for half the Bethesdans, completely precluded all thoughts of attending the morning service.

The Rev. Amos still kept his good old-fashioned notions as to a proper Sabbath deportment, and on the way from the parsonage to the vestry looked neither to the right nor to the left; *had* he done so, he might not have found himself gazing down from his pulpit upon a miserable expanse of half-empty benches, with no explanation whatever to salve his sorely injured feelings. His first bee sermon seemed likely to be most of all memorable for the number of bee-keeping Methodists who did not hear it. The Judsons were all away. Of the Tupperts, only the ten year old twins were in evidence. Not a McPherson had been able to come. Of the stout tribe of Harpers, the old grandmother and the little girls alone made their appearance. Indeed, one might have gone through the list of pews as Homer went through the heroic catalogue of Trojan ships, — only instead of telling who were in them, telling who were not.

But it was not long until Deacon Snow, firm in his accustomed place by the pile of collection plates in the front seat, marked the old man's trouble; and rising solemnly, he tiptoed up the pulpit stairs and whispered to him. In a moment the woeful knot on the face of the Rev. Amos relaxed into an expanding beam of relief and comprehension. And when he arose to make the an-

nouncements, he announced for his own part that "owing to the reprehensible conduct of the bees themselves, and the consequent absence of so many of the congregation, the first of the bee sermons would be postponed until the Sunday following." Then, with a perceptible, underlying anxiety, — for he could not think of all those scores of colonies that must everywhere be so anarchically misconducting themselves without certain worrying reflections of his own, — he began an old discourse upon the Prodigal Son.

He was just about to add his "lastly," when, framed in the open porch door, he caught sight of the wildly fluttered face of Hannah Ann! She ducked back, but a minute later showed herself again, — disappeared, — reappeared, — disappeared. She was not one of those who found it easy to profane the sanctuary. She did it indeed in fiery-visaged misery. But it was plain, too, that she was under the wretched necessity of continuing to do it until she had called forth her reverend master.

Mr. Hutchison stopped. He realized what had happened with quaking certainty, yet he yielded to the temptation to put it off on some unknown and greater trouble. "I, I fear there is immediate need of me at the parsonage," he gasped. Miss Deborah's mouth fell open with amazement. "Brother Snow, will you be so very good as to bring the service to a close for me? I regret — I regret exceedingly — if at all possible I shall return at once. I — I" —

Two minutes later he was breathlessly entering his back garden. The air was thick, vibrant, and singing with bees. One of his own colonies and one of Gallinger's had left the hive almost at the same moment. The former swarm had swayed uncertainly out of bounds as it rose, and the two whirling vortices of intoxicated Italians had spun inextricably together. A dwarf Astrakhan stood just inside the lawyer's fence. And now they were settling upon a lower

branch of it in one great, teeming, brown garland, like some instant and monstrous growth of Spanish moss.

Gallinger, too, had been away, taking his Sunday morning tramp down along the river; and Mrs. Cruikshank had rushed after him in a trepidation hardly less than that of Hannah Ann. She met him returning, and he arrived on the scene only a few seconds behind Mr. Hutchison. For minute after minute the latter stood, with ears deadened by that apian hurricane, gaping in blank hopelessness over the fence at the amazingly festooned Astrakhan. And when he lowered his eyes he found them looking into the lawyer's astonished but still sardonic countenance.

In the Rev. Amos it was as much an instinct to be unselfish as to be selfish would have been in the majority of mankind. "They're yours, sir," he cried, forlornly desperate, — "they're all yours! I don't dispute your right in the slightest!"

"*Mine! Mine for why?*" — such childlike simplicity and such uncalled-for generosity were alike new things to Cyrus F.; and, in spite of himself, no little of the crabbedness went from that testy, cross-examining voice of his. "Both swarms are there. I'll take my own, but I don't want yours. It's only a matter of separating them. Come in and help, — or, if you don't want to, I can do it alone."

"Only a matter of separating them!" The old man hurried around by the front way, and entered Gallinger's bee-yard dazedly wiping his temples. The lawyer's high, thick, locust hedge hid them from the street.

"Huh!" grunted Cyrus F., stooped over the swarming sheet he was spreading under the great, crawling "pear" of bees, — "huh! So you're anxious to give away an A 1 swarm of Italians, are you?" But his crustiness might now almost have been called good-natured. He twisted about, and peered up darkly through the black silk "muf-

fle" which dropped from hat brim to shoulders. "Why, where are your gloves and veil?"

"I — I did think of them, but it's — it's the Sabbath, and it seemed too much like deliberately making ready for a morning's work. If" —

"But, my Lord, you don't exactly hunger and thirst to be stung, do you?"

"No," said the old man, flushing. "No, I don't. But I'd rather feel right with myself than not be." The bees were about him in hundreds; it was a wonder he had not been already attacked.

The lawyer shut his lips tight, but it was with the kind of hopeless exasperation which is ready to burst into a laugh. What was stranger than that, the Rev. Amos had just given utterance to a sentiment which should have been a red rag to him, and he found himself liking him for it! "All right," he growled, — "but I don't just see how you're going to be able to help me much without them."

That gave old Mr. Hutchison pause. "Then, then I shall put them on," he said, "for a man's neighbor-duty comes before the Sabbath."

And this unexpected article of faith, too, had its own effect on Gallinger. Moreover, he had won his point. "Mrs. Cruikshank," he shouted ferociously, "when you're ready with that smoker, bring out my other veil and gloves for Mr. Hutchison."

Then he hurried across the yard and into his carpenter-shop. When he came back again, bearing a new hive under each arm, the minister was in his bee clothes.

Gallinger set the clean little gray houses corner to corner at right angles on the end of the sheet. "You'll have to take one of my hives," he said; he was not used to giving, and his awkwardness betrayed itself in a reddening return to crustiness. "It's a home-made article, but if it suits you, you're welcome to keep it."

The Rev. Amos was deprecating in a minute.

"Well, you'll have to take it for the present, anyway; and I think you'd better take it for good. I suppose your 'neighbor-duty' idea can work both ways, can't it?" Then a sudden, gall-ing suspicion came to him. "But per-haps," — and all the old scornful vi-ciousness came back into his voice, — "perhaps you'd consider it polluted, contaminated, infected, eh? eh?"

"Why, sir! Mr. Gallinger!" The old minister's flaming tones were proof enough of his sincerity. "What right have you to think me such a bigot? Such a thought never for one mo-ment" —

"All right, all right, all right! I apologize. Now let's get to work."

The all-surrounding, rip-saw whiz-zing of the myriads of rampant Ital-ians had gradually died down. For, thousand after thousand, they were add-ing themselves to the huge, fermenting mother-core. And it hung there with the slumberous hum of some gigantic, sleeping top.

Gallinger caught the smoker from Mrs. Cruikshank, and now on this side, now on that, began to pour into the swarm the cedar-bark bee chloroform. And he did it with such methodical thor-oughness that it gave him time to talk. "You know," he ran on morosely, "we should n't have let this thing happen at all. It's well enough for the villagers to go on allowing their hives to split up as the whim takes them, — indeed it's only in the last few years that they've got away from 'bee gums,' and sulphur massacres by way of 'extracting' in the fall. Controlled swarming is a century ahead of them yet." He had a smudge going now like a spring rubbish-burn-ing. "What system did Stevenson give you?"

"What system? Why, really, I don't think I understand. Do you mean to say that you can make your bees swarm when you please?"

"Well, if I can't exactly do that, I can keep them from swarming when I *don't* please. So can any scientific bee-man. I wonder Stevenson did n't think to explain the thing to you. Better let me show you to-morrow. It'll save you a lot of trouble. If I'd looked through my hives half carefully before I went to Chicago this bunch here would have been only half as big. But I reckon it's about ripe for hiving, now." He abruptly handed the smoker over to the old minister. "Just keep that trained on them."

Nimble catching up his swarming basket, he lifted it in the hollow of his left arm till the bottom of it was just beneath the tip of the huge brown clus-ter, and with his right hand took firm hold of the burdened branch. Then, with a sudden, powerful, downward jerk, he dropped the whole double swarm into the awaiting hamper, and as swiftly and surely lowered it to the ground.

The Rev. Amos, his hands shaking with an old man's nervous haste, in-stantly turned the stupefying smudge into it. But a legion of raging Ital-ians poured out of it in a delirious cloud. It seemed to him that the bas-ket was a crucible, full of some new kind of fused and molten metal. And now Gallinger with absolute steadiness of hands tilted the crucible and emp-tied its contents upon the swarming sheet!

From the seething central mound the hundred thousand bees flowed savagely out in all directions. Before the smoke could once more get the upper hand there had spun up a rabid dust-storm of them. About the heads of the two men it was a very typhoon. The whole garden was dun and swirling with the fierce, living spindrift. The clouded glare of the midday sun seemed only the heat from that burning frenzy. Yet, even so, the number on the canvas seemed in no wise diminished. And old Mr. Hutchison, half blinded, and with face a-steam un-der the stifling veil, kept the bellows

going like the piston of a record-breaking locomotive. As for Cyrus F., he was rapidly running his eyes back and forth over the sheet, and his breath came short in his smothered excitement. "If we can only find both queens, now," he said; and flinging off his gloves, he thrust both hands into the brothy, amber mat, and began to ferret and dig and plough through it, as if it had been so much warm sand!

If it had really been the molten metal the Rev. Amos had fancied it, he could not have been more astoundedly impressed. "God bless me!" he gasped, and turned pale. Then, grasped inexorably by his flint-hearted sense of duty, he mercilessly forced himself to follow. Pulling off his own gloves, with set teeth he let himself down beside the lawyer.

"Why — why," — the latter went into a raspy sputter, — "my heavens! I was n't asking *you* to do this. You're not *used* to them. You'll be" —

"Father! *Father!*" The agonized shrieking, subdued to a Sabbath Day pitch, but none the less horrified for that, came from Miss Deborah. She had that moment returned from church and mounted a chair by the parsonage fence. "Father, what are you thinking of? You'll be stung to death! Come away this minute! I should think, Mr. Gallinger, *you'd* make him come! Mrs. Cruikshank, you *pull* him away! And" — (as bitterly as tearfully) — "you're setting a nice example for Sunday, I must say, or for any other day, either!"

The Rev. Mr. Hutchison straightened his back with a dignity that was full of wrath. "Daughter," he said, "daughter, go into the house. I may not be of much assistance to Mr. Gallinger, but I can at least show him that I appreciate kindness. It has been my loss not to have known such a neighbor before. He has done for me what few would do." And the Rev. Amos indignantly stooped again by Cyrus F.

Upon the latter his tribute had fallen with an effect of outward shame and in-

ward glow. But he had little time for his emotions. For he had barely laid down the smoker with which, through the short family controversy, he had been busily "re-seasoning" the neglected bees than his eyes fell upon the first of the queens. Instantly and deftly he scooped the slender royal dame into his palm, "balled" her about protectingly with a handful of her subject-workers, and deposited them with all gentleness on the entrance board of one of the empty hives. For one moment of suspicion she hesitated, then started in. And the workers followed fast after her. Gallinger swiftly swept another handful along the sheet behind them, then another and another.

Had Cyrus F. been less intent upon the establishment of his "current" he would have seen the old man beside him wince and suck in his breath again and again; for bees are woefully quick to recognize and resent the touch of the novice. But the Rev. Amos was not made of the stuff that falters, and though all the fires of the Inferno seemed to be roasting his hands from wrists to fingertips, he continued to rake and run them through the twisting, writhing swarm. And in five minutes more he had his reward; he found the second queen.

Gallinger pounced upon her in triumph, and on the moment caught sight of the old man's hands. "Why, good Lord! — Mrs. Cruikshank! No, *you* go in to *her*! She'll ease the worst of it with ammonia. No, — *go on!* Our job's all but done." He almost pushed him in.

As he went again to start the current into the second hive, he muttered, "The old boy must have learned his letters from Fox's Book of Martyrs! It beats me!"

When Mr. Hutchison issued from the Gallinger kitchen fifteen minutes later his neighbor was just reëntering the bee-yard. Hanging from his arm was a second swarming sheet, and one of the new hives had gone from the

first. "I thought I'd better set it up for you," he said; "and now if you care to drop in on me to-morrow night I'll show you how to avoid any further trouble."

"I shall, — I shall most gladly," and the Rev. Amos reached with a rush of eagerness for the lawyer's hand. His own aching fingers were shot through with pains at Gallinger's grip, as if from hot water after frost bite, but his heart was rejoicing in him.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchison spent Monday evening with Cyrus F. Gallinger, and he stayed late. For of bees the old minister still had much to learn; and, as they opened hive after hive together in the dusk by the lawyer's lantern, the latter taught him. Moreover, not only were many mysterious secret places of the hive made plain, but in the after frankness there was cleared up a certain matter of troubled and troublesome week-day discourses, — which the Rev. Amos heard of with amazement, and most contritely promised he should do no more offending in the future; and a slight mutual adjustment of bee and sermon hours was a guaranteeing supplement to his promise.

On Tuesday evening Gallinger called upon the Rev. Amos, and from the latter's first two hives all unnecessary queen-cells were removed. And, since all bee-keepers are brothers, — whether they learn it late or soon, — when long after eleven they said good-by, a num-

ber of other things had been removed as well.

They saw each other again Friday, and Mrs. Cruikshank, in her room above the kitchen, heard the last of their conversation that night. She had been with Cyrus F. for half his life, and what she heard him saying galvanized her to a sitting posture in one jerk. "And why should I not, pray?" he was arguing with his familiar fierce pugnacity. "It seems to me that in attempting to dissuade me from going to church you're not exactly in character, sir. No, sir, you've listened to me; now I'm going to give myself the pleasure of listening to you. 'I'm in a better position to preach bee sermons than you are?' Nonsense, fiddlesticks! I've dealt with nothing but the science, the dry-bones of the matter. I've ignored everything else, — like a bigot; for I tell you there's as much bigotry in science as there is in — in religion. No, sir, I'm for truth and light, sir, — all I can get of it, — and I'm going to hear your series if I turn the whole village upside down over it!"

Thus it was that next Sunday morning there sat in a far corner of the Honeyville Methodist Church Cyrus F. Gallinger, — at whom the congregation gaped! But the Rev. Mr. Hutchison, though there was within him a certain nervousness which only Cyrus F. himself could have understood, preached that first sermon of the famous series, beaming upon him!

Arthur E. McFarlane.

THE ST. LOUIS CONGRESS OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Universal Exposition at St. Louis constitutes, in the expansion of the grounds, in the plans of the buildings, in the stage of the preparation, in the eagerness of all countries to participate, and, above all, in the inner scope

of the undertaking, a gigantic work of immeasurable value for the Southwest and of high importance for national and international progress. In the face of this broad development it was a most natural wish that where commerce and

industry, art and education, the products of all lands and callings, are exhibited, the work of the scientist should come also to a full presentation. To be sure, just as modern art will reign over every hall and beautify every corner in the mimic city, so science will penetrate the educational and hygienic exhibitions, will swing the wheels in the industrial halls, and will show its inventions under every roof. And yet, just as art demands its own unfolding in the gallery of paintings and sculptures, so science seeks to concentrate all its energies on one spot, and show the cross-section of human knowledge in our days. That, however, cannot be done for the eyes. The great work which grows day by day in quiet libraries and laboratories, and on a thousand university platforms, can be exhibited only by words. Every visible expression, like that of heaped-up printed volumes, would be dead to the World's Fair spectator. How to make such words living, how to make them helpful to the thinkers and scholars themselves, and, at the same time, to human progress,— this was the problem which burdened the responsible authorities of the Exposition.

The official history of the steps which followed is easily told. The directors of the Exposition appointed an Administrative Board to supervise the arrangements for a representative gathering of scholars. The chairman of that board is the president of Columbia University, Nicholas Murray Butler; Boston is represented by the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Henry S. Pritchett; Washington, by the librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam; Chicago, by the president of the University of Chicago, William R. Harper; the welcoming state of Missouri, by the president of its State University, Richard H. Jesse; the legal aspect is represented by Frederick William Holls, the member of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague; and the World's Fair itself, by F. J. V. Skiff,

director of the exhibits. Finally Mr. Howard J. Rogers, as chief of the department of education, took charge of the technical supervision of all the congresses held in connection with the World's Fair. The Administrative Board, immediately after its organization, appointed a scientific board of scholars to work as the Committee on Plan and Scope. Of this America's most famous scientist, Professor Simon Newcomb of Washington, was chairman. In this committee Newcomb himself represented the exact sciences; W. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, medicine; George F. Moore of Harvard, theology; Albion Small of Chicago, the social sciences; John B. Moore of Columbia, jurisprudence; Elihu Thompson, the technical sciences; and the writer, the philosophical sciences. This committee met several times in New York, discussed several plans, and finally accepted one, recommended it to the Administrative Board, and then stepped out of existence. The Administrative Board approved the plan and recommended its realization to the directors of the World's Fair. The decisive step quickly followed. The World's Fair authorities accepted the plan, voted the necessary large sum of money, appointed Professor Newcomb as president, Professor Small and myself as vice presidents of the whole congress, and made us at the same time an organizing committee with power to prepare the whole undertaking, with the technical supervision of the Administrative Board. Since that time — that is, since February — the organizing committee has been steadily at work; and while its work must still be for a time a quiet one, it may lie not outside of the line of this work if one of its members steps up to the honored platform in Park Street and tells a wider circle what those plans are, and why they ask for interest and favor.

The whole plan has been controlled by one single definite purpose, and this pur-

pose itself has been marked out by the convergence of many reasons. I might approach the point best if I quote extensively at first from a letter which I wrote last fall, in reply to a private inquiry, to the World's Fair authorities, long before the official congress boards were appointed. I said there: —

"The traditional scheme of World's Fair congresses consists in a long list of unconnected meetings with a long programme of unconnected papers. I realize fully that such a routine scheme offers to the management the fewest possible difficulties: it needs hardly any preparation. But already at the last Paris Exposition, there was a general feeling that such an arrangement was on the whole useless, without any important value for science, and without any reason for being. And while the city of Paris, with its large body of scholars of first rank and its old traditions, and especially its convenient location, prevented the internal shortcomings of the congresses from being manifest, nothing of that kind holds for St. Louis. No scholar would feel attracted by a repetition of such meetings there; every one would feel that a World's Fair was the worst possible place for such an undertaking, and that there was no reason to do in St. Louis what each science is doing much more comfortably every year in quiet places of its own selection. In the meantime the aversion to international congresses, with their confusion of languages, has grown on all sides. On the other hand, the idea of overcoming this aversion of Europeans by paying them richly for coming would be most dangerous to the reputation of scholarly life in America. Real scholars are not used to being paid for attending the usual congresses and for reading papers in them. The Europeans would interpret such offers as a symptom of American inability to prepare good papers, and they would thus come in a missionary spirit; they would come to speak down to Americans, and the result

would be a serious blow to the reputation of American intellectual life. Add to this all the growing feeling of a surfeit of over-specialization in the sciences of to-day, a feeling which would be forced on every one who should see such a list of a hundred congresses no one of which knows what its neighbors are doing; the American nation, with its instinctive desire for organization and unity in work, would especially dislike such disconnection.

"In my opinion, the St. Louis plan can be a success only if a way is found to do in every one of these respects exactly the opposite thing. Instead of heaping up once more the scattered specialistic researches, we must strive toward unity of thought; instead of artificially creating the missionary spirit in Europe, we must secure a plan of complete coöperation among the scholars of the world; and instead of arranging the usual programme with its traditional lack of purpose and lack of relation to the occasion, we must create something which has a clear, definite, and new purpose, something which has a mission, and which can fulfill its mission only by calling together the whole world.

"All these demands can be fulfilled by one change: instead of a hundred unconnected congresses, let us have *one* congress, — one congress with a hundred sections, to be sure, but one congress; and let us give to this one congress the definite purpose of working toward the unity of human knowledge. Let us give to it the mission, in this time of scattered specialized work, of bringing to the consciousness of the world the too much neglected idea of the unity of truth. Let the rush of the world's work stop for one moment for us to consider what are the underlying principles, what are their relations to one another and to the whole, what are their values and purposes; in short, let us for once give to the world's sciences a holiday. The workaday functions are much better fulfilled in separation, when each

science meets at its own place and time, or still better, when each scholar works in his own library or in his laboratory; but this holiday task to bring out the underlying unity, this synthetic work, — this demands really the coöperation of all, this demands that once at least all sciences come together in one place, at one time. Such an achievement and its printed record would make an epoch for our time, and would be welcomed by the best scholars of the whole world, making it a duty for them to do their share.

“The necessary condition would be a plan in which every possible striving for truth, every theoretical and practical science would find its exact place; as a matter of course, such a plan would have no similarity with chance combinations of the university catalogue. It must be really a plan which brings the inner relations of all branches of knowledge to light. The very existence of such a ground plan which would give to every section its definite position in the whole system would bring the unity of knowledge strongly to consciousness. Then a programme would have to be worked out for each of these sections, in which the chief papers would deal with the relations of each section to its neighbors and with its leading problems; then programmes for groups of sections, for departments, to consider their common fundamental methods and problems; then such for groups of departments, for divisions, till finally crowned by a reunion of all the divisions. The papers would thus form a network of intellectual relations in which every subject would be interrelated with every other.

“All this can be done only by the first men of the sciences, by men who have a view beyond the narrow limits of their special problems, and who have the authority to express the principles, to lay down the methods, to judge fairly of the fundamental problems of their sciences. But it will be easy to get the

assistance of first-class men of all nations for such an end, because the scholars who are tired of the routine congresses, the papers of which do not offer more than any magazine issue, will be ready to work for such an unique undertaking, with an original and important task. And this scheme would also allow of attracting the Europeans over the ocean by a fair honorarium, because — while it would be unbecoming to pay for attendance on a regular congress where they would talk on their own special researches — it would be quite correct to offer full compensation if the speaker were invited to prepare a definite piece of work in the service of a complete plan; Europeans and Americans would in this case stand on the same level, receiving the same honorarium for the papers and differing sums merely for traveling expenses. If thus some hundred leading Europeans and some hundred leading Americans took part, there is no doubt that many hundred less known men would come over the ocean to the congress without any compensation, and that thousands of Americans would join. On the other hand, those interrelated addresses printed with a short abstract of the discussions would be a gigantic monument of the intellectual work of the St. Louis Exposition; it would be a lasting work which no private association could perform. The libraries of our specialistic work to-day form one big encyclopædia where one thing stands beside the other. This record would become at last a real system; the whole would be a real ‘Congress of the United Sciences.’ Such a congress might meet in the second half of September, thus being completed before our universities opened. It would be easy to arrange for hospitality in connection with a visit to Chicago, Niagara, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, for the foreign guests, giving them a chance to see in October the large universities at work, and allowing them to reach home at the

end of October, when the European universities open."

Enough of my letter, which was quickly followed by the administrative development that I have sketched step by step, and now, since the whole machinery of boards and committees has worked through a season, the tentative idea has grown into a full-fledged plan, the classifications are completed, the programmes of the meetings are worked out, the honorary list of speakers is sketched, the coöperation of all countries is invited, and it can be foreseen that before the year comes to an end many hundred scholars all over the world will be at work in their libraries to prepare their part in an undertaking which seemed a vague dream so few months ago. We may consider at first the internal plan, the classification of human knowledge, the principles of grouping and differentiating the sciences; and then the external plan, the technique of the congress, the outer devices for the realization of unity within the chaos. And finally, a word of the obstacles and difficulties, of our fears, which are not small, and of our hopes, which are greater.

We have divided human knowledge into two parts; into seven divisions; into twenty-five departments; into one hundred and thirty sections, with the possibility of an unlimited number of sub-sections; and the preliminary list of the sections has come in printed form, probably, already into many a scholar's hand. But such a mere list is not an argument for its principles of classification. An alphabetical programme which runs from Anthropology to Zoölogy may have no smaller number of parts. The real interest lies in the logic of the arrangement. The logical problem how to bring order into the wilderness of scientific efforts has fascinated the philosophers from Aristotle and Bacon to Comte and Spencer. The way in which a special time groups its efforts toward truth becomes therefore also a most sig-

nificant expression of the deeper energies of its civilization, and not the least claim which our coming congress will make is that the programme of its work stands out as a realization of principles which characterize the deepest strivings and the inmost energies of our own time as over against the popular classifications of the nineteenth century.

The positivism which controlled human thought at the height of the naturalistic thinking of the nineteenth century settled the problems in a simple manner. All mental and moral sciences, history and philology, jurisprudence and theology, ethics and æsthetics, economics and politics, deal clearly with human phenomena, with functions of men; but man is a living organism, biology is the science of living organisms: all those branches of knowledge, from history to ethics, from jurisprudence to æsthetics, are thus ramifications of biology. The living organism, on the other hand, is merely one type of physical bodies on earth, and the science of these physical bodies is physics. Biology is thus itself merely a department of physics. But the earthly bodies are merely a part of the cosmic totality; the science of the universe is astronomy; physics is thus merely a part of astronomy. And the whole universe is controlled by mathematical laws; astronomy is thus again subordinated to mathematics. This Comtian speculation was a conscious or subconscious fundamental thought for the anti-philosophic period that lies behind us.

Then came a time which knew better, and which overcame this thinly disguised example of materialism. It was a time when the categories of the physiologist lost slightly in credit, and the categories of the psychologist won repute. This newer time held that it is artificial to consider ethical and logical life, historic and legal action, literary and religious emotion, merely as a physiological function of the living organism; the mental life, however ne-

cessarily connected with brain processes, has a positive reality for itself. The psychical facts represent a world of phenomena which in its nature is absolutely different from that of material phenomena, and, while it is true that every ethical action and every logical thought can, from the standpoint of the biologist, be considered as a property of matter, it is not less true that the sciences of mental phenomena, considered impartially, form a sphere of knowledge closed in itself, and thus coördinated, not subordinated, to the knowledge of the physical world. We would say thus: all knowledge belongs to two classes, the physical sciences and the mental sciences. In the circle of physical sciences we have the general sciences, like physics and chemistry, the particular sciences of special objects, like astronomy, geology, mineralogy, biology, and the formal sciences, like mathematics. In the circle of mental sciences we have correspondingly, as a general science, psychology, and as the particular sciences all those special mental and moral sciences in which man's inner life is dealt with, like history or jurisprudence, logic or ethics, and all the rest. Such classification, which had its philosophical backing about twenty years ago, penetrated the popular thought as fully as the positivism of the foregoing generation, and it was certainly superior to its materialistic forerunner.

Of course it was not the first time in the history of civilization that materialism was replaced by dualism, that biologism was replaced by psychologism; and it was also not the first time that the natural development of civilization led again beyond this point: that is, led beyond the psychologizing period. There is no doubt that our time presses on, with all its powerful internal energies, away from this world's view of yesterday. The materialism was anti-philosophic, the psychological dualism was unphilosophic. To-day the philosophi-

cal movement has set in. The one-sidedness of the nineteenth-century creed is felt in the deeper thought all over the world: the popular movements and scholarly efforts alike show the signs of a coming idealism, which has something better and deeper to say than merely that our life is a series of causal phenomena. Our time longs for a new interpretation of reality; from the midst of every science wherein for decades philosophizing was despised, the best scholars turn again to a discussion of fundamental conceptions and general principles. Historical thinking begins to take again the leadership which for half a century belonged to naturalistic thinking; specialistic research demands increasingly from day to day the readjustment toward higher unities, and the technical progress which fascinated the world becomes more and more simply a factor in an ideal progress. The appearance of this unifying congress itself is merely one of the thousand symptoms appearing in our public life, and if the scientific philosophy produces to-day suddenly books upon books to prove that the world of phenomena must be supplemented by the world of values, that description must yield to interpretation, and that explanation must be harmonized with appreciation; they echo in technical terms the one great emotion of our time.

This certainly does not mean that any step of the gigantic materialistic, technical, and psychological development will be reversed, or that progress in any of these directions ought to cease; on the contrary, no time was ever more ready to put its immense energies into the service of naturalistic work; but it does mean that our time recognizes the one-sidedness of these movements, recognizes that they belong only to one aspect of reality, and that another aspect is possible; yes, that the other aspect is the one of our immediate life with its purposes and its ideals, its historical relations and its logical aims.

The claim of materialism, that all psychological facts are merely functions of the organism, was no argument against psychology, because the biological aspect was possible, and yet the other aspect is certainly a necessary supplement; in the same way it is no argument against the newer view that all purposes and ideals, all historical actions and logical thoughts, can be considered as psychological phenomena. Of course we can consider it as such, and we must go on to do so in the service of the psychological and sociological sciences; but we ought not to imagine that we have expressed and understood the real character of our historical or moral, our logical or religious life when we have described and explained it as a series of phenomena. Its immediate reality expresses itself above all in the fact that it has a meaning, that it is a purpose which we want to understand, not by considering its causes and effects, but by interpreting its aims and appreciating its ideals. We should say therefore to-day that it is most interesting and important for the scientist to consider human life with all its strivings and creations from a biological, psychological, sociological point of view; that is, to consider it as a system of causal phenomena; and many problems worthy of the highest energies have still to be solved in these sciences. But that which the jurist or the theologian, the student of art or of history, of literature or of politics, of education or of morality, is dealing with refers to the other aspect in which inner life is not a phenomenon but a system of purposes, not to be explained but to be interpreted, not to be approached by causal but by teleological methods. In this case the historical sciences are no longer sub-sections of psychological or of sociological sciences; the conception of science is no longer identical with the conception of the science of phenomena; there exist sciences which do not deal with the description or explanation of phenomena at all, but

with the internal relation and connection, the interpretation and appreciation of purpose. In this way the modern thought demands that sciences of purposes become coördinated to sciences of phenomena.

But at the very threshold it is clear that purposes and phenomena alike can be of two kinds. We have physical phenomena and we have mental phenomena. Their only difference is that the mental phenomena with which psychology deals are individual phenomena given to one subject only, while the physical phenomena are objects for every possible subject. In the same way there are purposes that are individual purposes, and other purposes which have a more than individual meaning, which are intended as purposes valuable for every one whom we acknowledge as a subject: the logical, the ethical, the aesthetic purposes. These purposes of more than individual value are called our norms; the sciences which deal with them are thus the normative sciences, which interpret our absolute intentions. On the other side stand the sciences of the individual intentions; their totality represents the system of historical purposes in its endless ramifications of political, legal, educational, literary, and religious activities. They form the historical sciences, and we come thus necessarily to a fourfold division of all theoretical knowledge: we have the normative sciences, the historical sciences, the physical sciences, and the mental sciences. That is indeed the chief grouping of theoretical knowledge which our International Congress has definitely accepted, thus leaving far behind it the one-sidedness of materialism and of phenomenalism.

But we are fully aware of another one-sidedness of which we should be guilty if these four divisions of knowledge should be declared as the only ones. That would mean that science is considered to be identical with theoretical science. Positivism takes that

for granted too. The conception of practical science was not seldom declared to be a contradiction in itself, and all the technical sciences, for instance, were considered as a mixture of theoretical science and art. But as soon as we understand that the different sciences do not mean different material only, but first of all different aspects, then we must see also that a really new science enters into existence when the task is to understand the relations between physical or mental, normative or historical facts on the one side, and practical ends of ours on the other. The study of these relations between the facts and our ends constitutes indeed a whole group, which as practical sciences must be coördinated to the theoretical sciences. But there arises at once another interesting problem of classification. If the practical sciences link facts and ends, we can group them either with reference to the facts which we want to apply or with reference to the ends which we want to reach. Both ways are logically correct. Every one of the normative or historical, physical or mental, sciences can have, according to the first scheme, its practical counterpart. The engineer applies physical or chemical knowledge, the physician biological knowledge, and in the same way the jurist applies the knowledge of the legal purposes as they have formed themselves in historical development, and so on. But if we enter into the details of the applied sciences, we notice soon that most of them are not confined in their real work to the application of one special theoretical science. Most of them bring about a synthesis of various theoretical sciences for a certain end. Not seldom do we see that normative and historical, physical and psychical sciences converge and become united in one practical discipline, and for this reason it is clearly the simplest scheme to group them not with reference to the applied facts, but with reference to the ends which they are

serving. Three large divisions separate themselves in this way. Practical sciences may work toward the material welfare, or they may work toward a harmonization of human interests, or, finally, they may work toward the ideal development of man. It is difficult to select words which express exactly the characteristics of these three groups. For our purpose it may be sufficient to call those sciences which serve material welfare, the utilitarian sciences; those which harmonize the interests of man, regulative sciences; and those which work toward his perfection, cultural sciences. And we have now reached the first level of our classification; we have divided human knowledge into theoretical knowledge and practical knowledge; the theoretical knowledge into the four divisions of normative, historical, physical, and mental sciences; the practical into the three divisions of utilitarian, regulative, and cultural sciences. The question of the logical principle of classification is settled by this determination. The further branching of these seven divisions into departments, and that of the departments into sections, offers much less difficulty and fewer reasons for disagreement.

Nevertheless, even the departmental sub-division may involve at once logical disputes. Our first division was the normative sciences, and the congress proposes to divide this division into two departments, the philosophical sciences and the mathematical sciences. That the philosophical sciences, like logic, ethics, æsthetics, with all their affiliations, belong here no one will doubt, and no serious student of the profounder problems of philosophy will hesitate to acknowledge finally, perhaps after some initial resistance, that all metaphysics is at bottom the general theory of the ultimate values of our logical, ethical, and æsthetic purposes, and thus belongs too under the normative sciences. But it may be different with our second department, mathematics. Many mathe-

maticians would say that the mathematical objects are independent realities whose properties we study like those of nature, whose relations we "observe," whose existence we "discover," and in which we are interested because they belong to the real world. All that is true, and yet the objects of the mathematician are objects made by the will, created in the service of logical purposes, and thus different from all phenomena into which sensation enters. The mathematician of course does not reflect upon the purely logical origin of the objects which he studies, but the system of knowledge must give to the study of the mathematical object its place in that group where the more than individual — that is, the normative — purposes are classified. No doubt the purpose of the mathematical object is the application of the arithmetical or geometrical creation in the world of phenomena, and the mathematical concept must thus fit the world so absolutely that it can be conceived as a description of the world after abstracting from the content; mathematics would then be the phenomenalist science of the form and order of the world. In this way mathematics has a claim to a place in both fields: among the sciences of phenomena, if we emphasize its applicability to the world; and among the teleological sciences of purposes, if we emphasize the free creation of its objects by the logical normative will. It was clearly more in harmony with the whole plan of the congress to prefer the latter emphasis, as it brings out more clearly the real roots of the sciences. Mathematics thus stands as a second department beside philosophy, in the normative division.

No other department offers similar difficulties. We have sub-divided the division of historical sciences into the departments of political sciences, economic sciences, legal sciences, educational sciences, philologic sciences, æsthetic sciences, and religious sciences;

the division of physical sciences into the departments of general physical sciences, astronomical sciences, geological sciences, biological sciences, and anthropological sciences; and the division of mental sciences into the departments of psychological sciences and sociological sciences. We have thus sixteen departments in the theoretical work. The division of utilitarian sciences was carried out into medical sciences, practical economic sciences, and technological sciences; the division of regulative sciences into practical political sciences, practical legal sciences, and practical social sciences; and, finally, the division of cultural sciences into practical educational sciences, practical æsthetic sciences, and practical religious sciences; making thus nine departments in the practical field. These twenty-five departments have been divided further into one hundred and thirty sections. Questions of logical principle were to a less degree involved here, and it was not seldom merely a problem of practical fitness, whether a special branch of knowledge ought to be instituted as an independent section or to be considered as a sub-section only, which joins fellow sciences to form a whole section. As we divided the department of astronomy into astrometry and astrophysics, the department of psychology into the sections of general psychology, experimental psychology, child psychology, comparative psychology, and abnormal psychology; the department of medicine into the sections of hygiene, sanitation, contagious diseases, internal medicine, psychiatry, surgery, gynæcology, ophthalmology, otology, dentistry, therapeutics; the department of practical and social sciences into the sections of treatment of the poor, treatment of the defective, treatment of the dependent, prevention of vice and crime, problems of labor, problems of the family, and so on, seventy-one in the theoretical departments and fifty-nine in the practical ones, it is evident that a certain arbitrariness of the

separation lines was unavoidable, and that many a compromise and adjustment to wider interests must come into play. Many of the sections may appear inexcusably large, as, for instance, the section on the history of modern languages, or on the history of the common law, or on the history of modern Europe, and it would certainly have been easier to provide from the first for three times the number of sections; but on the one side the plan gives full opportunity for the forming of smaller sub-sections, and, above all, the chief accent has to lie on the coöperation of those whose special fields lie by principle near together.

We have as yet merely the plan of sciences before us, not the plan of the congress, an empty outline which must be filled with a programme for real work. To fulfill our purpose the dry logical scheme must transform itself into a dramatic action, and only star players will be able to do justice to its meaning. The first procedure necessary to translate our classification into life will be the transformation of the logical order into a temporal order, while the methodological branching out of the sciences must appear in a corresponding differentiation and succession of meetings. The congress must thus open with an assemblage of all its members, must then divide itself into its divisions; after that, into its departments; then into its sections; and finally, into its last ramifications. The concrete plan is this: We begin on Monday, the 19th of September, 1904, late enough to avoid the tropical summer heat of St. Louis, and early enough still to make use of the university vacations. On Monday morning the subject for the whole congress is knowledge as a whole, and its marking off into theoretical and practical knowledge. Monday afternoon the seven divisions meet in seven different halls; Tuesday the seven divisional groups divide themselves into the twenty-five departments, of which the sixteen

theoretical ones meet in sixteen different halls on Tuesday morning, and the nine practical, on Tuesday afternoon. In the following four days the departments are split up into the sections; the seventy-one theoretical sections meeting on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, about eighteen each morning in eighteen halls, and the fifty-nine practical sections on the same days in the afternoons, the arrangement being so made that sections of the same department meet as far as possible on different days, every one thus being able to attend in the last four days of the first week the meetings of eight different sections, four theoretical and four practical ones, in the narrower circle of his interests. In the second week a free sub-division of the sections is expected, and, moreover, a number of important independent congresses, as, for instance, an international medical congress, an international legal congress, and others, are foreseen for the following days. These independent congresses will highly profit from the presence of all the leading American and foreign scholars, whose coming to St. Louis will be secured by the liberal arrangements of the official congress in the first week; on the other hand, these free congresses represent indeed the logical continuation of the set work of the first seven days, as they most clearly indicate the further branching out of our official sections, leading over to the specialized work of the individual scholars. And yet this second week's work must be, as viewed from the standpoint of our official congress, an external addition, inasmuch as its papers and discussions will be free independent contributions not included in the one complete plan of the first week, in which every paper will correspond to a definite request. The official congress will thus come to an end with the first week, and we shall indicate it by putting the last section of the last department, a section on religious influence in civilization, on

Sunday morning, when it will not be, like all the others on the foregoing days, in competition with fifteen other sections, and may thus again combine the widest interests. In this section there will be room also for the closing exercises of the official occasion.

The arrangement of the sciences in days and halls is however merely an external aspect. We must finally ask for the definite content. Our purpose was to bring out the unity of all this scattered scientific work of our time, to make living in the world the consciousness of inner unity in the specialized work of the millions spread over the globe. The purpose was not to do over again what is daily done in the regular work at home. We desired an hour of repose, an introspective thought, a holiday sentiment, to give new strength and courage, and, above all, new dignity to the plodding toil of the scientist. Superficial repetitions for popular information in the Chautauqua style and specialistic contributions like the papers in the issues of the latest scientific magazines would be thus alike unfit for our task. The topics which we need must be those which bring out the interrelation of the sciences as parts of the whole; the organic development out of the past; the necessary tendencies of to-day; the different aspects of the common conceptions; and the result is the following plan:—

We start with the three introductory addresses on Scientific Work, on the Unity of Theoretical Knowledge, and on the Unity of Practical Knowledge, delivered by the president and the two vice presidents. After that the real work of the congress begins with a branching out of the seven divisions. In each one of them the topic is fundamental conceptions. Then we resolve ourselves into the twenty-five departments, and in each one the same two leading addresses will be delivered; one on the development of the department during the last hundred years, and one on its methods. From

here the twenty-five departments pass to their sectional work, and in each of the one hundred and thirty sections again two set addresses will be provided; one on the relations of the section to the other sciences, one on the problems of to-day; and only from here does the work move during the second week into the usual channels of special discussions. We have thus during the first week a system of two hundred and sixty sectional, fifty departmental, seven divisional, three congressional addresses which belong internally together, and are merely parts of the one great thought which the world needs, the unity of knowledge.

One thing is clear from the beginning, — that there is no place in this plan for second-rate men with second-hand knowledge. We need the men who stand high enough to see the whole field. That must not be misunderstood. We do not need and we do not want there philosophers who enter into metaphysical speculations, and still less do we want vague spirits which generalize about facts of which they have no concrete substantial knowledge. No; the first-class man in every science is to-day a specialist, but the time is gone by when it was the pride of the specialist to lack the wider view and the understanding of the relations of his specialty to his neighbor's work. We want the men who combine the concentration on productive specialized work with the inspiration that comes from looking over wide regions. We are seeking them in all countries. Only the first two days' work will be essentially the welcome gift of the hosts, the contribution of American scholarship. In every one of the hundred and thirty sections, however, at least one of the leading addresses will be offered by a leading foreign scholar, and all countries will be represented. Every address will be followed by a discussion, but our work will not be really completed when the president delivers on

Sunday his closing address on the Harmonization of Practical Sciences. The spoken word is then still to be transformed into its lasting expression. The Exposition has voted the funds not only to remunerate liberally all those who take their share in the work, but also to print and publish in a dignified form those three hundred and twenty addresses as a gigantic monument of modern thought, a work which might set the standard for a period, and will do by the unique combination of contributors, by its plan and its topics, by its completeness and its depth, what in no private way could be accomplished. Hundreds of colleagues are helping us to select those men for the departments whose word may be most helpful to the whole. Thousands will listen to the word when it is spoken, and the printed proceedings will, we hope, reach the widest circles, and become a new force in civilization, a real victory of science.

We know very well that there will be some, and there may be many, who will not care, and who will make a demonstration of their disapproval. They boast of their contempt for "generalities," and are convinced that "methodology" is the unpardonable sin of the scientist. Those scholars, they say, who are worth hearing have authority through their specialistic work; you would do better to give them a chance to speak on a special point of their latest research rather than about unproductive commonplaces. And if the scholars are willing to indulge in such fancies, nobody, they add, will care to make a journey to listen to them. Of course no one is in doubt that such arguments will flourish. To rebut them, we may at first recall the most external, the most trivial side of the matter. It can be taken almost for granted that hardly any foreign scholar of repute would care to cross the ocean for the purpose of reading a paper at the St. Louis Exposition if his expenses were not paid; and yet it would give a pitiable impres-

sion of American scholarship if, contrary to all usage, honorariums were offered for attending a regulation congress with arbitrarily chosen communications. Payments which cover the whole expedition from England or France or Germany are certainly admissible only when every one is requested to do a definite piece of work as part of a systematic whole comparable to a contribution for a cyclopædia. But moreover, would it really be so much more worth while to invite the speakers for the freeing of their minds from their latest discovery? Would it be really more attractive to the hearers, would it be more productive for human knowledge in every direction? The contrary seems true. Such an invitation to the leading scholars would remain without profit for their own work, because it would not stimulate them to do anything that they would not be doing just as well without the external occasion of the congress. In the best case they would read a paper which would have appeared a few weeks later in their professional archives in any case; and a greater probability even than this is that it has appeared in some archive in a similar form weeks or years before. But the address which the congress will request will be something which probably would have remained unwritten without this fortunate stimulus, because the holiday hours for reposeful considerations of principles do not come to the busy scholar if they are not almost forced upon him. Therefore the congress will be able to become a positive gain to human knowledge and not a mere recapitulation. It will be more than an echo.

And is it really more attractive to listen to a contribution of special research? It is just the true productive scholar who will shake his head here. He knows too well that the detailed new discovery needs that careful examination which is possible only by reading and re-reading a scientific paper in the seclusion of one's own library. To hear

a paper by a great man is valuable: it may become an inspiration for our whole life, if he has the genius of the true thinker, if he opens before us the wide stretch of land to a far horizon, but not when he comes with a bit of detailed information for which we might much better wait for the next number of the scientific magazine. And only through such wide-reaching outlook can he really hold the attention of a large number of scholarly minds. As soon as he enters into a special problem, he will too easily either popularize it, and thus remove it from the higher interests of scientific thinkers, or demand such an amount of special knowledge that the circle of attentive listeners is narrowed down to a round-table colloquium. This the experiences of a hundred previous congresses, national and international, have proved beyond doubt. Scholars attend them to meet their colleagues personally, but not to listen to papers, and seldom does one hear a paper for which it is worth while to make a journey. And is it really necessary to eliminate in the least the personal differences and personal interests of our speakers? Does not the character of our topics give fullest freedom to the personal preferences and specialistic achievements of every scholar? If we demand in every section one leading address on the relation of that science to other sciences, we do not prescribe beforehand what relations ought to be emphasized; we leave that fully to the choice of the speaker. If in the section on American political history the relations to other sciences are to be sketched, we leave it to our scholar whether he wants to emphasize more the relation of American politics to European politics, or to economic life, or to legal life, or to American physiography; or in the section of electricity, we leave it to the scholar to emphasize its relations to optics, or to chemistry, or to the theory of nature, if he but points to the totality of possible relations, and

determines thus the exact geographical position of his science on the intellectual globe, and thus helps by his address to weave the network of scientific interrelations. In a still higher degree is all this true for those who speak on the problems of to-day. Certainly we do not want an address on the problems of a whole science to become merely an account of the one problem to which our speaker has devoted his last pamphlet; but we surely do not mean that he must first forget his own writings and neutralize his mind till every specific interest is lost. He ought to see the whole, but he ought to see it from his particular standpoint. If finally the value of such general addresses is looked upon with a skeptical eye, because it seems a waste to spend energy on such general problems when so many special problems are still unsolved, the complainants do not understand the real meaning of their own work, and do not learn from the history of scholarship, which shows that just such generalities have made the world. It is quite true that too many by their long training instinctively shrink away from every comprehensive abstraction; but the immense educational value of a great unifying undertaking like ours lies just in the opportunity to overcome such latent resistance. If we did not want to offer anything but that which those specialists, who wish to be specialists only, do every day in the year, and if we were thus willing merely to follow the path of least resistance, then it would be certainly a wasted effort to attempt anything beyond an imitation of earlier congresses, which few scientific participants consider models for imitation.

Nearly connected with all this is a misunderstanding which seems easily to arise even among those who are in sympathy with our plan. They have the instinctive feeling that the whole undertaking is after all one of logic and methodology, and thus the immediate concern of the philosopher. It seems to them

as if philosophy had here swallowed the totality of special sciences. There would be some who might answer that even if this were true, the misfortune would not be great, inasmuch as the desire for philosophical foundation awakens in our day everywhere in the midst of the work of research. But it is not true; it is the part of logic to map out the classification of sciences; but as soon as they are classified it is no longer the province of logic to discuss the logically arranged scientific problems and methods and conceptions. It belongs to methodology, and thus to philosophy, to determine the topics whose discussion is profitable for the interrelation of sciences; but the discussion of these problems concerns no more the philosopher but the special scientist. With the exception of those few most general addresses, which might be said to belong to the philosophical theory of knowledge, the philosopher has no greater share in it than the physician or the jurist, the historian or the theologian, the astronomer or the sociologist. A discussion on logically grouped subjects is decidedly not a discussion from the standpoint of logic.

And finally, there are some who would say that it is not the philosopher who oversteps his rights here, but the scientist in general. The whole plan which puts science at the head, and makes all those hundreds of human functions which constitute human progress only sections and sub-sections thereof, stands out as mere arrogance of self-adoring scholasticism. Inflated science once again wants to be bigger than the totality of civilization, instead of seeing that all this scientific thinking and discovery is only one of the many functions in which the progress of mankind realizes itself. The time has passed when a Hegelian construction could assert that the world is the product of logical thought; for us to-day progress is the widest conception, and thought and science only the

special case; let us not fall back to the overestimation of academical work in proclaiming a scheme which makes knowledge the ruler of all. The fallacy of this fear is evident. Let us concede that human progress is the wide conception, and scientific thought the narrow, included in the wider; but can it be the purpose of a congress to exhibit progress? Whatever may be done in such a congress in addresses or in discussions, it must go on in words, in sentences, in judgments, and is therefore a part of science. Progress itself is exhibited in all those noble buildings for commerce and industry, for art and education. It is a function of our congress to exhibit that one feature of progress which needs the spoken form, — scientific thought. As soon as that is granted it is evident that the totality of scientific thoughts must be grouped according to their own inherent characteristics. Scientific thought concerning human progress is then merely one of many parts in the scientific whole; co-ordinated perhaps with the scientific thought concerning the stars, or the chemicals, or the mathematical forms, or God. While science in general is thus subordinated to progress, the science of progress is subordinated to science in general, and it is thus really not academic lack of modesty if the congress considers the conception of knowledge as the widest possible of all conceptions in its realm. The congress does not, cannot, seek to maintain that knowledge as such embraces the totality of human functions; it knows very well that it will be lodged only in a corner of the immense exhibition grounds, where many other functions of human progress will show their vigorous life in more imposing palaces. Its only ambition is that its systematic exhibition of scholarship may become worthy of its fellow exhibitions all over the ground, and at the same time really helpful to the serious thought of the twentieth century.

Hugo Münsterberg.

UNDER THE TREES.

THE wonderful, strong, angelic trees,
With their blowing locks and their bared great knees,
And nourishing bosoms, shout all together,
And rush and rock through the glad wild weather.

They are so old they teach me,
With their strong hands they reach me,
Into their breast my soul they take,
And keep me there for wisdom's sake ;
They teach me little prayers!
To-day I am their child,
The sweet breath of their innocent airs
Blows through me strange and wild.

So many things they know ;
So learned with the ebb and flow
By which the seasons come and go !
Still the Forefather stands
With unforgetting eyes,
Forever holding in his tranquil hands
The fruit that makes us wise.

So many things they hear :
Whisperings small and dear !
The little lizard has a voice clear
Squirrel and mole !
A wild and pleasant speech
Our Lord has given to each.
Dear masters, pray you teach
The language of the chipmunk in his hole.

So many things they praise
In earnest, worshipful ways —
The Little Moment and the Ancient of Days.
To one they yield a flower
That blossoms for an hour.
The other they praise with all their singing blood
That they so long have stood.

So many things they love !
The frail ecstatic gnats that move
Like planets whirling in a sky,
These do they lean above
Even like Heaven, while they flame and die !
Here are their neighbors, the good weeds ;
And look you, all the brown industrious seeds

With busy workmanship achieve green citadels of grass
 And minarets and domes of shining flowers ;
 Absorbed and radiant, perpetually they pass.
 The little workers with their subtle powers
 Lay their foundations in the sod,
 While the tree, that knows all from so long ago
 Watches the busy weaving to and fro
 And smiles on them like God.

Now I am brave again,
 Strong again and pure.
 I have washed my spirit clean of men,
 I am established, sure.
 I have drunk the waters of delight
 From fountains that endure.
 Yes, I have bathed my soul
 Where the rushing leaves carouse.
 I have drunk the air that freely flows
 And washes their green boughs.

I never feel afraid
 Among the trees ;
 Of trees are houses made ;
 And even with these,
 Unsought, unhewn, unseen,
 Is something homelike in the safe, sweet green,
 Intimate in the shade
 Something remembered haunts me ;
 A familiar aspect suddenly enchants me,
These things were so
When I was here, hundreds of years ago.

Oh not to-day have I the first time seen
 This pool of sunshine, this bending green,
 This knotted soil, and underneath the stone
 A small gray water singing all alone.
 But when my naked soul came wandering down
 On the Pilgrimage, kind hands did succor me
 And clothed me in guise of grass or soil —
 Or a gnat, maybe! Making me a shelter
 Of root or stone! For surely in their eyes
 I see a look of query and surmise,
 A begging for love,
 As humble parents look upon a child
 Returned more wise than they,
 And strive with all they know to please him so
 That he will stay.
 Ah, he has traveled far, and many years been gone,
 Yet still he is their son, their son, their son!

My wistful kinsfolk, I will not forget
Your simple patois! Oh 't were shame on me
To grow oblivious to my father's speech!

But I will go
With men, even with the angels, slipping so
Into the old vernacular! They will smile
To hear the sweet provincialisms come
With tender thoughts of home.

And God Himself,
When I am praising Him with the great mirth
And radiant ceremonials, will be kind,
That even His Heaven has not rid my mind
Of the quaint customs of my native earth.

We are all brothers! Come, let's rest awhile
In the great kinship. Underneath the trees
Let's be at home once more, with birds and bees
And gnats and soil and stone. With these I must
Acknowledge family ties.

Our Mother, the Dust,
With wistful and investigating eyes
Searches my soul for the old sturdiness,
Valor, simplicity; stout virtues these,
We learned at her dear knees.

Friend, you and I
Once played together in the good old days —
Do you remember? Why, Brother! down what wild ways
We traveled when —

That's right! draw close to me!
Come now — let's tell the tale beneath the old roof-tree.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER: THE NOVELS OF MR. NORRIS.

It is perhaps fortunate for Mrs. Humphry Ward that her latest romance,¹ *Lady Rose's Daughter*, should have appeared first in numbers; for up to a certain point, near the end of the story, it undoubtedly maintains its prestige as one of the most admirable and delightful of her justly popular works.

Very early, indeed, in the average twelve months' life of the serial, the

¹ *Lady Rose's Daughter*. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

more sophisticated of her readers perceived, with sudden animation, that the accomplished author of *Robert Elsmere* and *Eleanor* had hit upon something very like a *nouveauté* in the novelist's trade; and soon the Ladies' Clubs of the remotest provinces of universal Anglo-Saxondom were buzzing with the tidings that *Lady Rose's Daughter* was what the children call "a true story," and that Lady Henry Delafield and Julie Le Breton were simply Madame du Defand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse

advanced, in time, by more than a century, and conducted across the Channel from their Parisian home, into the sacred heart of Mayfair.

"Simply," people said — as if it were the easiest thing in the world to do! — and grave debates were held and earnest questions asked as to whether Mrs. Ward were justified in thus availing herself of the written record, only too full and ingenuous, of a veritable situation; and whether she had intended to deceive her public as to the originality of her *donnée*. The general opinion seemed to be that she had proposed in the beginning to carry it off as all her own, but had been arrested by the spectre that confronts us all, at so many turnings, in these days — the General Diffusion of Unimportant Knowledge.

For my own part, I make haste to avow that I was altogether charmed at first by Mrs. Ward's clever idea, and much interested in the masterly manner in which she went on, for a time, to develop and adapt it. This brilliant hybrid between the historical and the society novel seemed in a fair way to outshine all recent feats of literary floriculture; and having myself, at one period, a long while ago, sat awkwardly, though reverently, at the feet of the prince of critics, I perceived, with a thrill, to how splendid a repertory of kindred subjects the *Causeries du Lundi* alone would furnish a complete guide. Indeed the "famous *amoureuse* of the eighteenth century," whom Mrs. Ward herself has the address to cite near the end of her story, and her obligations to whom have now been publicly acknowledged, — the woman of subtle and beautiful intelligence and all the culture of her age, who still is ready, when her hour strikes, to fling herself totally, — mind, body and soul, — without resistance or reserve, into the fire of a consuming personal passion, — this flaming, fascinating, piteous being was, in some sort, the discovery of Sainte-Beuve. He advertised her pathetic let-

ters far and wide; and no one, we may be sure, will ever observe the hectic symptoms of her constitutional malady more delicately, follow its fatal course with truer sympathy, or defend the too often shadowed name of the sufferer with a zeal more chivalric than his. If Mrs. Ward had indeed found the secret of the Frenchman's delicate analysis, — well and good! One only hoped that her antecedent rights in the new *Pays du Tendre* would be respected, and that no sweet girl graduate of 1902 would have undertaken to interpret to the world the soul-rending emotions or reset in the *cadre* of Boston or Chicago the sorrowful destinies of Mademoiselle Aissé or Madame de Krüdener.

Between Paris and London there is, however, no such disparity, — manners and customs, and human varieties being much the same from age to age in the uppermost social circles and in all the capital seats of a fully ripened civilization. The clever, caustic, imperious old *mondaine*, for example, the wealth of whose long experience invests her, even to decrepitude, with a certain frosty glamour, is a curiously constant type. Thackeray doted on her, and we all admire; and Lady Henry is a no less natural and necessary figure in Bruton Street than was Madame du Deffand at Saint Joseph. If she cannot endure disabling physical infirmity with quite the gay intrepidity of her prototype, that is a mere matter of climate and race, and furnishes one more illustration of her historian's discernment. On the other hand, she would not have been human or credible for an instant, had she been one whit less outraged than was her model by the constructive treachery of a paid companion, of personal distinction and irregular *provenance*, who had taken advantage of her blindness to "corrupt" both the servants and the *habitués* of the household, and make her own social running, at least in part, out of the renown of an historic salon.

The group of highly distinguished

Englishmen who frequent the drawing-room in Bruton Street, — cabinet ministers, famous generals, diplomatists in their sixties and seventies who have given check to the stealthy moves of Russia on the Afghan frontier, or known Byron and Shelley and “seen Harriet,” — all these are beautifully drawn and discriminated by Mrs. Ward. If they have not quite the plain manhood and slippered ease of Trollope’s old premiers and parliamentarians, their manners are still of a pluperfect simplicity, and their seemingly unstudied talk is almost always on a level with their fame. There is a pretty touch of patriotic pride in such a rapid sketch as the following, — recognizable of course at a glance, — of the great warrior whom she calls General Fergus: —

“What a frank and soldierly countenance! — a little roughly cut, with a strong mouth slightly underhung, and a dogged chin, — the whole lit by eyes that were the chosen homes of truth, humanity, and will. . . . Few men had done sterner or more daring feats in the field. Yet here he sat, relaxed, courteous, kind, trusting his companion simply, as it was his instinct to trust all women.”

And in this — of the finished public servant, Sir Wilfred Bury, home for a breath of English air, after the hard service of many years in Persia, — and who commands our special respect by his loyalty to the old love, and the old woman, amid a perfect stampede of apostasy to the shrine of the *amoureuse*: —

“As for him, dried and wilted by long years of cloudless heat, — he drank up the moisture and the mists [of London] with a kind of physical passion — the noises and the lights no less. . . . The question buzzed within him whether he must indeed go back to his exile, either at Teheran or nearer home in some more exalted post. . . . Only a few more years after all: why not spend them here in one’s own world, among one’s own kind? . . . It was the

weariness of the governing Englishman, — and it was answered immediately by that other instinct, partly physical, partly moral, which keeps the elderly man of affairs to his task. Idleness? No. That way lies the end. To slacken the rush of life for men of his sort is to call on death . . . the secret pursuer who is not far from any one of us. No, No! Fight on!”

So too the autocratic editor of a great daily journal — the “square-headed, spectacled,” infinitely able Dr. Meredith, who represents D’Alembert in Mrs. Ward’s adaptation — is a very real figure; and quite sufficiently so to account for the devoted heroine’s infatuation is the handsome and showy but conceited and rather hard young officer, who plays, under the name of Harry Warkworth, the part of the Comte de Guibert.

Only one figure among those who go to Bruton Street principally for Julie’s sake strikes us as out of place in that gracefully Frenchified *galère*; but he, unluckily, is the man to whom the beau rôle of all is assigned. He corresponds to no one in the real story. He is Lady Henry’s nephew, and his name is Jacob. He is an aristocratic ascetic, an earnest philanthropist, a creedless mystic; and there are but two bad lives between him and the inevitable dukedom. He taxes the reader’s patience not a little by his mild obstinacy in a kind of remote virtue; nor can we ever bring ourselves fully to believe in his fanciful objection to a great inheritance. The truth is that Jacob Delafield belongs to Mrs. Ward’s earlier period, — to the days before she had abandoned the novel of tendency for the novel of manners. He is an obvious survival from the school of Robert Elsmere and David Grieve, and his permanent address would be London E. He would assuredly not long have remained, even if he had once inadvertently fallen under the spell of the exotic, exalted, impenitent and *impayable* Julie! He would hardly have asked

her a second time to be his wife, still less a third; while she, had she been all that Mrs. Ward would have us believe, would either have surrendered at the first blush, — if any! — through sheer despair of a painful and humiliating position, or she would literally have died sooner than accept him in the end.

On the other hand, it is perfectly in character for this brilliant heroine to have lavished the treasure of her temperament on a conspicuously unworthy, not to say vulgar object. The woman of feeling who is too clever by even less than half, who halts between instinct and reason, almost always chooses ill. It was a mistake, I think, to have made Lady Rose's daughter of English descent on both sides. She ought, at least, to have had a French father; and since her parents never appear upon the scene, it might easily have been managed. I doubt if there is an instance on record of an authentic *amoureuse* without a strong dash of Latin, or possibly Slavic blood. The rosy little German romanticist of the early nineteenth century does not count. Her case was ever a comparatively light one. But it is no mere figure of speech to describe the living *amoureuse* as one foredoomed to tragedy. "When lovely woman stoops to folly." The victim has inhaled flame, and she must die. The woman of high station who loves *éperdument* has risked her all upon a hapless throw. Like Mademoiselle de Lespinasse herself, and the whole of her sad sisterhood, she remains *perdue* to the hedonistic world, however that world's verdict may be reversed by the *quia multum amavit* of a more august tribunal. Were there any reasonable hope of her escape into the safe and prosperous ways of life, any remaining chance at its plums and coronets, she never would have melted the cynic's heart in Sainte-Beuve, or moved him to so compassionate a defense.

Let it be admitted that the story of Julie Le Breton's adventures in England is movingly and even convincingly told

up to the time when she follows her lover to France. It falls away from this point with startling rapidity. The moment Mrs. Ward abandons the guidance of historic precedent her art fails her. It passes even her skill to strike a successful bargain with Fate, and plausibly to substitute a conventionally happy ending for the operation of a ruthless law. The "rescue" of Julie by Jacob; his decorous third wooing of her amid the Italian lakes, and their hurried marriage in Florence; her very transient sorrow over Warkworth's death in Africa and complete subsequent conversion to serious views at her husband's hands, — through a series of catechisings and instructions as perfunctory as those furnished by a great priest to a great princess, who must change her religion for political reasons before marrying; in fine, the incredibly obliging suicide of the reigning Duke of Chudleigh and the ease with which the wedded pair dismiss all scruples about accepting their vast inheritance, — there is a bland and self-righteous kind of Philistinism about all this that leaves one very cold. Let it but be compared with the stern pathos of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's own end, in the comparatively humble rooms where she had reigned so long; sheltered in her swift decline by the fatherly constancy of D'Alembert!

It is a besetting foible of Mrs. Ward's to imagine that the only fit compensation for a young woman of beauty and refinement, who has had a hard fight with fortune in her early days, is to marry her to the prince and give her money to burn. The regulation ending of the nursery fairy-tale is endeared by old association and always tickles the fancy. The objection to it in a study of contemporary life is that *queste cose*, as the Italians say, *non si fanno*. It is not the Roses and Marcellas and Julies of life who are elected to these over-coveted honors, but those who can replenish the exhausted coffers of the magnate;

and I find that my own sympathies, as I close this clever but disappointing book, return definitively to fierce old Lady Henry, forced to drop her fine curtsy of the *ancien régime* to the lithe adventuress who has outwitted a mighty clan, and to hail her as queen-consort of the head of the Delafield family!

It seems odd indeed to turn from the staid elegance and essential artificiality of the novel of patrician manners (which hath its perennial charms, no less, for the savage republican breast, and which Mrs. Ward manages about as well, after all, as any other living writer) to the two most impressive and memorable works of fiction recently published in America; I mean *The Octopus* and *The Pit*¹ by the late lamented Frank Norris. The very names of these books are boldly sensational, chosen deliberately, as it would seem, to attract the democracy of the reading world. Their action takes place far down, — at the very roots of organized society. They deal with the most primitive, humble, and universal of human needs, — the production of that daily bread which is the staff of man's life in the body. How the grain on which our common sustenance depends is planted in hope and harvested in fear, only to be exploited far away, at great commercial centres, by speculators who supply or deny it, for their own selfish gain, to the multitudes who toil at the base of the social pyramid, — such was the broad theme which Mr. Norris proposed to himself in his *Epic of the Wheat*.

For a good while after the first appearance of *The Octopus*, not much was said aloud about the book. It was a thing painful to read and disquieting to remember; moreover, it was confessedly but the fragment of a more comprehensive scheme. I am not sure that *The Octopus* can in any proper sense of the term be called a romance. It is a vi-

sion, a revelation, an eruption of the subliminal verities, a peep into the red crater over which we lightly walk. It is also, in some sense, a manifesto and a prophecy. It has no central plot, although it quivers from end to end with the throes of human tragedy, like the soil of a volcanic region, in an unquiet time. I may record my own impression — based on some personal acquaintance with the scene of the drama — that the tremendous indictment which it brings against one among the monster monopolies at whose aggrandizement we all tremble, is absolutely just; and that there is no case of cruelest oppression, no phase of the mournful and manifold ruin so passionately portrayed that has not its grim parallel in contemporary experience. But the San Joaquin valley is, after all, only a small corner of earth, — a secluded spot fenced in by mountain walls, — and it seemed that allowance ought to be made for the fact that Mr. Norris had dreamed an epic, and had in him, beyond a doubt, the makings of no mean poet. For all his unflinching grasp of ugly fact, his candor of spirit, and the controlled quietude of his prevailing tone, one felt that the first number of his trilogy had been conceived upon heroic lines, and invested with a more or less colored atmosphere. Moreover, the final catastrophe of the tale, so daringly imagined, so novel in its horror, and yet so fit, — the doom of the coarse villain, who was, after all, but the instrument of a securely defended syndicate of iniquity, — appeared to exemplify a justice more poetic than probable.

But when, after the silence of a year or two, Mr. Norris took up his pen again in *The Pit*, and resumed his gallant crusade, one saw, at a glance, how the youthful paladin had altered and matured. He had dropped the dithyrambic note, and in this which was destined to remain the last word of his grave parable he speaks as a seer no longer, but as a man of the Western world, —

¹ *The Octopus: A Story of California. The Pit: A Story of Chicago.* By FRANK NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

alert, collected, fearless, and with powers fully ripe.

The Pit is the Chicago wheat-pit; and the sometime dreamer of the far Californian valley with its fathomless fecundity and the daze of its perpetual sunshine holds his own without effort amid the din of our biggest market-place, and evinces a nervous grasp of its most complex affairs. And it is not the victim of the monopolist for whom he is pleading now so much as for the monopolist himself whom he warns of his own soul's peril.

The Pit is a better constructed and more efficiently handled narrative than its predecessor, but it is also more like other books. The love story that runs through it seems a deplorably common one, until we come, at the very end, to the unexpectedly sane and hopeful resolution of the trite intrigue. The actors in the piece are all rather vulgar, — at best but half taught and superficially civilized. Nevertheless — and it is to my mind one of Mr. Norris's chief points of distinction as a writer — there is nothing vulgar in his manner of portraying them. He does not gloat or smack his lips — as how few of our native novelists can wholly refrain from doing! — over the inordinate splendors of their new found luxury. He reports the faulty grammar of their loose though graphic speech quite simply, — with no airs of patronizing apology, or affected appeal to remote academic tribunals. These are his own kindred whom he sees attacked by a strange madness, and in peril of a deeper than the wheat-pit through their overmastering greed for anyhow-gotten riches. What matters it how they dress or talk if only they

be rescued and rehabilitated? The solemnity of the issues involved and his own concentrated moral conviction make all questions of mere taste appear trivial in the author's eyes; and he moves through the lake-side palaces of Chicago with a detachment as complete and a *ton* as admirable as were ever Mrs. Ward's in any ducal mansion of them all!

For to those piercing young eyes of the great writer we have lost it was given for one moment, before their light went out, to see this teeming and formless American life of ours "steadily" and to "see it whole." It lay bare to his brief clairvoyance with all its vast resources and capacities in flux, its immense potentiality for both good and evil; above all with those heavy obligations to the race and the future, attaching to the focal place from which it can move no more, in the intricately woven web of the world's unified fate. The vision faded and the *Illuminé* passed on, even before he could render intelligible to his countrymen the whole of what he saw. But his broken message remains full of import, and it is idle to indulge in unavailing regret over the part that was never spoken.

A fitting motto for the unfinished trilogy might be found in those ringing lines, familiar to us all of the elder generation, — the manliest perhaps ever penned by the cloistered sage from whom the author of *Lady Rose's Daughter* derived by natural inheritance her first, and her best inspiration: —

"Charge once more then, and be dumb!
Let thy comrades when they come,
When the forts of folly fall
Find thy body by the wall."

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE TWO APPLES.

WHEN the morning of the sixteenth day broke out from the gray battlements to the east'ard, only two live men remained on the raft which more than two weeks before had left the splintered side of the barkentine; besides, there was one dead man, and his body counted three out of a dozen who had clung to the raft until ten starved to death because they could not live on red apples and brine.

Zadoc roused as much as a man can when every morning he wakens less and less until some day he does not waken at all. Jeems lay staring toward the sun as at a stranger's face.

"Turn out, Jeems," said Zadoc, when he had worked some life back into his thickening tongue, "till we put him over."

They rolled the body into the sea with no words or ceremonials to mark the end, except that Jeems, when some part of the splash stung his face, struck off the drops with trembling, horrified hands.

"Two apples left," said Zadoc, not in any tentative sounding of possibilities, but with finality forced home by a fact so plain and near as to render evasion needless.

"One for to-day," said Jeems, "the — the other one for to-morrow."

"The *last* one for to-morrow!" returned Zadoc, bold as ever. "Let us wait as long as we can before breakfast!"

The raft drifted many hours, following the sun around the fatal, empty bowl. Jeems broke that vast silence:

"Zadoc, I must eat something. My head is — you know — my head!"

"So does mine," said Zadoc. "Cut the first apple in two."

It takes so little to satisfy, when one is starving, and that little goes so very fast! When Zadoc put his furred teeth into half the first apple, it was as if he

had not tasted such since he left Cape Cod a dozen years before. His mind, strained with a long, unrealized hope, forgot the timbers on which his bent muscles clung, and went back to an orchard he had known, — where such apples always grew. The cool air from the shadows underneath the tree-rows seemed interlaid with waves of heat and the loved odors of the sunlit seaside farm, — that long slope from the meadow land up, up and up beneath the slant uncertain fence to where the white top-sides of the house were vividly set off in green, — till Zadoc came to himself and understood that the smell was only the damp breath of the Atlantic, and the heat the plunging agony which flowed from his own tense heart. The first apple was gone.

The two men's eyes conversed in brief. Then Zadoc said: —

"I'm going to sleep again, if it is sleep. Anyway, I'm tired. Can you stay up awhile?"

"It's my trick," consented Jeems.

Neither spoke of the approaching end, but when they had sat staring at each other a time, — for mad men's minds move with but a mock agility, Zadoc said: —

"Put the second apple under the tin cup in the middle of the raft, and keep it there."

When the apple was safe, Zadoc held out his right hand.

"Until I wake, Jeems!" he said.

"It is safe there," was the answer, and Zadoc lay down on the soggy timbers satisfied with faith in the honor of his starving mate.

To Jeems, who watched, the sea looked as never in his life before. For years he had enslaved it. As a tough Mount Desert fisher boy he had bound it to his childish will, and in many later years afloat had thrown back its innu-

merable challenges with all contempt until *The Last Time*. In sailors' lives, birth and the marriage day bow down to *The Last Time*. It always comes, when Fortune or the years have made them blindly bold.

His courage fled before the onslaught of these terrible seas which, high above the level of his blurring eyes, swept up in a torturous parade, as if Death maddened his victims by passing his grand divisions in review.

Besides, the pain of hunger so outgrew all reason! It cut through the man's thin body like the blade of a great and sudden sorrow in one's heart, through and through, ever returning, never going!

A greater sea than the others rolled underneath the raft and shook the loose boards so that the tin dipper rolled on its inverted rim, and then fell tinkling back again. Jeems crawled to where he could lift the dipper and see beneath. The second apple lay secure, its plump sides a shocking contrast to the terrors of the raft. Jeems looked hard. A cruel pain shot from his throat to his heels in a tearing red-hot spiral. The first apple had so cooled his mouth! Water began running off Jeems's chin. If he could only run his fingers down those rounding sides, maybe they would catch some of the orchard smell.

Jeems clapped the dipper down with a sudden muscular fury, and kicked Zadoc into sense with such vigor that he fell exhausted from the effort.

"I was so lonesome, I thought I might go off," he explained, adding: —

"Zadoc, what's your family?"

"Five and the wife, God help 'em," said Zadoc, not dramatically either, but just dully, as if it was what his mind had grown to know very much better than anything else. "Have you?"

"No," said Jeems. "Years ago, I called on a pretty girl over to Somesville, but nothing came of it."

"Just as well now," said Zadoc coldly, adding half in dream, "I recollect

all them Somesville girls was pretty. 'Lizabeth come from there."

"Who?" asked Jeems.

"'Lizabeth, — the wife, — why, she was your sister, Jeems!"

"So she was! I forgot!"

Many madmen speak in the past tense at the stage where they seem to look back on their proper selves.

The sun neared the west.

"Lie down again," said Jeems, "I'll watch."

"Any sail, — that time before?"

"No sail, Zadoc."

The wind dropped near night, and Jeems lay on the raft with eyes that glowed back the red reflection of the setting sun. As it moved toward the liquid line of sea, its brilliance fell into the smother of a cloud through which its sides shone with the softened, satin polish of the second apple as Jeems last saw it. The thought struck him in the middle of his heart, which began leaping like when, at nineteen, a girl's smooth fingers lingered on his own. He hungered for sight of the second apple as for nothing else in the whole of the world before. He wished the raft might roll so violently as to throw off the dipper, and then, before he realized, his own foot had kicked it into the ocean and the apple smiled before him, securely laid between two great planks at the bottom of the raft. Zadoc slept. Jeems was alone with the second apple!

He looked at it between caked lids and let his eyes rove over and over its rare beauties. For the first time since he was born, his whole being — the knotted body whose abundant energies had been quite absorbed by the arduous doings of his roving life, and the big heart of him where the rich red of the blood was pent and packed with never a bit of an outlet for relief — thrilled with the keen, delicious mystery of Desire. His meagre lips, crackling like snake-skin, repeated in monotone as if to hold his conscience under some mesmerism charm: "I must! I must!"

The mere thought of the cool heart of the fruit made his pulse spring as if whipped. To imagine the exquisite satisfaction which would follow his teeth as they sank slowly, slowly, — sank farther and farther through those moistening walls until at the very acme of delight they met! Christ! He was on it in an instant, holding it with both hands and not lifting it, but just putting his face down and keeping it so in a passionate embrace. He *would* eat, if he died for it. He *must* —

“‘Lizabeth!’ It was Zadoc, dreaming.

“‘Lizabeth! Good old girl. Good girl. Bye-bye, home at sundown. Good old, good — ah-h-h-h!’”

The voice fell away in an idiotic sigh. Jeems sprang to his feet and stood swaying with the raft, the image of his sister in his eyes. Off east, where the gray shades grew, he saw her

walking on the sea, her long hair blown before like a cloud of jet-black flame and her face all lovely.

“‘Lizabeth!’ Jeems spread his arms, but she did not see him, for she looked at Zadoc as he lay there at her brother’s feet, and her eyes rained love, which calmed the sea like oil.

And then Jeems saw himself as if from far. “‘Lizabeth!’ he cried, but she did not hear, so he held his two arms up toward the sky and whispered:

“God, God, *God!* Forgive Jeems Harbutt, a wicked sinner, — and take him,” — his voice sank to a low, unhuman key, — “and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever — O God!”

And with arms still raised in supplication for his great unselfish soul, he sprang out backward to the darkening sea.

James Edmund Dunning.

AN UTOPIA ATTRIBUTED TO MILTON.

IN 1648 when the reverberations of civil strife were still rolling through England, and literature and learning were cloistered in the halls of universities and remote rectories, there fell quietly from a London press an octavo volume of Latin verse and prose with the simple title-page, *Novæ Solymæ Libri Sex*. Now, after two centuries of Stygian obscurity, it has been piously translated and edited in two dignified, parchment-backed volumes, and attributed by its present sponsor, the Rev. Walter Begley, to no less a person than John Milton.¹ Of course the urgent question is Did Milton write it? It bears no external mark of authorship

save an “autocriticon” at the end, wherein the writer deposes that, like Apelles, he would work darkling, the better to note the effectiveness of his art. It must be confessed that Mr. Begley holds a strikingly efficient brief for his theory of Miltonic authorship. One begins to read in a mood of skepticism, case-hardened by memories of Phalaris and Ossian; one’s mind boggles and balks at many a piece of sophistical argument or excessive protestation; yet when one comes to the last excursus, after the diligent perusal of Introduction, text, and notes, the cumulative inference — chronological, analogical, psychological — is almost quite inevitable.

¹ *Nova Solyma the Ideal City; or Jerusalem Regained*. An anonymous romance written in the time of Charles I., now first drawn from obscurity and attributed to the illustrious John

Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays, and a Bibliography, by the Rev. WALTER BEGLEY. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1902.

Unless strong external evidence is forthcoming, we can never be wholly justified in shelving *Nova Solyma* beside *Paradise Lost*, yet the case is so probable that the book must hereafter be reckoned with by all thorough-going students of Milton; and — *pace* the occupant of the Easy Chair — we believe there are still such. Certain it is, that in that age of complex fertility and large orders in literature there was no man known to fame, or to Anthony à Wood, who was conspicuously capable of composing a book revealing such varied and opulent power. There were scores of men in that age who were, like Joseph Beaumont, Henry More, or Sir Kenelm Digby, ripe for any extravagant bookish adventure. Externally, or even intellectually considered, the first two named might conceivably have written *Nova Solyma*. Yet when we look deeper into the qualities of taste and imagination there displayed, we can but conclude that the book was the work, either of Milton in his youth, or of some otherwise mute and inglorious contemporary of his, some FitzGerald of the seventeenth century, who, retired among his books, lived in a world of romance and Platonic reverie, and wrote prose and verse whose mellow, harmonious music has been equaled by few neo-Latinists, and is not unworthy of the great Buchanan himself.

The representative interest of *Nova Solyma*, as well as its Miltonic bearing, will perhaps appear most clearly through an account of its contents. If in this a tincture of Latinity is in evidence, it must be forgiven; for admirable as are Mr. Begley's versions, both in prose and metre, it is in the copious specimens of the Latin original that the Miltonic flavor is most clearly discernible.

The scheme of *Nova Solyma* shows the tracing of that tool of ripened and humane classicism, the *ultimus calamus* or "last pen," which is supposed to turn all literary types and traditions to its

own end and use. *Nova Solyma* is at once a romance of love and adventure, and an ideal Utopia. It contains episodes and diversions of multifarious sorts. "Exemplary novels" in the manner of Cervantes are relieved by lyrics, both mildly Anacreontic and sacred; there are Platonic discourses on education and poetry, and rather Puritanical expositions of theology; lastly, there is a "divine pastoral drama," and a series of extended fragments of an epic on the turning back of the Armada.

The poetry of these volumes leads in interest, but passing notice must be given to its prose. The edifying discourses which Joseph and his father deliver to their two English guests in the rehabilitated Jerusalem are full of soaring philosophy and shrewd remark, yet they are likely to be less attractive to most readers than the love passages. These, though of a general type that was almost endemic in late Renaissance romance, are informed and set apart by a Spenserian exaltation of beauty. There is a fervor in them that seems to prove that if they are from the pen of Milton, it was not the Milton who was Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, whose soul was soon to be pinnacled afar, but that younger Milton who was not ignorant that there were tangles in Neëra's hair, who, as he tells us, awoke one May morning to

"Mirth, and youth, and warm desire."

Whoever was the author of the episodic tale of Philander and Antonia, it is not out of place to observe that it betrays a distrust of the temperament of widows, which is quite in accord with Milton's remarks on that subject in the tractate on Divorce, as well as with his familiar practice in marrying three wives from the virgin state. And, finally, in the writer's keen delight in bringing the loves of the young Cantabrigians to happy fruition, there is, at least to an analogically minded person, an adumbration of that idyllic affair which passed in the bowery loneliness of Eden.

It is in the passage to which reference has just been made that we find the divine pastoral drama in the manner of the Song of Solomon, though somewhat less frankly amorous. Despite the complicated structure of this piece, which Mr. Begley has cleverly disentangled, it is full of simple, sensuous, and passionate poetry. There is a chorus of maidens in the rippling measure of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, — known to many by its refrain breathing the light loves of Old-World Mays, “*Cras amet qui numquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet*;” —

which is pretty near the high water mark of neo-Latinity. No one who has not “lost his ear by laying it down on the low and swampy places” of modern metrification can fail to delight in this deep-mouthed music. From the beautiful opening line, —

“*O beata surge tandem, linque lectum conjugis,*”

down to the last sonorous cadence,

“*Et sopore blanda sero somniemus somnia,*” it is a masterpiece of harmony.

Still more interesting than this bridal song, or than any of the varied lyrics, are the fragments of the Armada epic. It has long been known that at one time Milton contemplated an English epic other than the Arthurian story mentioned in his *Epitaphium Damonis*. Whether the few hundred rolling hexameters here preserved are flotsam from that venture, or not, they are of very considerable intrinsic importance. The advantages of the Armada as an epical subject are obvious. There has seldom been a better opportunity for a poet to trace the large plan of Providence beneath the crisis of a nation's history; and it is certain that our poet, whoever he was, was perfectly clear-sighted as to the possibilities of his theme. The supernatural forces so essential to epic poetry are handled with unusual discretion and effectiveness. There is one particularly striking passage describing the assenting laugh of the King of Ter-

rors when invoked to disperse the Spanish fleet, which is equal to the best in its kind. In Mr. Begley's vigorous, but rather artificially Miltonic, English it runs thus: —

“Then overjoyed to take
His share in such wild deeds, that awful Shape,
As answer, raised a peal most horrible
Of echoing laughter long and loud, far worse
Than rumbling roar of twin-contending seas,
Or when the pregnant thunder-clouds displode
From hill to hill. A tremor ran along
The Arctic ground; the mountain tops were rent
By that dread peal; it flawed the eternal ice
Thick as it lay upon the Cronian Sea;
E'en Heaven itself did tremble to the pole.”

There is still another quality, equally noticeable in these epic fragments, which makes for Milton's authorship. It is mentioned here for what it is worth and presented to Mr. Begley with the subscriber's compliments. In epics of the first rank, with all their sublimity and massiveness of structure, there goes a lyrical beauty of phrase which never appears at all in your *Henriads*, and but faintly in your *Lusiads* and *Messiahs*. In Homer the dark splendor of the sea and the pathos of Achaian wives widowed of their joy take us more than the wrath of Achilles. In Virgil it is “the sense of tears in mortal things” which makes his mighty measure sometimes tremble with romantic tenderness; in Tasso it is his “*io non so che*” of wistful beauty; and among readers of *Paradise Lost* there are many who remember Eden-bower, or the brooks of Val-lombrosa, or the revels which

“some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees,”

longer than the justification of the ways of God to man. So here in the Latin of the Armada epic there are an opulence of imagination and a vigor and vibrancy of phrase which seem utterly to forsake all but poets of the very first order when they address themselves to epical composition. One has but to peruse the *Davideis* of Cowley, an excellent poet in his way, to feel the force of such an argument.

Whether in the last account *Nova Solyma* shall be held to be the work of Milton or of another, Mr. Begley deserves well of the Commonwealth of Letters for the genial enthusiasm and close scholarship which he has brought to an arduous and trying task. Should it prove after all that he has not given us the chief product of Milton's quiet years in his father's house at Horton, he has at any rate made accessible to English readers a remarkable book, of unique

historic interest and value. The man who wrote *Nova Solyma* was an idealist living in a contentious and centrifugal age; it was the principle of his nature to seek truth in every byway of literature; yet he was never ready to rest content in the relativities of scholarship or of human experience; his quest was ever for the absolute verity, even though it lead him, as in his *Ecstasy of Joseph*, beyond the flaming ramparts of the World. F. G.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

"FOR THE YOUNG."

It was only a century ago, as everybody remembers, that literary sucklings were nurtured on the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, *Paradise Lost*, and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. This was not in all respects an admirable diet for readers of any age, but it had its good points. There is a chance that an imaginative child may be helped toward a taste for good literature by having to amuse himself with that or nothing; he may delight in the rhythm of great poetry or the stately march of great prose before he can get an inkling as to what it is all about. But the situation is hardly imaginable nowadays, since children have plenty of reading to amuse themselves with besides the best. They are no longer required to be seen and not heard, or to put up with the scraps of literature which may fall from the wholesome (that is, tiresome) table of their elders. A much pleasanter bill of fare is being provided for them, and it is confidently expected that the early courses of sugar-water and lollipop will gently and kindergartently induce an appetite for the ensuing roast. The fact is, our guilt has come home to us. We have not been treating the child properly for the past

ten thousand years or so, and we are in a creditable hurry to make it up to him, at the expense of our own rights if necessary; and we do books, among other things, in his honor, by way of propitiating him.

I.

Our earlier attempts were pretty clumsy, we must admit. When it occurred to us that the child was a person, we perceived first that he must be worth preaching to. We hastened to provide him with *Guides for the Young Christian*, and *Maiden Monitors*, and such; and later, relenting a little, we declined to the secular frivolity of the *Rollo* books and *Sandford and Merton*. There is no doubt that the child, or a considerable part of him, enjoyed this concession, paltry as it now seems; and presently his dutifulness was rewarded by such books as *Water Babies*, *Tom Brown at Rugby*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, which perfectly established his right to be amused as well as instructed. Since then affairs have gone very smoothly for him; the rill of literature for children has grown to a torrent, and there is no saying that it may not soon develop into

a deluge. The number and character of current books advertised to be for the young is a little appalling; but there is no use in grumbling about such a condition; probably the wisest course for the observer is to cultivate an attitude of resigned and friendly speculation.

What are collectively known as books for the young appear to be pretty easily classifiable. There are books for urchins and books for striplings, to begin with; there are, further, books about adults for the young, books about the young for adults, and books which, whatever they are about, are equally good for readers of all ages. Most of the best books nominally awarded to childish readers evidently belong to this final class. Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the wonder tales of Hans Andersen and Hawthorne, the *Child's Garden of Verses*, *Alice in Wonderland*,—books like these obviously belong not simply to the nursery but to literature, and are not made worthless by the addition even of a cubit to the stature of the reader. It must be an object of interest in judging current books for the young to hazard a guess as to their eligibility for this class.

Mr. Kipling's *Just So Stories*¹ is the only recent original book for children whose standing in this connection appears to be fairly sure. It does for very little children much what the *Jungle Books* did for older ones. It is artfully artless, in its themes, in its repetitions, in its habitual limitation, and occasional abeyance, of adult humor. It strikes a child as the kind of yarn his father or uncle might have spun if he had just happened to think of it; and it has, like all good fairy-business, a sound core of philosophy. Children might like the book just as well, at first, if it lacked this mellowness of tone, but grown people would not like it at all; and when a book for children bores grown people,

its days are numbered. One of the dangerous things about giving children unguided indulgence in child-books is that they are prepared to relish, for the moment, such inferior stuff. A normal child has no difficulty in making what seem to him to be bricks out of the scantiest and mouldiest of straw-heaps. He will listen to some maudlin rambling mammy's tale with the same rapture which a proud father may have fancied could be produced only by his own ingenious and imaginative fictions. All stories are grist to the mill of infancy; but it is true, nevertheless, that very few of them are worth grinding.

There is, in short, no separate standard of taste by which to determine the value of books written for children. To be of permanent use, they must possess literary quality; that is, they must be whole-souled, broad, mature in temper, however simple they may need to be in theme or manner. This truth is not always observed by the fond adult buyer. The given book seems, he admits, rather silly, but he supposes that to be a part of its character as a "juvenile." A theory seems to be building up that the attribute of ripe humor which is wisdom is rather wasted upon a book for children; that a boy knows a parson and recognizes a clown, but is only puzzled by the betwixts and between of the class to which most of humanity belongs. It is often asserted that a child's sense of humor is mainly confined to a sense of the ridiculous. That is true of his sense of a joke; but children have never been proved insusceptible to the warmth of true humor, though they may have been quite unconscious of susceptibility. In the meantime, they are ready enough to put up with its absence; and they find at hand a type of fiction built upon an artificial code of sentiment and morals. Children's magazines and libraries are full of stories written according to this code, the beginning and the end of which is the prescription of certain things to do and not to do: never to cheat in ex-

¹ *The Just So Stories*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

amination, always to be grateful to your parents, never to pretend to have money when you have n't, and always to knock under to authority. By way of making up for all these deprivations, you are (if you are a genuine school hero or heroine) allowed to make precocious love to the prettiest girl or the handsomest boy in school. It cannot be denied that there is something of this in Miss Alcott, though her successors and imitators have, according to the habit of imitators, exaggerated the defects of her method and her work. Her books are, in the main, not only interesting to girls, but wholesome, and deserve to be handsomely reprinted, as two of them have just been,¹ for the benefit of the rising generation of Beths and Megs and Pollies. Those old little heroines have had their own literary descendants, — Emmy Lou,² for example, who might be a granddaughter of any one of them. This is a delightful little story, a sympathetic (because humorous) interpretation of childhood merging into girlhood; and if it interests daughters and mothers rather than fathers and sons, that will be the fault of the theme rather than of the treatment.

II.

It is odd, by the way, that we should now have not only books for children and books for grown-ups, but books for boys and books for girls. Why not, by the same token, novels for men and novels for women? The truth is, there is a sad season, between "the codling and the apple," when the interests of youths and maidens do so diverge that they prefer to go, for a time, their several ways. If a boy of twelve, for instance, is going to read about persons of his own age, he wants to hear about interesting

persons, — that is, other boys. Moreover, he will wish it understood that they are to be real boys, — boys' boys. When Miss Alcott wrote *Eight Cousins*, she spoiled the whole thing from the masculine point of view by making the one girl-cousin the leader of "the bunch." It is pleasant, doubtless, to behold seven able-bodied boys dancing attendance upon one slender red-cheeked girl; but any boy can imagine a hundred pleasanter things than that. What's the matter with war, or life on the plains, or getting after buried treasure? Those are the things a fellow would like to do, while the red-cheeked girls are playing with their paper dolls and making eyes at each other, for practice.

With this bias lingering in their minds, those who have not been boys too long ago must note with satisfaction that the story of daring adventure and hair-breadth escape continues to be written and read. They will wonder fondly, too, whether the latest book of the prolific Henty³ compares favorably with the Oliver Optic yarn of twenty years ago: —

"Two men were sitting in the smoking-room of a London club. The room was almost empty, and as they occupied armchairs in one corner of it, they were able to talk freely without fear of being overheard. One of them was a man of sixty, the other some five or six and twenty.

" 'I must do something,' the younger man said, 'for I have been kicking my heels about London ever since my ship was paid off two years ago. At first, of course, it did n't matter, for I have enough to live upon; but recently I have been fool enough to fall in love with a girl whose parents would never dream of allowing her to marry a half-pay lieutenant,' " etc. From this pro-

¹ *Little Women*. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

² *Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart*. By

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

³ *The Treasure of the Incas*. By G. A. HENTY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

missing, if somewhat familiar, beginning, it is only a step to Peru, the hidden treasure of the Incas, and "a wedding in Bedford Square." Mr. Henty lived long enough to produce something like forty tales of this type. They are said to be historically correct, but they possess not the slightest literary merit. Yet so responsible a journal as the *London Academy* is quoted as saying, "Among writers of stories of adventures for boys Mr. Henty stands in the very first rank;" and an American reviewer remarks, with unconscious irony, "Mr. Henty might with entire propriety be called the boys' Sir Walter Scott," — a conception which might fitly be capped by defining Sir Walter (surely greatest of all writers for boys) as the adult's Mr. Henty. It is reassuring to know that Scott and Cooper are still read in the sitting-room in spite of the fact that they have to be "studied" in the classroom, and in spite of all the modern "Restaurateurs," as Carlyle would have called them.

Three great favorites of the boy of twenty years ago, Captain Mayne Reid, Oliver Optic, and Jules Verne, are now, for whatever reason, no longer writing stories (the first two, we suspect, were of the direct Henty ancestry). A fourth has just published a new volume¹ which takes us back to the pre-Stanley days when the Dark Continent was a name of mystery that rhymed somehow with Du Chaillu. It is pleasant to find that the veteran story-teller has still a savage king or two up his sleeve. This narrative, like the older ones by the same author, is simple and direct, and has the advantage of possessing some foundation in the actual experience of a probable man, instead of being constructed to display the mythical exploits of an impossible boy.

¹ *King Mombo*. By PAUL DU CHAILLU. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

² *Border Fights and Fighters*. By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

Outside of fiction, a great deal of valuable work has been done recently in the way of providing simple biography and historical narrative for boys. Ambition is a form of selfishness, no doubt, and war is a curse, or whatever; but we like to have our sons know about Achilles and Nelson and Ethan Allen, for all that. An excellent book of tales of real danger and daring is *Border Fights and Fighters*,² a series of "stories of the pioneers between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi and in the Texan Republic." In style it is not picturesque or eloquent, but simple and vigorous and likely to wear well. Altogether, these books go to show that the strenuous taste of boyhood is being quite as conscientiously catered to as the sentimental taste of girlhood. It is awkward to be a miss or a hobbledehoy, for all concerned, but these are experiences of the moment; a little while, and one has become more strenuous and the other more sentimental, and lo! they are man and woman, ready to accept life and art upon approximately equal terms.

III.

If among books for the young some are unpalatable to grown people on account of their total lack of humor, others (and there are many of them) are too sharply humorous or too subtly sentimental to appeal to children. Their only claim to classification among children's books consists in the fact that they are about children. This of course does not really qualify them. There are many grown-ups who will be able to heave a sigh and may be able to drop a tear over certain verses in *The Book of Joyous Children*.³ It is a characteristic product of Mr. Riley's favorite mood, not exactly a joyous mood, for he may

³ *The Book of Joyous Children*. By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

fairly be called the threnodist of departed childhood. One grows, perhaps, a little tired of this mourning for lost joys; manhood has its compensations, after all, and the state of innocence is an excellent point of departure, rather than a goal, to "such a being as man, in such a world as the present." Of course there is humor as well as sentiment in these reminiscences: —

"Calf was in the back-lot;
Clover in the red;
Bluebird in the pear-tree;
Pigeons on the shed;
Tom a-chargin' twenty pins
At the barn; and Dan
Spraddled out just like 'The
Injarubber-Man!'"

Most of this verse is written in the peculiar child dialect which Mr. Riley discovered, or evolved, long ago; a speech in which "just" becomes "ist," "that" becomes "'at," "was" becomes "wuz," and so on. Experiment does not indicate that either the form or the mood of such verse appeals strongly to children. A similar exception must be taken to much of Eugene Field's poetry about children, though in a few of his songs he does really speak directly to the young, and not merely to lovers of the young.

The classic book of English verse for children is of course the *Child's Garden*, probably the purest and ripest expression of Stevenson's genius. No one has written so like a child or more like a man; and consequently no book about children (except *Alice in Wonderland*) is so acceptable to all ages. It is curious to see how a child feels the gentle irony of many of these verses, though he listens with a serious face; what a clear sense he has of the delicious priggishness of *The Whole Duty of Children*: —

¹ *A Child's Garden of Verses*. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1902.

² *A Pocketful of Posies*. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

³ *Golden Numbers*. A Book of Verse for

"A child should always say what 's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least, as far as he is able;"

or of the whimsical vagueness of the *Happy Thought*: —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

There is hardly a poem in the collection which does not express some true childish mood, as the child himself feels it, and not as it looks in retrospect. A dainty and cheap illustrated edition of the book has been published recently, which it is a pleasure to name here.¹

Some of the best verses in *A Pocketful of Posies*² are in the Stevensonian manner: —

"A candy Lion's very good,
Because he cannot bite,
Nor wander roaring for his food,
Nor eat up folks at night.

"But though it's very nice for me,
It's not so nice for him;
For every day he seems to be
More shapeless and more slim.

"And first, there's no tail any more;
And next, there is no head;
And then, — he's just a candy Roar,
And might as well be dead."

The verse is accompanied by a few good pictures by Miss Cory, and an amusing marginal gloss — amusing, that is, to the adult reader.

Happily not even the best of juvenile poetry can do for children everything which poetry can do. Several admirable collections of great verse which is intelligible to young people have been made in the past, collections like Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica* and the *Heart of Oak Series* edited by Professor Norton. Last year appeared *Golden Numbers*,³ a remarkably good collection of poetry for youth, and now comes *The Posy Ring*,⁴

Youth. Chosen and Classified by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

⁴ *The Posy Ring*. A Book of Verse for Children. Chosen and Classified by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

by the same editors, an equally good book for younger children. Some work of most of the great English poets will be found in the collection, and a cursory examination of the volume has discovered nothing which is either trifling or merely edifying; it contains poetry that is and will be used gratefully by many people who have believed in reading good verse to children, but have distrusted their own judgment in selecting the right thing.

IV.

One is surprised in looking over the most popular books about children to see how few of them are really capable of being enjoyed by children. There, to be sure, was *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which was fit for the enjoyment of the sentimental and the humorless of any age; perhaps we had better speak of the best rather than the most popular books. Mrs. Ewing in *Jackanapes* and *The Story of a Short Life*, and Mrs. Wiggin in *Timothy's Quest* and *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, seem to have achieved the better sort of balance. Miss Daskam has solved, or avoided, the problem of her audience by producing two kinds of story about children, a variety like *The Madness of Philip* for grown-ups, and a variety like *The Imp* and *the Angel* for babes.

Elsewhere the question has been decided frankly in favor of the adult reader, though there are cases in which children manage to enjoy in some manner what was meant for their elders. A boy, for instance, will devour tales like *Tom Sawyer* or *Huckleberry Finn*, though he cannot understand their real merit as studies of boy-character. As narratives of delightfully meaningless depravity they have been excluded, not unreasonably, from more than one public library. The adult intelligence is necessary to understand them, far more necessary than with many books commonly read by adults which have nothing whatever to do with children. In

the *Huck Finn* class one might include Mr. Kipling's *Stalky*, if one were sure that the disagreeable little rascals who figure in that tale can be supposed to mean anything even to the full-grown intelligence.

There is no doubt on this score as to the value of Mr. Howells's books about boys. In his *A Boy's Town* he registered, professedly for young readers, a series of minute and sharply defined after-impressions of boyhood as he had in his own person experienced it. His latest book¹ is the story of a particular boy in the *Boy's Town*. It has an admirable moral (if that were important), but I doubt if an ordinary boy would be quite sure what it is. He would enjoy the book, but the very subtlest, finest merit of it would be beyond him. The writer, in short, employs his favorite instrument of cool and dry irony to excellent effect, for grown-up readers. The style is happily colloquial, now and then slipping into boy syntax and vocabulary. A brief quotation will illustrate both the simplicity and the subtlety of the narrative. It is taken from the chapter called *The Right Pony Had to Run Off*:—

"As soon as they sat down at the table his father began to ask what the trouble was. Pony answered very haughtily, and said that old Archer had put him back into the second reader, and he was not going to stand it, and he had left school.

" 'Then,' said his father, 'you expect to stay in the second reader the rest of your life?'

"This was something that Pony had never thought of before; but he said he did not care, and he was not going to have old Archer put him back, anyway, and he began to cry.

"It was then that his mother showed herself a good mother, if ever she was one, and said she thought it was a shame

¹ *The Flight of Pony Baker*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

to put Pony back and mortify him before the other boys, and she knew that it must just have happened that he did not read very well that afternoon because he was sick, or something, for usually he read perfectly.

"His father said, 'My dear girl, my dear girl!' and his mother hushed up and did not say anything more; but Pony could see what she thought, and he accused old Archer of always putting on him and always trying to mortify him.

" 'That 's all very well,' said his father, 'but I think we ought to give him one more trial; and I advise you to take your books back to school this afternoon, and read so well that he will put you into the fourth reader to-morrow morning.' "

It would be hard to find elsewhere so veracious a picture of the whimsical contrarieties and unwilling compunctions of boy-nature, unless in that remarkable and, it is to be hoped, unforgotten series of boy-studies, *The Court of Boyville*. The books of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, which have now been given what might well be their final form,¹ are in a different vein. Mr. Grahame has the advantage of writing confessedly for his contemporaries. His style is rather ornate than simple, and he remembers his childhood with a tenderness of personal association which he does not try to hide. His memory has more subtlety than that of Mr. Riley, and more warmth than that of Mr. Howells. In *Dream Days* the amusing, and better than amusing, group of children who figured in *The Golden Age* reappear, a little older, a little nearer in sympathy to the grown-up people whom they feel themselves to be perilously approaching, while still incapable of fancying for themselves so dull a future as appears to have fallen to the lot of the men and women they know best. Mr. Grahame's work is imaginatively rather than literally true,

¹ *The Golden Age*. By KENNETH GRAHAME. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

and is in various moods, now romantic as in *Its Walls Were as of Jasper*, now whimsical as in *The Magic Ring*: —

"We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream-colored horse of fairy breed, long-tailed, roe-footed, an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one! It was her more than mortal beauty — displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before — that held us spellbound. What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hour-glass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there; slow of movement and given to deprecating lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation! From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high-strung moments, I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, facing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations, — I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles."

If this is the writing of a man for men, so much the better for men, and, indirectly at least, for the children of men.

H. W. Boynton.

At the present day an interest in **New Garden Books.** gardening seems to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and if the appearance of garden books be a sign of the times there are no symptoms of its abatement. Ever since Elizabeth spied out the land, claims in the forgotten fields of garden-lore have been staked thick and fast. Among the recent arrivals are Miss Nichols, with her

Dream Days. By KENNETH GRAHAME. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

English Pleasure Gardens,¹ and Mrs. Earle, whose *Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday*² follows hard on the track of her *Old Time Gardens*.

English Pleasure Gardens is a large, handsome octavo, portly and imposing, enjoying the leisurely comforts of large type and a placid breadth of margin; a book which stands like a solid and substantial dowager among the lighter and more frivolous garden-sisterhood, — charming but sometimes irresponsible.

The reader turns the pages at first, delighting in glimpses of the old gardens, reproductions from tapestries; but if he thinks to take Miss Nichols's hand and saunter carelessly down the flowery by-paths of garden-chat, or linger in the garden-seats of old orchards ("roosting places," as the Duke of Buckingham happily terms them), and dream over Elizabethan gardens, he will find himself mistaken: Miss Nichols is not given to dreaming, she does not even incline to roosting places, — except historically considered, — and the layman, instead of such pleasing loitering, will find himself walking briskly along the harder paths of learning.

The book is a careful, detailed setting forth of the formal garden, from its first development on British soil, during the Roman occupation, to the present time. Although the first chapter is devoted to the classic villa gardens, and there is later in the book a résumé of Italian garden-art, of the French system — these are introduced solely in regard to their influence on English garden-craft, for Miss Nichols wanders no farther from her subject than the flower-beds stray beyond the tall yew hedges.

The subject is naturally taken up historically. There are the monastic gardens of the twelfth century when religion and horticulture fared peacefully hand in hand. As to the mediæval

garden, direct sources of information are few: —

"We must revert to the proper channels,

Workings in tapestry, paintings on panels."

So with Chaucer and Lydgate and the *Roman de la Rose*, with illuminations of old manuscript and the tapestry (as Browning advises) Miss Nichols makes an excellent reconstruction of the mediæval pleasaunce; although, of course, some allowance must be made for the inventiveness of poet as well as painter, — "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done," said Sir Philip Sidney, and, after all, these old gardens with their fruit trees, their beds of medicinal herbs and pot-herbs, partook chiefly of the nature of the kitchen garden. It was long before beauty for beauty's sake was frankly sought; with the early English garden as with Gilpin's wife, —

"Though on pleasure she was bent,

She had a frugal mind."

The idea of utility was always present.

Under the Tudors, we find the garden coming more into its own. It is a pity that the "flowery orchard" of these early days is not oftener reproduced with its gay borders of flowers and the violets and crocuses coming up happily from the turf under the blossomed trees. Then follows the Elizabethan garden, — "the blossom of English genius at one of its sunniest moments," — when certainly, as never before, perhaps as never since, was understood the art of "making," in Sidney's words, "this too-much loved earth more lovely."

But this is only half the book, though the more interesting half. The gardens under the Stuarts are treated in detail, also the seventeenth-century work when the brilliant and polished art of Le Nôtre largely influenced English taste — this Miss Nichols enters into more fully than one would think necessary — the Italian influence, the eigh-

¹ *English Pleasure Gardens*. By ROSE STAN-
DISH NICHOLS. New York: The Macmillan
Co. 1902.

² *Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday*. By
ALICE MORSE EARLE. New York: The Mac-
millan Co. 1902.

teenth-century devastations under poor Brown, whose shade must weary of the execrations of more than a hundred years of garden-lovers. Modern garden-craft is but slightly touched upon.

The work is very beautifully illustrated; not only are the representative gardens of the different periods Penshurst, Levens, Hatfield, Wilton, and many others there in charming photographs, but the text is full of sketches, by the author, of arbors and garden-houses, gateways, terraces, garden-seats, and Greek *exedrae*, statues and bits of topiary work, patterns of "knots," — the intricate raised flower-beds, plans as well as photographs of the well-known gardens; Miss Nichols is even kind enough in some cases to name the inmates of the various flower-beds that he who cares to "follow in their train" may have no difficulty.

As a careful and detailed study of the different periods of garden-craft, English Pleasure Gardens will be of value to the student, of much interest to the garden-lover; it is clearly and even pleasantly written; one could wish that beside the plans and descriptions more of the spirit and poetry of the old gardens had infused Miss Nichols's text, some of the fragrance and freshness of the outdoor world of which John Muir's writings are as full as a mountain brook is of music; yet charm and analysis are not boon companions; although the author has been careful about many things, one might say of her as it was said of Martha, "but one thing is needful," — the charm which is to a book what fragrance is to a flower.

Although not a garden-book strictly speaking it is to garden-lovers that Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday will chiefly commend itself, for the garden and the sundial are old intimates, — "Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise," quotes Mrs. Earle.

There is indeed much of the Charm and Sentiment of Sun-dials in her first chapter, and the reader is loath to

leave the fellowship of Elia and Dante Rossetti for the classification of dials, or even the dimensions of the dial of Glamis, to go on from the poetry of the dial to its prose; not so Mrs. Earle; she goes into her subject with all the enthusiasm of zeal and knowledge, — in fact, the profusion of photographs would suffice to show the zeal were the text wholly lacking. There is the dial of Ahaz, and of John Knox, historic dials and dials of American country places, Harriet Martineau's and "E. V. B's," vertical dials, ceiling dials, cross-dials, dials on corbels, and lectern-headed dials, as well as the more familiar horizontal dials. There is also a remarkably complete chapter on portable dials, admirably illustrated.

To one who has purposed in his heart to set up a dial, Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday will be most valuable. Mrs. Earle gives just the details of which the amateur enthusiast stands in sore need; not only simpler rules even than Chaucer made for his "litle son . . . naked words in English, for Latyn he kanstow yet but smal, my litle son," but also chapters on gnomons and pedestals, on sundial-mottoes, on the setting of dials, which will be suggestive. No doubt some reader, hitherto happy, will find his life and his garden incomplete until blessed with a dial.

As far as the roses are concerned, however, except for illustrations, the title is a delusion and a snare, for the sundials are many and the roses are few. Although the Rosicrucians are present, and the rose as an emblem and the rose in English history are there, but one chapter is devoted to our grandmothers' roses, the Velvets, the Damasks, — roses which have a certain graciousness and charm, an endearing quality which many of the newer ones lack, sumptuous and brilliant as they are. It is a pleasure to find Mrs. Earle speaking a word for the tiny clustered roses, and for the older climbers, in these days when size seems to be the first require-

ment, and the Crimson-Rambler, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all other climbing roses; it is a pleasure also to notice the protest against the sacrifice of everything for the individual bloom, while the garden presents an "expanse of tall, thickly set sticks and scant, low growing foliage." It may be a nursery or a sanitarium for roses, but it is not a garden in the sense that the poet meant when he wrote of "a garden-full of rose-trees and a soul-full of comforts" as if the two were synonymous.

Mrs. Earle has accumulated much information concerning her subjects which is agreeably "bodied forth," but as a book *Sundials and Roses of Yesterday* lacks a backbone, — it is disconnected. While relating in a measure to gardening, there is in it altogether too much solid discussion of dialing to give the author the gardener's license to ramble, "led by the hops and skips, turnings and windings of his brain," as old Markham says. One suspects Mrs. Earle of a housewifely thrift in making use of odds and ends of a literary cupboard. The chapter on *Rural Saints and Prophets*, for instance, although interesting, has but the barest connection with the book, and the seeker after truth in the matter of sundials will find himself brought up against Mary Stuart's tapestry or recipes for *Rosa Solis*, — interesting doubtless, but not what he "went out for to see."

In a garden the sundial requires a certain formality of setting, however slight; the shrubs or flower-beds which surround it, the old garden-masters taught, must be carefully placed with reference to the dial as the centre of the design; so in a book; this "garden-god of Christian gardens," as Charles Lamb calls it, deserves in its literary setting a symmetry, an ordered beauty, — which Mrs. Earle does not give it.

Frances Duncan.

¹ *The Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea*. Edited by MYRA REYNOLDS. [The Decennial

THE Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago, which

Ardelia.¹ have included many interesting and substantial contributions to the circle of the sciences and arts, have numbered no more excellent volume than Miss Reynolds's piously careful edition of the poems of the Countess of Winchelsea, better known to her few true-lovers under the fragrant name of *Ardelia*. Some ungentlemanly gibes by Swift and Pope, an admiring paragraph or two in Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt, a pleasant essay by Mr. Gosse, a slender selection from her work in Ward's *English Poets*, a brief notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, — the bibliography of *Ardelia* is complete. Hence the curious student, and even more the reader, who cares for whatever in literature is delightful and significant, must be grateful to Miss Reynolds for this portly volume in which the complete poetical works of a notable woman — reproduced from a rare octavo and two manuscript volumes — are preceded by a lively and thorough account of her career and character.

Ardelia — who, when off the bi-forked hill, was Mrs. Anne Finch — was a lady poetess of a singularly wholesome type. A clever and charming girl, she served as maid of honor to Mary of Modena, and walked the devious ways of the corrupt courts of the second Charles and James without reproach. By her own showing she disdained the

"Sudden starts of fancy'd passion,
Such as move the Gallick nation;"

yet her pen can treat tenderly of love as the most worthy of all the excursions and transports of the mind. Later, when married to Heneage Finch, a talented gentleman with a "nice relish" of antiquity, she can write bravely and poetically of her happiness, in an age when such happiness was hopelessly unfashionable. As with Cowley and the other poets who were passing from the

Publications of the University of Chicago.] Chicago: The University Press. 1903.

stage when she was a young girl, the country-side delighted her more than London: of the citified pose of Mrs. Behn she was as impatient as of her amorous flights. She stoutly affirms that "Women are Education's and not Nature's fools," yet there is little in her writing to suggest the *femme savante* who has contributed so much of depression and gayety to our later literature. There are, indeed, but two notes of pathos in the record of a life exceptionally happy and well ordered: she was, alas, afflicted with the spleen, and — a keener sorrow! — she was childless.

It might have been well had Miss Reynolds added to her firm if somewhat academic examination of the traits of Ardelia's poetry a sharper discrimination of its relation to some of the subtlest and most pervasive intellectual currents of the time. Wordsworth's praise of Ardelia as the only poet between Milton and Thomson, to use a new image from external nature, is misleading. Despite a certain natural and unaffected note in her singing, her mind was receptive rather than energetic, and few poets are likely to be more profitable to the earnest seeker after *Einfluss*.

All things considered, it was Cowley who had the greatest part in shaping the form of her work. Cowley's imitations of "Pindar his enthusiastical manner" were the model poems of the age, and Ardelia was easily the best of the crowd of bad and indifferent poets who were "sequacious of his lyre." If Ardelia never has quite the flood of song which

". . . ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,"

or never quite equals Cowley at his best in forging such unforgettable mouth-fillers as

"Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,"

at least her demurer Muse is never guilty of such turgidities as most of those fell into who adventured the "en-

thusiastical manner." Yet there is much, not only in her Pindaric flights, but in all her vigorous versified rhetoric, which goes to show her admiring study of the poet whom men were only just beginning to suspect might be a little lower than Homer and Virgil. Miss Reynolds will have it that Ardelia was not given to the Cowleyesque pursuit of conceits. Her metaphors and similitudes are indeed rarely as tall as those which inspired Dr. Johnson's famous charge against the "metaphysical" poets, but her verses are compact of analogical curiosities akin to theirs, and when she makes a lover lamenting the charms and cruelty of his mistress cry out that he has

"No safe Umbrella 'gainst her eyes,"
Donne himself might yield his bays.

Another of Ardelia's admired poets was Denham, the author of one of the noblest nature-poems in the language, and much of her own descriptive writing is obviously patterned after Cooper's Hill. There is more of it, however, which is quite artless, the poetic and sentimental reaction of a sensitive mind upon a beautiful environment. The reader of such writers as Temple is not likely to believe that the love of nature was ever, even in the last decade of the seventeenth century, so nearly dead in English hearts as Wordsworth would wish us to believe. Nowhere is the persistence of a sensitiveness to natural beauty seen more clearly than in such poems as Ardelia's *To a Nightingale* and her *Nocturnal Reverie*. On the other hand, it is quite true that in most of the poets of her age nature is seen under the malign light of an artificial "pathetic fallacy," widely removed from the poetic effectiveness of the real pathetic fallacy which was to appear within the next half century. It is to Ardelia's everlasting credit that either by the clarity of her temperament, or by a specially emergent Providence, her Muse escaped this contagion. The greater portion of her imagery drawn from nature carries with

it a singular conviction of actual observation and delight. It is still more remarkable that in some passages, such as the invocation to Peace

"On some mountain dost thou lie
Serenely near the ambient sky,"

she partakes of the impressiveness without the disturbance of that Ossianic sublimity, sometimes supposed to be an invention of a later generation.

The heat of Ardelia's poetic flame was fitful rather than constant, and she is seen at her best in fortunate couplets rather than in passages and poems. Many of her best couplets are marked by that crisp, adversative turn so essentially an English gift, as in the lines to Sleep, —

"Thou 'lt stay 'till kinder Death supplies thy
place,
The surer Friend though with the harsher
face."

Sometimes, again, she shows traces of the high, Pythagorean reverie to which the more generous spirits, even of that age of prose, were addicted. When she tells us that the Soul may

"From a rightly governed frame
View the Height from whence she came,"

we seem to be listening to the persistent voice of that gentle idealist John Norris, who, in those very years at Bemerton, was composing his amiable, ample, and curiously popular works in verse and prose.

In short, Ardelia was neither the solitary survivor of the old order of poetry nor the lonely herald of the new. She was a charming and clever woman with a flexible, sympathetic, chameleon-like mind. She read poetry and wrote it for her own and her friends' pleasure, yet by the very sensitiveness of her nature she contrived to produce many vague adumbrations of moods and thoughts that were already, always indeed, alive in men's minds, but which were repressed by an artificial and accidental convention in literature, and were not to appear conspicuously therein for another fifty years.

F. G.

THOSE who wish to approach Nietzsche's personality through the medium of English cannot but welcome a translation so satisfactory as this of *Morgenröthe*.¹ A few puzzles of punctuation, a few lapses from idiomatic English, rarely an error, but in the main an effective rendering with the poetic passages seemingly the better done. The work belongs to the earlier years of Nietzsche's matured thought, and represents him at his best. It is divided into five books, into nearly four hundred paragraphs and aphorisms, coordinated by the vaguest threads of suggestion, yet throughout bearing the author's characteristic challenge.

It is not likely that Nietzsche can arouse in the English-thinking world more than a shadow of the interest which he has called forth in Germany. For apart from the fact that receptivity to his appeal implies a German omnivorousness of speculative appetite, one may now fairly affirm that he is a figure in the literary rather than in the philosophical life of his nation. He invented for German a new style, giving it compactness combined with suggestiveness and form, and conquering the paragraph in a manner new to the tongue. Skill with the paragraph is no novelty in French and English; and it is by this that Nietzsche often achieves the semblance of vigor and originality in thought where these are really wanting.

For Nietzsche was not an original thinker. His ideas are current property of his age. Kant, Schopenhauer, Darwin, Comte, — all these appear in the medley, fantastic, fragmentary, and interlarded with innumerable trivialities; there is never any real reconstruction of elements, never any congruity. True, there are flashes of keen psychology and occasional sublimities of bitterness, all Nietzsche's own; but for the most part

¹ *The Dawn of Day*. By FRIDRICH NIETZSCHE. Translated by JOHANNA VOLZ. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

what he adds is merely the striking aspect, the harsh humanization of the idea.

Possibly the essence of his service to German thought lies just in the fact that the humanization is both vivid and harsh. His was a tormented soul with the ethical conscience ever on the rack. He could not accept speculation in the orthodox German way, as distantly ideal, abstruse, beyond the ken of practical interest; he felt that its meaning is very near human life. And however awry his conceptions, the intensity of his interest in moral significances emphasizes, as it is needful to emphasize, that the *raison d'être* of philosophy is its application to human conduct and desire.

But for us, interest is less in Nietzsche's thought than in his personality. His is in many respects the characteristic case of the malady of the age. He began his speculative life as a disciple of Schopenhauer, that is, as a romantic pessimist. But he lacked the massive-

ness of temperament necessary to endure the pessimism after the romance was gone. The terror of it wrought revolution and a struggling for the light in life. Perhaps the very desperation of his effort defeated its end, for he was never able to free himself from the strife. The bitterness of his attacks upon moral convention shows how gallingly that convention held him bound; his exaltations of prowess and power reveal his own sense of exasperated impotence; his adorations of freedom tell only the hopelessness of his servitude. Nietzsche's was a brilliant intellect, but he lacked the strength to hold it to the set task; he could only struggle on, desperately, till lost in mental darkness.

The Dawn of Day should not be read by those whose moral sensibility is easily offended, nor by those who care for thought wholly for the thought's sake; but the student of life and of the times, if he be endowed with a certain catholicity of sentiment, will not read it without reward. *H. B. A.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a great deal to be said **One-Passage** about the fashionable school **Books.** of biography. The pensive but ingenious Mr. Andrew Lang has already said some of it, and I myself hope, on one of our days, to say a little more; but meanwhile I turn aside upon the thought suggested by a passage in the very able and interesting Life of Huxley by his son. All who have read this biography will remember the abrupt exclamation in one of Thomas Huxley's letters, dated some time, I think, in the eighteen-eighties, and piercing as the involuntary cry of one who has received a stinging blow in the dark, where his revolt from the idea of annihilation finds a startling vent. "To think," he says,

or words to that effect, for I have not the book by me, — "To think that I shall probably know no more about what is going on in this interesting world in 1900 than I did in 1800!" Then he rallies his intrepid wit and protests that he would a great deal rather *go to hell*, — "especially if I might be in one of the upper circles, where the society is comparatively good, and the climate not too trying!"

Every one who has read the book, I say, will remember this passage; many of its titular critics have already quoted it, — and I venture to predict, furthermore, that a considerable number of its readers will permanently and distinctly remember no other. For this is my

thought, — that of the higher class of books extensively read in these democratic days, the larger part hold on to the memory of mankind at large by a single passage only. Let me give a few instances, just as they occur at random to memory.

There was the *Life of Darwin*, which thousands of the laity — I mean the unscientific — labored through, with deep respect for the great savant's heroic industry and single-minded devotion to truth, and an ever growing affection for the transparently beautiful and blameless character of the man. But the thing that gripped the general reader, and recurs often, even now, to the popular mind, — as we see, again, by its frequent quotation, — was the passage near the end where he confesses to having wholly lost through his exclusive devotion to experimental science the power, which he once possessed in a rather high degree, of enjoying music, poetry, and the plastic arts. He says, with a simplicity and humility all his own, — though perhaps a little wistfully, — that his "æsthetic faculties have long been *atrophied*."

Here is another instance, curiously like the one from Huxley, out of a somewhat older and decidedly more recondite work, — John Stuart Mill's *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*. The main argument of the *Examination* turned upon Sir William's assumption that goodness in a Supreme Being must needs be something so different from goodness in a limited human being, that we have no right to bring it to the same tests, or attempt measuring it by the same rule. Up to a certain point, in attacking the nicely jointed ethical system of which this postulate formed a part, Mill had preserved a cold and academic decorum, and employed only the driest and most technical phraseology. But suddenly there is a shiver of the sentient being, and the personal reaction of all this frigid argumentation sweeps

over him, like a spring flood over a broken dam. The critic rises, and, at the pitch of his voice, in words palpitant with human passion declares that he does not and never will believe a doctrine, which to his mind and conscience destroys every conceivable sanction of human morality. "And if an Almighty Being can sentence me to hell for not so believing, *to hell I will go*."

The "psychological" word had been spoken, the wireless message went home. Some of those who read were inexpressibly shocked, and some were mysteriously exhilarated; but the dauntless challenge thus delivered to Omnipotence became *the book* henceforth to by far the larger proportion of those who knew it at all, and it has remained so for the thirty odd years during which the very expensive logical scaffolding of either disputant has been tranquilly rotting away: —

"One day still fierce, 'mid many a day struck calm."

Another instance of a similar character was furnished by FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, — in those early days, already so long gone by, when the book was in the hands of those only whom it really concerned. The fit but few read the *Rubáiyát* first in the late sixties or early seventies, either in a now priceless little blue-covered brochure, or in the late Bernard Quaritch's thin red volume. I well remember what an epoch it made with me, and that I diffidently proposed to the then editor of a magazine which shall be nameless to say a few words about the new star that had arisen, in that fine critical print, which was so very fine in those remote days, and accommodated such an astonishing number of words to a page. I was tenderly but decisively told, in reply, that such a notice could have no general interest. But only a few years later the *Rubáiyát* got a long body article over a worthy name; and since then, — Heaven help us all! — there have been Omar socie-

ties and clubs; and almost as much vapid exploitation, and superfluous, not to say impertinent, commentary, as has been lavished on *In Memoriam*. Yet is it not true that both these poems mark their influence on their generation, and retain their vital hold, — the one by the thunderous passage, —

“What, out of senseless nothing to provoke
A sentient something,” etc.

and the other by the three numbers LIV, LV, and LVI, beginning with the lines — almost as well known, now, as the opening of the Burial Service —

“Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,”

and ending with the “sad mechanic” refrain, —

“Behind the veil, behind the veil.”

Of the instances I have thus far enumerated, three — Huxley's, Mill's, and FitzGerald's (for we all know, by this time, how much and how little Omar had to do with it) — strike almost the same Promethean chord. They are essentially *seditions*, — a ringing call — mad at the moment perhaps, as the majority of such calls must ever seem — to insurrection against an invisible and supernatural tyranny. But all of them, even Darwin's, indirectly and obscurely, touch the individual man to the quick concerning his own final destiny; as the Puritan divines would have said, they make him “anxiety about his soul.” More hopeful than either of the foregoing extracts, yet almost more awful than any of them in its convincing solemnity, is the most frequently cited, — is it not the only frequently cited page from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine? — the one in which the Bishop that was to be describes the last talk he had with his mother, the sainted Monica, before that more than “magic casement,” the open window at Ostia.

There can be, I think, but one reason why this particular passage out of a book all palpitant with personal feeling and interest — “the most *human* of all religious books,” as the late Master of

Balliol rightly called it — should have escaped from the keeping of the learned, to live in the heart of average humanity; and that is because it comes nearer than any other known collocation of merely human words, except perhaps one or two of St. Paul and of Dante, to penetrating the beyond, capturing the transcendent, expressing the inexpressible: —

“If life eternal were to be forever
what that one moment of high insight
was, would not this be, in very truth,
to enter into the joy of our Lord?”

But a truce to translation! There is a very beautiful one of the whole scene, in the inconsequent Mr. Mallock's most unaccountable book, *Is Life Worth Living?* But I would most earnestly beg those whom it may really concern to turn to the tenth chapter of the ninth Book of the *Confessions* and read it all in the strange and soul-subduing *agro-dolce* of Augustine's own “converted” Latin.

Almost anything will seem like an anti-climax after it; still I am moved to inquire, as I pass, how many of the unprofessional and comparatively illiterate there are to whom the casual mention of Kant means anything more than the familiar remark of the astronomical prophet about the two things which fill him with equal wonder, the starry heaven above, and the moral law within; or to whom Plotinus is not comprised in that solitary, yet curiously uplifting expression, — “the flight of the one to the One.” *Cætera desiderantur*.

SOME months ago there appeared in these columns of pleasant protest an honest masculine lament for the disappearance of the woodshed. It seems that it was in the woodshed, that darling chaos, that sacred solitude of muss, that the master best knew his soul his own, — his soul and his house. In the process of architectural atrophy that has removed our spare rooms, our woodsheds, and our woodshed chambers, and that threatens

**The Passing
of the Parlor.**

some day to unhome us all, there is another room being filched from us: that room wherein the heart of the mistress swelled fullest with sense of household-ership, — I mean the parlor.

Our grandmothers had parlors. We had a parlor, too, when I was a little girl. The folding-doors by which it was separated from the rest of the house — from our home — moved jerkily, being not often opened. The shades were always drawn. It was not a room for children. We went there only to practice, and returned glad of escape from that dusk and great cleanliness into the dust-flecked sunshine of the sitting-room. We must not enter the parlor except with washen hands and well-wiped feet. Of all abominations, the utterest would have been to *eat* in the parlor; not even at Christmas when the folding-doors stood wide all day, and the mistletoe hung between, not even then; and not even sour-balls, surely of all possible messiness the most innocuous. The parlor was not for us; it was for company, and it belonged to the mother. I don't know when we lost our parlor. The going must have been gradual. I fancy that as we turned our teens and needed more growing room, we spread and spread, until the parlor was pushed clean out of doors. I wonder if the mother misses it?

The grandmother parlors were never lost, never while the grandmothers lived in the houses that had grown about them, and expressed them as the dress does its wearer. In these parlors were carpets abloom with bouquets of green and vermilion, under the bell glass were the wax flowers wrought when grandmother's fingers were white and soft, and there were the portraits and the slippery haircloth and the antimacassars and the faint mustiness of the straw under the carpet, — all so ugly, and so precious to grandmother! Our parlor was not like this, but it had chairs on which one must not sit, and table legs one must not kick, and curios one must

not handle; it was not of our home at all. Yet was any room so cherished of the home-maker? No matter how noisy or cluttered the rest of the house, there is one scrubbed and silent room, forever orderly, ready. Here husband and children do not corrupt, here household care does not break through. No matter that she enters it only to dust, — the blessed peace of it she feels always, — the parlor is there, the door-bell stirs not her heart-strings. Here you may enter, O Stranger, you Polite Impertinence who dare to tirl our pin and demand that we deliver up to you the privacy of our homes. Here we receive you, here is our best and our tidiest; we are not afraid of you.

But where are these parlors of yesterday? Who of us now confesses to a parlor? True they still have parlors in Philadelphia; they keep them done up in mosquito netting and gray linen; but, even in Philadelphia, the parlor shall surely pass. It is going now, and the sign is this: so soon as Philadelphians accept you, even ever so little, just so soon as they believe that one day they may like you, they hurry you past the parlor door, first-floor front, upstairs to the second story back, into the room where they live. Fewer and fewer will be the guests entertained below, more and more they will be taken above, until, even in Philadelphia, the parlor of desuetude will have faded away.

Do not tell me that the change is anything so slight as mere nomenclature; it is the thing that is going from us. There is much magic in the names of rooms, but that is because they are little labels for places spiritual. Unhappy the home that holds not somewhere, by what name soever known, a "sitting-room," place for the mother's darning-basket, the father's smoking-tray, the children's pastepot and scrap-books; place to lounge, work, play, to be glad, sad, cross, for we are closest kin, and who cares? Here in the sitting-room we have divine right to be *we*; but you,

the outsider? No, I am old-fashioned, I had rather there were a parlor for you, — stay there!

Names do not make rooms: for instance, it is impossible to have a parlor in a flat. We cannot have the feeling of parlor in a room that can never be locked apart, — held sacred to guests; that can be, and frequently is, metamorphosed into sleeping-room at night. The sensation of parlor is impossible when we know that the couch on which we sit is a deceit, and that very likely you, O Caller, know this, too. The consciousness of our best, reserved for you alone, — no, this is impossible in a flat. The flat — poor hybrid, poor no-home, that it is — has done much to drive out of our homes, out of our hearts, the peace of the parlor.

Names do not make rooms, and drawing-room is not the equivalent of parlor. Drawing-room has an official, unhomey sound. The picture suggested to my mind by the word is always a long stretch of velvet carpet, high gilded mirrors on every wall, ranged in front of them rows of squat, over-upholstered chairs, and in the centre of the room, under a great chandelier, a circular sofa. I never saw a drawing-room like this; I don't know where the vision comes from, — probably from a picture, seen in childhood, of some dowdy English palace. There is to my mind something un-American in the word drawing-room. I speak as one obscure, one belonging to the Most. There is in the word parlor something agreeably American, pleasantly bourgeois, pleasantly Philistine. Besides, it is not only the name I plead for, it is the thing; I do not want you anywhere and everywhere in my house, you Stranger. For this is what the passing of the parlor means for us who belong to the Most. Architecture provides us now no place apart, no parlor. Why, half of us live in the hall, and receive you there, we, the little people who live in little houses.

Yet how many of us care? The par-

lor belongs to the things that are effete, to the days when children did not, without being pulled from behind the maternal crinoline, speak to grown-up visitors, when parsons golfed not, and old ladies wore caps, and company was spelled with seven capital letters.

What does it mean, this passing of the parlor? Are we growing more indifferent to what people think, that we now do not fence them up, but let them in, where we live? Are we growing more gracious and more careless-friendly? Whither do these things tend? With the passing of the parlor will other things also some day pass away, Company and Calls, and all the religion of pasteboard?

Yet I mourn for the parlor, that darkened and dustless room where we may be sure that all is tidy, and that no secret of soil or wear will be betrayed to eyes we do not quite trust. Is it entirely lost to us, that room where we may receive you with newly arranged hair, and fresh whiteness at the throat, where we may have the right to speak a little mincingly? For, see, in this room we keep our best, — what we think our best; perhaps not our sweet and homey best at all.

Must we then take you straight into our living-rooms, our loving-rooms, where you stumble over the children's blocks, and are rumpled and crumpled by the father's dogs? Must you see our homes and our hearts, O ye Strangers that break through our gates?

WHETHER the love of virtue and the practice of virtue can be **The Decadence of Proverbial Philosophy.** instilled in the young by any system of education is a question which Socrates found it worth his while to ponder, but on which we wiser moderns have had little time to waste. We have perforce assumed that moral excellence can be induced by the proper training, yet we have hardly realized that our ideas of what constitutes the proper training must be radically readjusted.

The rod, it is true, has long had its day. No reputable scientific authority on the moral training of children has longer a good word to say for Solomon's panacea. The precocity of modern children in developing a sacred and inviolable sense of personal dignity precludes its employment, while their failure to develop *pari passu* the inhibitive tendencies which make for the comfort of others has thrown a dreadful burden on what is facetiously described as moral suasion.

But whether this residual doctrine is to prove any more tenable than the now defunct birch-and-rod theory remains to be seen. For upon what in the last resort does the exercise of moral suasion rest? Is it not upon certain indisputable axioms of conduct with which we are wont in season and out of season to bestrew the pathway of the young? Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin, to go no farther back, we have acted as though under the persuasion that the pregnant proverb was the "guide of life." Each tale in the school reader had its moral; each accident in the household its lesson; every occurrence in the parish its warning; and universal history its terrible examples. Some fairly intelligent observers of their kind have been so imposed upon by this method as to attribute to it the whole difference between masculine and feminine codes of morality. Thus Stevenson tells us that "Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally on catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys."

Now it is against this didactic use of a proverbial philosophy that a violent reaction has set in. To the children of this generation "the words of the wise are as goads," in a very literal, yet a very unscriptural sense. I suppose no one but a very old-fashioned individual, and one singularly ignorant of this present evil world and its devices, would

close an address even to a Sunday-school with the once widely current, "Be good, and you will be happy." Travesty and parody have blighted that aphorism beyond hope of rehabilitation. It is by no means the only proverb that engenders disdain on the part of youthful auditors. Such aversion to the improving watchword is all but universal.

Nor is this youthful repugnance to edifying generalizations the most disheartening feature of the situation. As usual, infantile depravity is justified by what parades as scientific pedagogy. The pedagogical expert now tells us that the moral maxim or proverb is commonly false, or at least fallacious; and that where reliable as a recipe for individual success, it is commonly though disguisedly selfish or anti-social.

It must, I think, be conceded that the naively pietized imagination of earlier days has been somewhat indiscriminating in its application of these instructive watchwords. The uniform recommendation of piety as a specific for success both in this life and in that which is to come accounts in some degree perhaps for the unmerited disrepute into which that seemingly excellent saying has fallen. But the rising tide of skepticism has overflowed not merely the proverbial dikes that have protected the frontiers of the moral life, but is sweeping away those time-worn secular adages that for generations have been the supposed breakwaters behind which commercial integrity has been sheltered. I do not find that any very general assent is longer given to the dictum that "honesty is the best policy." One discriminating observer has informed me that it applies only to retail trade. Even the group of proverbs that focus in prescribing unflagging industry as the road to worldly success is being undermined. It is true that unctuous homage is frequently and publicly paid to some reading of this proverb, but it fails longer to carry conviction. The now common spectacle of some famous millionaire pe-

riodically disclosing to gaping auditors the secret of his worldly success has become something to jeer at. The hardly concealed incredulity of the public has put a terrible strain on the rhetoric of these preachers of perseverance. "England," said Nelson, "expects every man to do his duty;" yet Mr. Schwab, president of the Steel Trust, is very bold and says: "Everybody is expected to do his duty, but the boy who does his duty, and a little more than his duty, is the boy who is going to succeed in this world." To this one cynic replies that "this much belauded industry theory of success can be true only so long as most people don't act on it." If each does more than his duty, the standard will ere long be so much raised and so exacting that all will be worse off than before. Hence such supererogatory virtue can redound only to the success of the few, and presupposes the failure of the many. And from this point of view there is another argument adduced against the industry theory of commercial success, namely, that the acceptance of this theory screens from scrutiny and attack the many who have amassed wealth by far other and less laudable means. To the same Limbo are consigned such obviously anti-social maxims as "There's always room at the top." This might be preached to the basket of vipers each trying to raise his head above his neighbors, — a description of the modern industrial world which we owe to Ruskin and Carlyle. Even the excellent Samuel Smiles's admonition that in this country any boy may be president is condemned by our new masters on the same grounds.

Now what is to be done in this state of affairs is another question. But we may as well make up our minds to the fact that to the rising generation a pious fraud is *not* as good as a miracle. Whether our proper course is to sift our remaining stock of moral maxims, and to use in future only those that have not been reversed in the higher court of ju-

venile criticism, I do not know. I am concerned here merely to point out the indubitable decay into which our time-honored proverbial philosophy has fallen. "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?"

I HAVE a distant relative who glories in the possession of some silver spoons that once belonged to Benjamin Franklin's mother and sister. She has also some cheese that was made about the time of the Revolutionary War. Its value if its cost at compound interest were computed would be absurdly disproportionate to its flavor, for its quality, whatever it may have been one hundred and thirty years ago, is somewhat like an ancient joke. Still, my cousin occasionally on great occasions carefully pares off a tiny shaving, and allows sympathetic friends to imagine that there is some saving grace connected with its antiquity. That, and a bit of tea rescued from the famous "Boston Tea Party," and likewise bereft of its flavor, but sipped from cups that came over in the Mayflower, and stirred with spoons which once kissed Franklin's own lips, certainly carry the imagination back to the strenuous days when "Georgius Secundus was still alive."

This dignified ceremony took place on last Forefathers' Day. Alas, not many times more to be repeated, for the precious guarded loaf and the much revered fund of tea leaves are becoming homœopathic in quantity. On this occasion, several of us, having partaken with due solemnity, felt very strongly that Franklin was near us, as if he hovered in almost visible form over the table where the priceless relics stood. A day or two later, my wife had a professional masseuse as a relief for a slight attack of neuralgia. This woman does not claim to be a spiritual medium, and yet she always relapses into a sort of trance. Her voice changes and becomes

decidedly masculine, and, under the guise of a certain Dr. Throgmorton, she treats simple ailments, and by the specifics which she prescribes often, so my wife thinks, dispels troubles that baffle our regular family physician. I take no stock in it, and laugh when I am told of future events which this wise and mysterious visitant sometimes prophesies. On this occasion I chanced to be present, and I was somewhat electrified when Mrs. — in the deep bass voice of an old-school practitioner announced that Dr. Benjamin Franklin was in the room, and would like to communicate with me. Of course I was flattered, and expressed my willingness to listen.

"Here he is," said Dr. Throgmorton; "I will let him speak for himself."

And indeed a curious change instantly took place in the voice of the speaker: it became thinner and finer, it had a wheedling quality with the peculiar timbre of old age. He said:—

"On the 22d you were at the house of my kinswoman, Mrs. —, and you drank tea from a cup that had descended to my mother, and you stirred it with a spoon that belonged to my sister."

I acknowledged that such was the case. The spirit of Franklin proceeded:

"I have been long desirous of sending a message to the chief persons both of my native and of my adopted city. I have watched eagerly for such an opportunity as this. Your contact with my family relics brought a strong influence to bear upon me, and the chance has at last come. You will do me the favor to take accurate note of my words, and report them to the proper parties. Listen: in a codicil to my will, dated June 23, 1789, I left Boston and Philadelphia each the sum of £1000 to let out at interest at five per cent to young married artificers. I expected that each principal would in the course of a hundred years amount to £131,000, and I explicitly directed that £100,000 of it should be laid out in public works, fortifications,

bridges, aqueducts, roads, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever would make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or temporary residence. I directed that the residue — £31,000 — should be again let out for another space of a hundred years, when, according to my best calculations, it would amount to £4,061,000."

I here ventured to inform Franklin that in Boston, at least, the fund had been faithfully nurtured, and that the purchase of the large tract of land forming the beautiful park that bears his name was in exact accordance with his will.

"Very good, very good," he replied, "I have watched with great pleasure the transformation of that tract of land, and while I feel that the money could not have been more wisely expended, I have viewed with much solicitude the way in which further large sums have been borrowed in order to construct roads, build overlooks, gird it with costly walls, and, especially of late, undo what it had cost largely to perform. It would have been much better if the Park Commissioners had with a few proper exceptions made it a rule to pay as they proceeded instead of loading a vast debt on their descendants. You may remember my advice about borrowing. Poor Richard uttered many wise saws, if I do say it who should not. But that is not what I wanted to say. I believe the residue amounts to nearly \$400,000."

"Yes," I said, "it was more than \$365,000 three years ago."

"Well," continued Franklin, "that proves that there has been careful husbandry."

I assured him that though at first the legacy was neglected by the selectmen, it afterwards fell into good hands, and "is now managed by the Board of Aldermen, assisted or corrected by the ministers of the oldest Episcopal, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian churches

of the city. They have been long deliberating how best to expend the sum. Some wanted a trade school but " —

"Yes, I know," interrupted Franklin, "the trades unions antagonized that distribution of it, and it is in regard to this very thing that I wish to express an opinion. Naturally, though I am in another world, I have taken the keenest interest in the development of electricity on earth. I flatter myself that if I could be reincarnated I should have a hand in the electrical inventions that make your age memorable. I have been a constant observer of the progress made each year, and occasionally I have been led to make suggestions to Edison, Tesla, Marconi, as indeed I did to the earlier pioneers in telegraphy, and electric lighting, and other industries, thereby causing several improvements over my original epoch-making discovery. They did not know it, but I communicated these suggestions to them while they were asleep. That is one way in which the few of us that are allowed to be in touch with terrestrial affairs can influence the living, — understand me, I mean living in the flesh, for if the word living is to be applied, it is to us who have shaken off the shackles of the body. This method of communication is very unsatisfactory, for sleep is akin to death, and when the spirit is partially loosened from the body, the memory generally fails to carry any true impression of what has happened. — But my message is in danger of being not delivered. It would be a serious loss. Listen: I frequently travel back and forth in your electric cars, especially in the new elevated lines. I am delighted with that mode of locomotion when I compare it with the slow and tedious ways we had of getting about when I was Postmaster-General, and had to go by stagecoach from Philadelphia to New York. Of course it is all very crude compared with my present facilities."

I was filled with desire to learn more of them, but he proceeded: —

"I will tell you frankly that the noisy, unsatisfactory, and often dangerous trolley, and even the third rail, will some time be supplanted by a still better mode of locomotion, for electric travel is as yet only in its infancy. But again I wander. It troubles me greatly to see that the spaces around the cornices of the cars in all the American cities, and also those abroad, are sold for advertisements of the most heterogeneous sort. It is certainly unfortunate that such despicable doggerel and such hideous illustrations should be allowed to attract attention to such things as spirits — I mean liquors — and corsets and medicines. Now this is what I wish done with my unexpended fund: Let the trustees take possession of all the advertising space in the electric cars in Boston and Philadelphia, and devote it to a sort of traveling library or university. I see that each unit of space costs only two cents a day for each car. Let the President of Harvard, and other capable persons, lay out such a course of instruction as could be fitted to such an object. Let the great lessons of literature — inspiring poems, apothegms from Poor Richard, wise sayings from the Bible and the Koran, memorable passages from philosophy and political economy — be clearly printed and changed about from time to time. Suitable engravings and even beautiful and helpful paintings might be distributed at proper intervals, and the preparation of these paintings and the composition of appropriate poems might well serve as a stimulus to painters and poets, — both of which classes of your citizens seem to be sadly neglected at the present time. The notable events of history could be thus placed before the young; moral maxims would elevate and encourage, and I am certain that in an incredibly short space of time there would be a vast improvement in the culture and morale of the two cities. This would be particularly desirable in Philadelphia, which, I am sorry to say, is in a Quaker state."

I was not certain that I had heard correctly, or was it merely the old-fashioned pronunciation? I thought Franklin had fallen into his bad habit of uttering puns. At all events I forgot myself and coughed, for the whole conversation was so real that I forgot that I was talking with a spirit. The noise I made disturbed the medium. She awoke with a start, rubbed her eyes, and, in her own delicately modulated voice, inquired of me if she had been asleep!

As for Franklin, he was cut off as inexorably as if he had been using a telephone. I simply record his message as I received it. It strikes me that it is marked by much of Franklin's sound common sense, and deserves to be heeded.

It is generally assumed that there is some kind of correspondence between a man's appearance and his character. With this idea I have no quarrel. But the language in which it is usually expressed seems to imply that the character is always the cause and the appearance the consequence. Yet very frequently the reverse is the case. Instead of the appearance being the expression of the character, the character may be the impression of the appearance, as the design of the casting is the impression of the mould.

I once knew a man who was by nature and in youth modest and unobtrusive. As he grew up, however, he became excessively large in body, so that his meekness of demeanor was ridiculously incongruous, and he was positively forced to adopt a robustious tone. Later he grew to fit the part that an accident of physique had compelled him to play, and when we ceased to be friends he had become an intolerable bully. A pose arranged by a photographer with an eye for the picturesque has been known to lead the subject to abandon a profitable but prosaic vocation, and seek a career more appropriate to a young man whose picture was said to be "so like Keats." Sentimentalists have courted illness because a

passing ailment has shown them their faces refined by an interesting pallor.

The ignoring of the tendency exhibited in such cases has led to the comparative neglect of an important means of moral education. Give a pig a clean sty, and he will pretend to cleanliness as long as he plausibly can. Most boys are reluctant to make mud pies the first day they wear a new suit. We are all finer gentlemen in evening dress. Contrariwise, it is a just resentment that we feel at the sign of malice in a beautiful girl; and the ignominy of an aristocrat jars our better nature, however it may please the dog in us, for we are pained at the wanton abandonment of a vantage ground for nobleness.

The principle hinted at in all this lurks in a variety of familiar precepts and customs. "Assume a virtue if you have it not" need not lead to hypocrisy, but may be the device of a laudable aspiration. Affectation, the most tiresome of petty vices, may be gloriously transformed if the sinner can only see that it is more worth while to be than to seem the fulfillment of his ideal. The wearing of a uniform is no small incentive to the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman, for the uniform symbolizes a standard by which the wearer challenges the world to judge him. A freshman at college has already begun to undergo a modification of his whole character in the direction of the type which he supposes himself to represent.

Thus the accident of a man's exterior takes its place among the symbols of a particular ideal. We crave distinction in character as in everything else, and the endless differentiation of human beings makes the ambition a lawful one, so that a man need never be emulous of his neighbor, but only of the ideal. This ideal he supposes to be of his own choice. And indeed it is for him to act well or ill, but the play has been cast before he comes upon the stage, and it is not seldom by the costume assigned him that he recognizes his rôle.

BELIEVE me, gentle writer, it is far better for posterity that your manuscripts should be rejected than that they should be accepted. I make this remark not as one of the glittering generalities to which writer folk are prone. I draw it out of the deep well of my own experience. I was sitting the other morning, looking into the depths of this well and admiring some of the pretty things I saw there; and I was just on the point of getting a hook and line to fish one of them up for purposes of literature, when the door-bell rang. The postman had brought me — not the usual returned manuscript — but a brief note of acceptance and a check. Could anything be more disconcerting! Had it been a refusal my mind would not have been perturbed. It was used to refusals. But an acceptance! The imagination took a wild leap and was off. "Why?" it demanded, "Wherefore?" I had not remembered that that particular article was worth being accepted. I had sent it off a month ago and more, for the fifth time — not because I had active hope, but from principle. And here was the check. I looked at it fondly, and turned it over. I read the name of the firm and the matter in small print — dates and dollar marks. Then I indorsed it and put it in the left-hand corner of my desk. I returned blinking to my morning's work. What was it I was thinking of when the door-bell rang? — Oh, the well! I looked once more into its depths. But the surface was troubled. Shining dollar marks danced above it. I tried to focus my gaze and wait till they should disappear, and the depths subside; but little questions crept up behind and tugged at my *medulla oblongata*. How did the article begin? Was it really long enough to warrant the check? I opened the drawer and looked at the check again. Then I hunted up the rough draft of the article and tried to estimate the number of words. — Six thousand? — They must

pay two cents a word. How very pleasant! I read a page or two in the middle to see whether it was worth accepting and to discover what the editor liked in it. . . . It certainly was good! My phrases rose up to greet me, and smiled complacently as I patted them on the back. . . . I had no idea it was so good! . . . I turned my back to the well and gloated over success. All the little shining truths that lay at the bottom of it seemed but idle bubbles hardly worth gathering by one who had articles accepted. . . . I really must tell somebody. The family were away. No one in the house but Mary. I strolled out through the kitchen to the apple barrel. On my way back I made an offhand, casual remark about my good fortune. Mary smiled — her broad, patronizing, Irish smile — and said, "That's nice, now, ain't it?" I returned to the study and ate the apple and re-read the editor's note. "We take pleasure in accepting" — When the apple was finished I hunted up pen and paper and sat down by the well again. But some one had been in in my absence, apparently, and put a cover over it and fastened it down. I tried to lift the cover off; yet every time I raised it, so much as the width of a finger, little mocking phrases flew out and giped at me, "We take pleasure in accepting" — "Enclosed find check" — "Yours very truly" — I spare you, dear reader. I will not drag you through that miserable morning as I was dragged. I gave over, at last, trying to find out what lay at the bottom of the well — beautiful, shining things that I shall never see again, that you will never see again, gentle writer, and that the world will never see. As for the accepted article — it has not been printed yet, and the check was spent long since. Gladly would I give the article, gladly would I give the check — if I had it again — for one glimpse, just one glimpse, of those pretty shining things I saw that morning, lying deep on the bottom of a well.